

THE METROPOLITAN.

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT DISCONTENTS.

Concluded from vol. vi. p. 225.

BY A MEMBER OF THE PRESENT PARLIAMENT.

PASSING from financial and commercial to political and social considerations, the elements of discontent thicken in every quarter around us. Misgovernment, corruption, and abuse, have furnished prolific sources of justifiable complaint, while fortuitous circumstances have engendered a restless spirit of excitement, and a general desire for change. Admitting that in the boasted "march of intellect," there is much that savours of empirical pretension, when applied to a supposed superiority of knowledge and attainment, in the present over any preceding age, it still cannot admit of question that intelligence is far more generally diffused, and a spirit of inquiry more widely prevalent, than at any antecedent period of history. Hence, abuses which had long been concealed from vulgar gaze, or identified with institutions possessing a strong hold on public regard, have been detected by the shrewd investigation of powerful minds, and unsparingly exposed to public reprobation. The people, no longer content to regard at awful distance the time-hallowed relics of ancient corruptions, have eagerly caught the impression, and enthusiastically responded their detestation of abuse. Happy would it have been had those, by whom a monopoly of power and influence has been too long enjoyed, adapted themselves in time to the altered condition of society, and assumed the direction of a current far too powerful for resistance. But unfortunately, instead of a ready and liberal concession to those demands which justice warranted and reason approved, the possessors of power regarding such demands as an invasion of their legitimate rights, have placed themselves in invidious array against public opinion, and, vainly endeavouring to prop the tottering walls of their mouldering edifices, have defended to the last their antiquated systems, and denounced the advocates of reform as innovators and revolutionists. By this reckless and indiscriminate opposition, discontent has been stimulated to exasperation, and while designing and dangerous men have worked on the passions of the ignorant and credulous multitude, aided with all the influence which the refusal of just demands must ever impart, the moderate and reflecting portion of the community, denying the possibility of supporting the institution they respected, without assisting in the perpetuation of the abuse they deprecated, have been compelled either to remain inactive spectators of the contest; or to throw their weight into the scale of democratic innovation, even though conscious it involved hazard to the stability of all they held valuable in the institutions of the country.

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Of these views the great question of Parliamentary Reform appears to be strikingly illustrative. The defective state of the representation has been already described as a primary and prolific source of every abuse; yet while the consequences were loudly complained of, the original cause attracted but scanty attention, and it may well be doubted whether any great and general change would have been demanded, if moderate concession had been timely afforded. But the rejection of the mild and strictly constitutional propositions of Lord John Russell, exhibiting an indisposition to all inquiry *in* parliament, aroused a searching spirit of investigation beyond its walls, and the discreditable decision of the House of Commons on the question of the transfer of the representation from East Retford,* after proof of corruption in that borough so gross as to render its disfranchisement imperative, manifesting a resolution on the part of the popular branch of the legislature to resist every approach to practical remedy of proved abuses, disgusted all considerate men, and infused into the people a stern determination to enforce a thorough reformation of so grievous a violation of all constitutional right, whenever opportunity should occur. In this temper, the ill-judged and unjust denunciation of all reform, pronounced emphatically by the first minister of the crown, stimulated the already excited feeling to frenzy; and the strong manifestation of public reprobation by which this declaration was followed, compelling the ministry to yield the reins of government, their successors availing themselves of the state of public feeling, introduced a measure, involving changes in the representation more sweeping than even the most sanguine reformer had dared to anticipate. With similar blindness, in the progress of the Reform Bill, the bishops, whose secularity and political subserviency had long drawn on their order a large share of public jealousy, instead of retiring with prudent dignity from the stormy scene of political contest, placed themselves in prominent, unavailing, and most indiscreet opposition to the national feeling. By this imprudent course, not only have they greatly increased their personal unpopularity, but they have involved the church itself in a degree of odium, under which it may be difficult for its friends to prevent the establishment from being deeply injured, or even its existence placed in imminent jeopardy. And thus in similar spirit, and with equal indiscretion, in both Houses of Parliament, did many of the supporters of aristocratic influence, by intemperate and factious opposition, where

* The consequences of this decision were in other respects of a singularly important character. It is well known to have led to the resignation of most of the liberal portion of the then existing ministry, and among them to that of Mr. Huskisson, who held the office of President of the Board of Trade. This post was filled by Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, who, by its acceptance, vacated his seat for Clare. His re-election was opposed by O'Connell, aided by all the power of the Catholic Association; and the contest gave rise to that extraordinary exhibition of popular feeling, which sufficed to prove, even to the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, that Catholic emancipation could no longer be prudently refused; and to the tardy performance of an act of justice, which, conceded in time, might have pacified Ireland, but which, extorted from a reluctant legislature, came too late to conciliate a long-degraded and injured people, to whose power it bore testimony, while the manner in which it was introduced and granted, gave them too much reason to believe it would still have been withheld, if refusal had been safe.

opposition was vain, by arbitrary and unconstitutional declarations, by unworthy intrigues, and politically unprincipled coalitions, place rank and property in an invidious and odious light, and engender a fierce spirit of democratic assumption, by which not merely aristocratic power is endangered, but the security of property threatened, and the stability of national institutions hazarded.

While domestic events have thus tended to stimulate excitement and to encourage discontent, external circumstances have imparted a powerful impulse to the national bias. In the striking examples afforded at Paris and Brussels, of successful popular resistance to the encroachments of power, even when aided by all the advantages of long established authority, the people have been taught the omnipotence of physical force, without, it is to be feared, becoming aware of the fatal consequences of its employment, except in the last resort. Conscious of the plenitude of their strength for the work of destruction, they are prepared to pull down the edifice by whose deformity they are offended, while they overlook the advantages of the shelter it affords them, and are regardless of their impotence for the work of re-edification. Nor do they, nor will they perceive, that while labouring for the subversion of one tyranny, they aim at the establishment of another more odious and insupportable; and society thus presents, at this moment, the interesting but fearful spectacle of a struggle between the blind and bigoted opponents of reform, and the bold, active, and reckless champions of revolution;—a struggle in which, if either party should unhappily obtain an undisputed ascendancy, the nation would have to deplore its results in the extinction of all the bright and inspiring prospects which extended intelligence has opened to view; in the perpetuation of corruption, or the inroads of anarchy; in the establishment of the gloomy despotism of arbitrary power, or the withering and relentless tyranny of democratic licentiousness. Of these tendencies, indications neither of rare occurrence nor doubtful character have been afforded in the public transactions of the last two years; and while the revolutionary party have loudly expressed their dissatisfaction that so little progress has been made in such changes as they will alone admit to deserve the name of reform, and the conservative party have with equal vehemence deprecated those changes that have taken place as subversive of the constitution, the moderate and reflecting portion of the community, regarding with equal disgust the arrogant assumptions of each of the contending factions, are themselves little satisfied with the alternate concessions made to each, and political discontent thus rankles in the minds of individuals of every grade of political sentiment.

But discouraging as this review may at the first glance appear, it will be found on closer investigation to present one ray of hope, the more cheering, as it may fairly be regarded, not as the momentary gleam of a passing corruscation, but as the dawning light of a brighter and better day. While the two extreme ranks of society have remained comparatively stationary, it is not to be denied that the progression of sound intelligence among the middle classes has been altogether unprecedented. With sufficient stake in the property of the

country, to give an interest in the maintenance of the institutions on which the security of property and liberty alike depend, yet removed from the seduction of personal advantage in the continuance of the corruptions by which many of those institutions have too long been disgraced; with every inducement to support the abolition of unjust monopoly of privilege, afforded by the admission to its enjoyment which that abolition would obtain for them, yet guarded from the temptation to a levelling abrogation of all distinctions by the very hope and prospect of participation in advantages they desire to see open to the attainment of all; with habits of industry, of regularity, of combination of attention to private affairs, with occasional devotion to those minor public duties, which in their respective spheres are demanded by the internal arrangements of British society—they constitute precisely that moral rampart on which patriotism may safely fall back, and behind which it may take its stand securely entrenched from the assaults of arbitrary power on the one hand, and democratic tyranny on the other. It is undoubtedly true, that from this class have sprung many of those rash and unprincipled men, who, by agitating the passions of thoughtless and ignorant multitudes, have put to hazard the best interests of the country, with the base and selfish view of promoting their personal aggrandizement. But these are but the scum which rises to the surface; the bulk of the middling ranks are essentially quiescent—their character, their position, their habits, and views, concur in rendering the *vis inertiae* predominant in them. But when stirred into action, the very weight which has impeded the reception of the first motive impulse, but adds accelerated impetus and overwhelming force to their movement, and, as the lion when he has shaken the dew from his mane, in a moment avenges himself on the puny animals who have disturbed his repose, they require but to be roused into action by the deliberate conviction of some impending political crisis, to put to flight at once the champions of corruption and the demons of discord.

That this action has commenced, is, I think, strikingly demonstrated in the result of the recent elections throughout the country, and unanswerably established in those of the new metropolitan boroughs. It cannot be forgotten that in the discussions on that vehemently contested portion of the Reform Bill, it was predicted with the most arrogant confidence, that if the privilege of representation were conferred on these populous districts, the infallible result would be popular tumults during the elections, dangerous to the peace and safety of our vast metropolis, and the certain return of demagogues, to the exclusion of every candidate of respectable character or moderate opinions. As if to afford a signal demonstration of the fallacy of the views on which these predictions were based, and a triumphant vindication of the soundness of the principles by which the framers of the Reform Bill were actuated in their reliance on the middling classes of this enormous population, for judicious selection of representatives, and on general good feeling and determination, for suppression of all disorders dangerous to the public peace, not one of those boroughs was destitute of a candidate, professing the utmost extreme of popular politics, and pledged to support every measure

most congenial with the sentiments of levelling politicians. But not one of these candidates succeeded, nor, in most instances, had they the slightest chance of success; while in those cases in which an individual even suspected of entertaining political views in the opposite extreme ventured to present himself, his rejection was equally signal, the parties actually returned being all men of high respectability, many of them having had seats in former parliaments, and not one being successful who might not, under any system of representation, have fairly aspired to the honour. Nor was the refutation of the prediction of popular violence less decisive. Notwithstanding the ferment naturally excited by the defeat of the popular candidates, not the slightest interruption of the public peace took place in any of the vast assemblages congregated at the elections; and in the Tower Hamlets, containing a population of 350,000 souls, when in presence of a multitude consisting of from 50 to 100,000 persons, the returning officer made from the hustings the announcement which gave the death-blow to popular hopes, the decorum that prevailed was remarkable, and the crowd even listened with perfect good humour to a gallant, but defeated candidate, whose political opinions were (however erroneously) imagined to be opposed to them, but whose urbanity and straightforwardness of character had conciliated their goodwill, in spite of their prejudices against him.

I have thus endeavoured cursorily to pass in review the nature and causes of the existing discontents, or rather to take a hasty glance at the more prominent of those causes. Distress, partly arising from errors in financial and commercial policy, and in some degree capable of removal or alleviation by legislative interference, although in many instances undoubtedly beyond the reach of such remedy, occupies the first rank and demands primary and instant attention. Nor can thorough and efficient reform in every branch of our institutions, political, ecclesiastical, legal, municipal, and commercial, be delayed either with safety or with justice. Public attention is completely awakened to the necessity of such reform, and the demand has assumed a shape not to be resisted. Into the details of the changes it may be requisite to make, I presume not, nor have I leisure, to enter. It is sufficient to know that they can only be effected by parliamentary intervention, and if they be undertaken in a right spirit, and pursued with firmness, temper, and discretion, by a parliament sufficiently under external influence to command its attention, and sufficiently exempt from external controul to insure its deliberative independence, no doubt can exist of the nation being speedily relieved from its most prominent difficulties, and ultimately regaining its former state of prosperity and happiness.

But it cannot be too often repeated, that as on parliamentary wisdom and virtue this consummation must depend, it is by the honest, vigilant, and fearless exercise of the trust now reposed in the middle ranks of society,* to be evinced in the judicious selection of represen-

* The seat of public opinion is in the middle ranks of life—in that numerous class, removed alike from the wants of labour and the cravings of ambition, and possessing intelligence for the formation of a sound judgment, neither warped by interest, nor obscured by passion.—*Sir James Graham.*

tatives, and in careful but liberal observance of their conduct, that a beneficial application of legislative power of relief can alone be secured. The representative body must now respond, and doubtless it will faithfully do so, to the prevailing feeling of the constituency. If the latter be apathetic, the former will be indolent;—if the latter be basely bought, their dearest interests will be sordidly sold. If private virtue be not regarded as an indispensable qualification for the most sacred of all trusts, public virtue will have but slender chance of being the ruling principle in the execution of that trust. And, if servile obedience to popular dictation be assumed as the first of representative duties, legislation itself, losing its deliberative faculty and independent character, will degenerate into the mere vehicle for giving irresistible but pestilent force to every changing impulse of popular feeling; and the oft proved problem of history will once again find its solution, in the successive gradations of popular encroachment, a general loosening of the bands of social and political duty, fierce struggles, anarchy, and a final surrender to despotism as a refuge from evils, even if possible of a more frightful character than despotism itself. But let the middle ranks of society at this momentous crisis, but know and perform their duty—let them exercise a sound discrimination in the choice of representatives, and extend to them when elected, a noble confidence, and a generous support, and all the restorative energies of our matchless constitution will be brought into full and efficient developement. The enormous amount of our national burthens has been referred to as pressing with deadening weight on the comforts, and stimulating by natural consequence the discontents of the community. But it is, I again repeat, the unfair and unequal distribution of those burthens, and their pressure on the springs of productive industry, that far more than their amount, render the grievance odious and intolerable. It cannot with any semblance of truth be contended that the nation is unable to meet its engagements, enormous as they are. Never, at any period of its history, was the country so rich in all that can constitute national wealth. Never was the land in so high a state of cultivation. Public buildings, houses, ships, manufactories, so numerous—produce, whether indigenous or imported—furniture, plate, even gold and silver so abundant—mines so productive—and, above all, man, so rich in all those varied resources, which civilization, enterprize, and a high state of intellectual culture never fail to impart. Poverty cannot, then, be justly pleaded in bar of a faithful performance of national engagements. But the truth ought plainly to be told. Folly and injustice have too long persisted in the exaction of payment from the poor, of the interest of a debt contracted for the preservation of a property, of which the poor possess no share. Ingenuity may palliate, sophistry may attempt to disguise the inequality of the existing system of taxation, but it cannot be disproved, that it presses in an unjust and overwhelming degree on the comforts, and even on the necessities, of the lower classes. Taxation, then, must be reduced to the lowest limit that is consistent with national safety and honour, and be so distributed, as to fall on those who are best able to support, as they are most justly bound to sustain, its pressure; and one prominent source of discontent will be removed. The fanciful theories of specu-

lative philosophers must give place in our monetary system and commercial arrangements, to the sober deductions of practical experience, and national burthens will press lightly, while released capital will stimulate industry, and reciprocal interchange of productions between the various classes of the community, will add to the national stock that excess of production beyond consumption, which is now madly dissipated in the endeavour to render Britain the workshop of the world. Impotent and blind project ! impoverishing in the attempt—impracticable in attainment—and even if attainable, ruinous in its very success. Monopolies,* corporate, chartered and individual, that cramp the application of capital, fetter the exertions of industry, and impose restraints and disabilities more odious in their vexations, than even in their injuries, must be abolished as quickly and as unsparingly as good faith will permit.

The system of legislation, that has afforded encouragement to the aggregation of property into masses, must be abandoned for one more calculated to diffuse wealth by a silent and progressive change. The regeneration of our political and social institutions must be calmly and steadily pursued, but without departing from the landmarks of the constitution ; preserving sacred and inviolate the rights of property, but fearlessly and effectually eradicating abuses, amending defects, and supplying deficiencies, the dissatisfactions of the intelligent and virtuous portion of the public will disappear before honest and effectual reforms. The church, redeemed from its character of a mere state engine, and purified from those corruptions which have degraded it into a vehicle for the exercise of courtly and aristocratic patronage, must be established in the hearts of the people by a rigid restriction to its only legitimate object, the diffusion of sound instruction and true religion among the mass of the population. By a general commutation of tithes, a source of scandal and ill will may be removed—by a more equal distribution of ecclesiastical revenues, by the abolition of all pluralities, by the universal compulsion of residence, by the impartial requisition of proof of capability as the ground of admission to the high and sacred calling of a minister of the gospel, and by the rigid exaction of propriety of moral conduct as the condition of its retention, secular inducements for embracing the profession will be diminished, and exclusive devotion to sacred duties may be in a great degree ensured. The race of indolent, dissipated, and profligate priests must be extinguished, and a pious, laborious, and unassuming clergy will speedily regain that place in the confidence and affections of the people, which the pure precepts and holy doctrines of our faith can never fail to secure to its ministers whose lives are blameless, and whose efforts are sincere. In similar spirit of fearless and independent scrutiny and reformation, must other departments of our institutions undergo revision and adaptation to the demands of an enlightened public. Justice must no longer be virtually denied to the poor by the expenses, vexations, and delays attendant on its attainment. The anomalies by which our statute-book is still defaced, and the severities by which it is disgraced,

* We have, in another paper in this Magazine, inquired into the point whether the East India Company possess a monopoly or not.—*Editor.*

equal relics of a barbarous age, must be expunged. Slavery must be completely and irrevocably terminated under wise and equitable arrangements, framed in a spirit of prudential consideration towards the hapless victims of oppression, combined with such provision for indemnity to those on whom a right of property has been conferred by the laws, as may maintain the immutable principles of justice in the great work of national restitution. The wrongs and grievances of Ireland must be redressed by equal laws, and her miseries lightened by sympathy, by assistance, and by the introduction of a modified system of poor laws. In a word, irritation must be soothed, discontent allayed, and relief afforded by the application of impartial legislation; by the extinction of all privileges that benefit the few at the expense of the many, and by drawing more closely the bonds of social union between all classes and degrees of the community.

Throughout the sketch which I have thus hastily, and, I am aware, imperfectly endeavoured to draw, of the nature and causes of the existing discontents, as well as in the outline of the course I have shadowed out for their remedy, it will be obvious that I have rested my principal hope on a sound and wholesome state of public opinion. To the long-cherished belief that such is its state among the middle classes of society I still cling, notwithstanding partial indications of a disposition to truckle to low and ignorant clamour, and occasional instances of weak apprehension and base surrender to the tyranny of power. But let those of whom that class is composed seriously consider the responsibility that at this moment attaches to them, and the high destinies they are called on to fill in this crisis of their country's fate. A storm may be impending, but it is in their power to avert it. By firm and steady assertion of moral duties and constitutional rights, they may compel the legislature to a virtuous, independent, and vigorous reformation of abuses; while by assuming without officious interference the station that belongs to them, by vindicating their rights and performing their duties, they will preserve to themselves, and hand down unimpaired to their posterity those blessings which rational freedom can alone confer. Political power is now in their possession—let them beware how they abuse or neglect it. To them at this moment it belongs, to calm the troubled waters of political agitation, to control the threatening elements of discord, and to hush into peace the tumultuous indications of approaching strife. But should they unhappily shrink from their post—should they yield to the seductions or intimidations of reckless and unprincipled politicians, the whirlwind of revolution will sweep with resistless violence over the land, and the friend of his country and of mankind will have, amidst the desolation that will succeed, to mourn over the blighting of the fairest prospect that ever yet presented itself for elevating the condition and advancing the happiness of man.

CHIT CHAT.

Editor's interruption.—We were solus in our lodgings, on the second floor, in a *cul de sac*—where, although we are not disturbed by the sound of horses' feet, and the rattling of wheels, we still have the advantage of looking out upon a range of stables—when the door was opened, without even the precautionary notice of a tap, and in walked Captain O'Sullivan, and the following conversation ensued.

Captain O'Sullivan. Good morning to you, Mr. Editor; you were not at the Club for your breakfast.

Editor. No, I breakfasted at the Literary Union. The Don was expected from Paris, and I hoped to meet him.

O'S. And pray what are you now about, to amuse yourself with; for I see all preparation, and but two words of writing at the head of your paper?

Ed. Read them.

O'S. "Chit Chat"—upon my soul—we need not go to Ireland for bulls. That "Chit Chat" of yours is a most complete one. May I ask you, does not "Chit Chat" imply two people—and don't you always talk by yourself?

Ed. That is true; but "Chit Chat" is the name of my article, and signifies——

O'S. Signifies—yes, it does signify—but it signifies dialogue. "Chit" is one person, and "Chat" is the other; now, that's what I call a clear derivation; whereas, yours is only a monologue.

Ed. (*With surprise.*) And pray, Captain O'Sullivan, what do you know about a monologue?

O'S. What do I know? did I never see a pig with his head in a gate, squalling murder? And a'n't that as pretty a monologue as you could see?

Ed. Captain O'Sullivan, you may hear a monologue, but not see one.

O'S. Well, there you have me, sure enough; but why do you not make "Chit Chat" a dialogue—as it ought to be?

Ed. I should have preferred it; but one does not like to be accused of copying from others.

O'S. Is it copying you talk of, when all the world are wagging their tongues at the present moment over the hemisphere that the sun enlightens? Copying conversation, indeed! I should as soon think of being accused of copying, because Mrs. O'Sullivan is in the family way, as her forefathers were before her.

Ed. There is much good sense in that remark, although, perhaps, *fore-fathers* is not exactly the term to be applied, in Mrs. O'Sullivan's case. I really think it deserves consideration; and, at the same time, some reflections as to the characters to introduce.

O'S. Devil-a-bit of difficulty about that; introduce them as they introduce themselves. For instance, put me down as large as life. I think you've as pretty a sprinkling of original characters who call

in, as an editor could wish. Paint from *nature*, my dear fellow ; and that's—that's the true *art* of writing. (*A rap at the door.*)

Enter Mr. Percy, the Sub-Editor.

Ed. Well, Mr. Sub, you appear full of matter ; pray what is the matter ?

Percy. There's too much matter in the Magazine. The printer says we have too much copy by five pages. We must dam the "Sources of Poetry," and shave down close the "Spanish Barber," or else put a stop to the "Education of the Poor."

Ed. But how is that ?

Sub. The "Tea Trade" has proved more extensive than we contemplated.

O'S. That's just what people are asking for—so it's all right.

Ed. Well, then, we must put a stop to the "Education of the Poor."

Sub. The printer also desired me to say, that he has no compositor who can make out "The State of Parties."

O'S. That would puzzle the devil, let alone the printer's devil. (*Enter Dr. Puneever.*) Ah ! my little doctor, is it you ; now tell us the real truth, have your patients suffered most this week from your puns or your pills.

Doctor. That all depends whether they *take* or not. Yesterday I was unfortunate, I never made a better pun, or lost a better patient.

O'S. Why, I must confess, that now and then there's a trifling degree of nausea in both instances ; but still, your wit, as well as your physic, is occasionally effective—so now tell us about it.

Doctor. A gouty old gentleman, whom I have attended some months, has a cat, very much attached to him, and invariably following him, like a dog ; contrary to a *cat's* nature, to *dog* him in that way, you know. "A faithful follower," observed the old gentleman to me, two or three times, without my being ready ; but I thought of it, and yesterday, when he again observed, "a faithful follower," I replied, "I beg your pardon, rather a herald, to announce you." "No, sir," replied he, "I said, and I meant a follower." "And for that reason, not a follower," replied I. "It is clear that he is a *pur-suivant*, who always goes before." The old gentleman, who is very testy, and hates a pun, let fall his crutch upon my head, and ordered me never to call again. It's clear that I hit him hard, though—didn't I ?

Ed. It rather appears that he hit you hard, doctor.

O'S. But not in a vulnerable part, as medical men say.

Doctor. Captain O'Sullivan, I really don't take. I know of no part of a man which is not vulnerable.

O'S. What do you think of a man's shadow ?

Doctor. That, Captain O'Sullivan, is not part of a man.

O'S. But I say that it is, doctor. Is not my shadow my own ? does it not go with me, and stop with me ? Can it exist without me ? Does it not prove that I am a real substantial man ? Did you ever see a shadow of a man without a man—or a man without his shadow ? A shadow is therefore part and parcel of a man, as clear as the sun in noon day.

Ed. Well, but excuse me a moment, gentlemen, Mr. Percy wishes to go. Have you anything else to communicate?

Sub. Nothing, sir; but here is a song, or piece of poetry sent, which perhaps may fill up a corner.

Ed. I hate that filling up of corners; it is an abominable magazine system, invented by printers, who assert the pages do not look well with an hiatus here and there. The consequence is, that you select your poetry, not for the merits, but the length; and thus it is that I have seen more bad poetry inserted without my knowledge, by the printer, than would be sufficient to ruin a magazine. Read it, Mr. Sub.

It is May! up, arise!
 There's a smile in the skies,
 And a balm on the air, and a blush on the day!
 See! our Mary, the fair,
 Has now braided her hair,
 And sings as she trips, "It is May! it is May!"
 And the green forest heaves
 Its fresh bosom of leaves
 To the sigh of the wind, that there loveth to stay:
 Up the choristers spring,
 And they joyously sing
 To the earth, as they leave it, "'Tis May! it is May!"
 May! she laughs down the gale—
 It is May in the vale—
 It is May on the hill, where the little lambs play—
 May is bright on the wave—
 Even on the lone grave
 The May flowers are springing—where is it not May!
 May! where art thou not?—
 Alas! in that spot
 Where thou comest but once, and where short is thy stay—
 'Tis the proud heart of man
 That is doom'd to the ban—
 That it never shall feel, for a second time, May.

Ed. It has the merit, of the author not having laboured to make it better. Return it, with many thanks. You may add compliment No. 5 from the paragraph-book.

Sub. The printer talks about his bill, sir.

Ed. I won't deprive him of the pleasure of having something to talk about. Good morning. [Exit Sub.]

O'S. I should take that to be the most unpleasant part of the magazine business.

Ed. You're right—all the rest is *ready* money. (*Knock at the door.*) Come in!

Enter Major Tantamount.

Major. May I presume?

Ed. A man of your exquisite breeding, Major, never can. We look to you for all the fashionable intelligence. You are a "Court Journal" in every point, except mendacity.

Maj. I thank you. (*Takes out a cambric handkerchief, and wipes the dust from his face and whiskers.*) Really I must wish—a shower of curses on this pulverized granite.

O'S. A shower of rain would do much better, major.

Maj. Mud one may escape by riding, but against dust there is no defence. M'Adam has much to answer for. Much as I'm inclined to compliment, I cannot compliment him.

O'S. Now, Major, as we sea-going sort of gentlemen, (I mean Mr. Editor and myself,) are not quite *au fait* at compliments, do give us a specimen of a real good one.

Maj. To oblige you, Captain O'Sullivan, I would exert myself at any time, even in July. Well, I was on the Duke's grounds—the Duke *par excellence*—on the banks of the Thames, last August,—weather warm, company brilliant, nothing wanting, for very unexpectedly I was there myself, much to the delight of —; but never mind that. The fêting Duke said to the fighting Duke, pointing to an arbour prettily enough constructed of cuttings of camellias in flower, “Will your Grace refresh yourself in the *Retreat*?” His Grace of war hesitated for a moment, as he had his eyes fixed upon a certain lady; (it might be Mrs. A. or Mrs. B., I don't tell who;) upon which his Grace of courtesy, rallying his wits, exclaimed, “I should not have used the word *retreat*—it is unknown in your Grace's vocabulary.” “Indeed you forget,” replied the warrior good-naturedly, “you forget the affair at —” Upon which I immediately stepped forward, and very politely interrupted the Duke, and prevented him from saying the word, by observing, with a low bow, “Your Grace never retreated but to return and pick up the laurels which the rapidity of your march would not allow you to stop for on your advance.” His Grace made me a low bow, Mrs. A. or B. clapped her little hands; and I heard him inquire soon afterwards what was my name, and rank in the army.

O'S. That was a flattering compliment, indeed, Major, from the Duke, who commanded so long, and was so well acquainted with distinguished officers.

Maj. It was, indeed, Captain.

Ed. I have often smiled to myself when I have read the Philippics, or rather intended Philippics, against the Duke by snarling editors, whose names will be forgotten a week after they have been screwed down in their coffins, while his name will be recorded as long as history has the power of doing justice to worth and talent. Not that I agree with the Duke that no reform is necessary—on that point we are at *most decided* issue: but, surely, if I, as an humble individual claim a right to uphold my own opinion, can I be so illiberal as not to allow a man like the Duke of Wellington not to express his without depreciating his great talents, ungratefully forgetting his services to his country, or decrying as an imbecile the very man who, some years ago, was almost deified as the preserver of his country.

O'S. The buzzing of mosquitoes—not pleasant; and their bites, though small, are venomous. Doctor, we have not had a pun this half an hour.

Doctor. I have been busy with an impromptu.

O.S. Then by the powers you've taken your time about it. What was it about?

Doctor. Upon the observation of Major Tantamount about M'Adam—referring to his having been made of dust, and making such a dust. The ideas are all right, but the verse requires some little reflection. "Must," and "lust," and "crust," rhyme to "dust;" but I'll have it ready by next week, if the editor will do me the honour of inserting it.

Ed. I never refuse *gratis* contributions, Doctor, from a man of your talent, always reserving to myself the rights of an editor, that of making a few alterations if I think proper. (*Another rap at the door, and enter Mr. Timothy Twist, M.P.*)

Twist. I am happy to find the House so well attended. Mr. Speaker, with your permission I rise to make a motion.

O.S. How can you manage that, Mr. Twist, when you have not sat down yet?

Twist. Captain O'Sullivan, I speak in parliamentary phrase.

O.S. I beg your pardon—it appeared to me to be rather nonsensical.

Ed. I am all attention, Mr. Twist.

Twist. Well, then, I move for a bottle of sherry, some spring water and tumblers, for, to tell you the truth, the dust is rather annoying.

Maj. I second that motion, and bear testimony to the extreme nuisance of the dust.

Ed. I'm afraid, gentlemen, I must call you both to order. When supplies are voted, the House must form a committee.

O.S. Very true, Mr. Editor; but on this case of emergency, let us have the sherry, and we give you a bill of indemnity.

Ed. I had rather you'd pay my wine merchant's bill. (*Rings the bell.*) That would be a bill of indemnity.

(*Enter Bill.*) Did you ring, sir?

Ed. Yes; bring some sherry and water.

O.S. A fine youth that; isn't he of Irish extraction?

Ed. No, he's a *Metropolitan*, and I wish he was fairly out of the metropolis. I think of sending him to sea.

Twist. And pray what are his enormities?

Ed. Not speaking too much, Mr. M.P., but reading too much in the first place, and never having clean hands in the second. He reads all my books, and spoils them. I can trace the very page at which he left off by his own peculiar thumb marks. His mother has charge of the house, and he is therefore an appannage not to be got rid of. The other evening I heard him mouthing and whining up stairs, and when I rang and asked what was the matter, he replied, "Mother wouldn't give me a penny." "And what did you want a penny for?" inquired I. "I wanted it to buy the 'Casket,'" said he; "I takes it in weekly." He is the march of intellect personified.

Maj. Really quite disgusting. Pray, Mr. Editor, can the *thing* write?

Ed. Yes, and *right* well. He has several medals gained at his school.

O.S. I wish among his other qualifications he'd bring the sherry

and water. (*Enter Bill, with a bottle of sherry and a decanter of water.*) Bravo, Bill! you're a smart chap, only you might have been a great deal smarter. When I go to sea, I'll take you with me as *volunteer* of the tenth class.

Bill. Not against my *will*, I hope, sir. Besides, I'm in the first class where I am, and I don't know that your school is so much better.

O'S. Better, you spalpeen! it will make a man of you.

Bill. Time will do that, sir, without your giving yourself the trouble. [*Exit Bill.*]

Maj. How excessively impertinent!

O'S. Devilish smart, I think. I fancy that chap.

Twist. Upon my honour, not at all bad at a reply.

Doctor. Whatever he writes will never be a *Billy-doux*—do you take?

O'S. Yes, Doctor. (*Helping himself to sherry.*) And I recommend you to do the same—it will sharpen your wits. How do you get on with your impromptu?

Doctor. I can only make out the two first lines. There's a difficulty—

O'S. So it appears. Pray, Mr. Twist, is it true that Lord Goderich is to be created an earl?

Twist. Yes; he will appear in the next *Gazette*.

Ed. Perhaps you can also acquaint us with the ground of his promotion.

Twist. His dismissal—if not dismissed with honours, it would reflect upon the judgment, and affect the credit, of the premier.

Ed. If any reflection is to be cast upon Lord Grey, it is for having accepted, not for having dismissed, one of the most incompetent men that ever disgraced an administration, and who, changing his politics almost as often as his flannel waistcoat, has contrived to blunder up to a peerage.

O'S. That's what you may call an Irish blunder, at all events.

Ed. There are many roads to supporters, but it would appear as if the two most direct were available to those who are men of great talent; and to those who have been weighed and found wanting. In the first instance, the talented are rewarded for their services, in the second, the incompetent are recompensed for being kicked out as incorrigible. A more stupid, mischievous old man than Lord Goderich never existed, and it would appear that upon this pretension he is to be created an earl. Lord Grey is indefensible in persuading his Majesty to prostitute honours in such a manner.

O'S. But, my dear fellow, it's only buying him out for the good of the nation, and a very cheap way of getting rid of an incumbent. It's not the first time that his lordship has exchanged titles for *considerations*. Don't I remember, during his former short administration, how he secured the commissioner's birth at Portsmouth Yard for his brother? Old Coffin was commissioner, and refused to vacate unless he hoisted his flag, and was created a baronet. The terms were agreed to—Lord Grey's brother was appointed commissioner, and he held the office throughout the whole of the Tory administration, until he gave it up, a year or two back, just at the same exact moment that he gave up the ghost.

Twist. Well, as you say it is a cheap way of getting rid of such people, rather than Poulett Thomson should be permitted to ruin his country, I would consent to his being created a duke.

O'S. Exalted in some way or another he surely ought to be, and that's the truth of it.

Ed. And yet there are good men who have joined the Whigs, and I think they are likely to remain in office. Brougham, the Duke of Richmond, and Stanley, for instance.

O'S. And not forgetting Sir James Graham; he was most particularly civil to me the other day, and I think if you want a vacancy for a volunteer of the first class, Editor——

Ed. Thank you, I take you at your word; they are so difficult to be obtained, that I expect soon that they will be for purchase like cornetries.

Twist. I agree with you, Editor. The men you have mentioned will eventually form the nucleus of a mixed administration, and I consider that the time is not very far distant. The *mouvement* is in itself indicative of a change. The fact is, that the Whigs, as a party, only exist upon sufferance. The rejection of the four bills, to which they had virtually pledged themselves, has given the finishing blow to their popularity, and the state of the country now compels their warmest advocates to look about them with suspicion.

Ed. Yes, I took up Ovid the other day, and opened it by mere chance at the history of Phaeton, and having Poulett Thomson in my thoughts at the moment, I could not help being struck with the happy illustration of that gentleman's career. Poulett Thomson has at last discovered that the commercial chariot of the state is not quite so easily conducted as he imagined. Advice was thrown away upon this modern Phaeton——

“Parce, puer, stimulis; et fortiùs utere loris.
Sponte suâ properant labor: est inhibere volentes.”

But no, he was wiser than his forefathers, and now he finds that he is in hourly danger of an overthrow. The horses have taken the bit in their teeth, and he is alarmed at his own temerity——

“Quidque agat ignarus, stupet: et nec fræna remittit,
Nec retinere valet: nec nomina novit equorum.”

Such is his present state. We have yet to witness his fall.

O'S. Well, there's one comfort left for us, that fall when he will, he'll never *set the Thames on fire*. By the powers, they are a *sweet* set, the whole of them—two months at it, and only passed a *sugar* bill.

Doctor. Well, that suits the nation to a *T*.

Twist. I wonder whether the term “whigging” will ever be used in the sense it has been. You'll get a good whigging, has implied that you'll get a good *scolding*, and was no doubt originally derived from the Philippics thundered forth by the Whigs of former days. In future, the term ought to be employed in another sense; for instance—what a “*whigging*” I'm in—that is to say, what a *mess* I'm in.

O'S. Just exactly so. See what a whigging that nasty puppy of yours has made on the floor.

Doctor. I comprehend ; so that *whig-in*, and a *mess*, will in future be synonymous terms.

Maj. I really detest a dish of politics, even when served up with puns. Doctor, you remind me of a pun I made, for which may I be pardoned. I was at an evening party, where a very pretty quakeress was present ; but Miss Rebecca was not a little starched in her manner. Colonel B. dropped in, and was quite taken with her. "Behold a rose," said he, in his usual gallant address, "and it wants two months to June." "Your surprise is misplaced, colonel," retorted I ; "do you not see that it is a *prim-rose*, and therefore in season." The colonel was very much delighted with my reply, and slapping me on the shoulder, said "*Bravo, Narcissus*," which was a flowery compliment, and therefore well timed.

O'S. Remarkably well timed, indeed, major.

Enter Mr. Volage, with a Catalogue in his hand.

Volage. Altogether very creditable—very creditable, indeed. Martin has a picture there. I have just been amusing myself with the mouse in the diving-bell. He really is a great man.

O'S. Who is this great man, Mr. Volage ; is it the mouse you mean ?

Vol. No, sir, I meant Martin ; the mouse was only in parenthesis.

O'S. Well, I never heard a diving-bell called a parenthesis before.

Ed. Excuse me, O'Sullivan ; allow me to request you will permit Mr. Volage to take his breath, and this clue will be unravelled in a short time. I perceive at once that he has been to the Suffolk Street Exhibition, and that he has called *en passant* at the one in Adelaide Street.

Vol. That is precisely the case. I certainly expressed myself rather confusedly, but I was too full of my subject.

O'S. And when a man's mouth is full, he never speaks plain.

Ed. You were, however, right when you asserted that Martin was a great man. The very difference of opinion concerning him in this country goes far to prove it ; but we must also judge by what other nations think of him. On the continent, Martin is higher in reputation than any of our painters, and among the inquiries of amateurs you will find that Martin's name is first mentioned, and Martin's works most esteemed. Martin's chief merit is grandeur of conception. Looking at one of his pictures, I always think that he has embodied those dreams which one sometimes has of piercing through the blue vault of heaven, and beholding the stupendous fabrications of another universe. Martin is the Milton of painting. They complain of his figures ; they are but the mites of the mass. Who, when a mighty army was advancing in all sublime rage of slaughter and devastation, would pause to criticise the features of the individual soldier. But what other pictures have we there ?

Vol. I have marked the catalogue ; shall I begin with the worst ?

Ed. No, no ; only tell us the good. Leave the works of inferior merit to the praise of their partial friends. Bad pictures are much more pardonable than bad writing.

Vol. Well, then, Mrs. Carpenter has two good portraits, 21 and

211. In the former the attitude is easy, and not conscious of the presence of the artist; the drawing correct, and the carnation tints beautifully clear. The other has all the beauties of Mrs. Carpenter's painting, but with one fault—the portrait appearing to say to the limner, "Now, will this attitude do, my dear Mrs. Carpenter?"

O'S. Now I should very much like to be painted by a very pretty woman—always provided that I should be directed to look at her, and not at some nail on the wall, or chinaman on a screen.

Doctor. Yes, you would *look* your best, I've no doubt.

Twist. You would light up like another Cymon.

O'S. Allow me to observe, Mr. Twist, that I don't permit calling names, and you cannot here plead the privilege of the house. My real name, if you wish to be familiar, is Terence. So now that I've called the M.P. to order, Mr. Volage will oblige us by progressing.

Vol. No. 35, by Linton, is a beautiful performance. The aerial perspective is clear, brilliant, yet remote; the deep tints in the foreground sweetly pure, and the whole has an intense air of classic beauty.

Ed. Is it sold? I have not one of his in my collection.

Vol. I am astonished that it is not, and you will do right to secure it, for it is a gem. We now come to No. 56—the Young Fisherman's Song, by Uwins. There is not a better picture in the room. The grouping is so natural and easy, that the word "attitude" seems harsh to express the position of each figure. A little rawness of colouring in the centre of the foreground, which, however, a little time will temper down to an excellent tone.

O'S. You amateurs have a queer way of expressing yourselves. Who ever heard of an *excellent* tone with *temper*? It spoils the tone of the prettiest voice from the mouth of the prettiest woman in the world.

Twist. Talking about tone, did you ever hear Shiel speak?

O'S. I've heard him squeak. He has the devil's own pitchpipe, that's certain.

Vol. There's a beautiful piece of nature by Miss A. Nasmyth, No. 73, but it is hung so low that it is hardly possible to see it. There is a picture by Hart of Cardinal Wolsey, which is one of great pretension, but I do not like it; it is what I call a *violent* painting. 245 is a pleasing contrast to it; every thing is fresh and gay. 287, an interior near Candebec, is another very good picture.

O'S. Now I'll take a bet that for *tone*, *colour*, *transparency*, and *taste*, there's not a prettier picture in the whole Exhibition than this bottle of the Editor's sherry. (*Helping himself.*)

Vol. I'll take a glass with you, Captain O'Sullivan.

O'S. Just do, for to my idea you're on rather a *dry* subject.

Ed. There I disagree with you, O'Sullivan, although your remark on the sherry is in accordance with my own opinion. It is a present.

O'S. From whom—can you introduce me to the gentleman?

Ed. Excuse me. Mr. Volage, do me the favour to proceed.

Vol. Edinburgh Castle, by Wilson, is a picture from which you unwillingly remove your eye; but you must not go too near to it, or you will discover that it is not finished. 359, a wood scene by Lee,

May, 1833.—VOL. VII.—NO. XXV.

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has all the freshness of nature, but I do not think it has a sufficient balance of light and shade.

O'S. Balance of light and shade! Well, now, that bothers me.

Vol. 418 is masterly—a view of Clifton, by Pryce. So true is it to nature, that when the delighted eye wanders over it, and catches at times the gilding of the frame, it is offended by the obtrusive gorgeousness of what surrounds that which is so pure and natural. And now I must find fault, Mr. Editor, with the hanging committee.

Ed. I've no objection.

Vol. It is for one simple mistake about No. 240. They ought to have hung up the painter by the heels instead of the picture.

Doctor. They do as much when they hang up a bad picture in a conspicuous place.

Vol. It is a picture of *blankets*.

O'S. A picture of blankets; then cut it up, and distribute it to the poor in the cold weather.

Doctor. Well, I'm glad to see that there is a *charitable* feeling predominant. Go on, Mr. Critic.

Vol. By the coarseness of the handling it appears to have been painted on a blanket. Elijah is clothed in one blanket, and is sprawling upon a bundle of ditto, and moving off, not towards heaven, but in a NNE. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. direction, at an angle of incidence of $33^{\circ} 16'$. He has left one of his blankets on the ground, I presume because it wants washing. A pair of horses are floundering through blankets, and red hot and red raw they appear, from exertion.

O'S. It appears to me, that the best thing you could do with that said picture, would be to tie it up in a blanket.

Vol. We now come to the last I shall notice, which is, Mr. Martin's picture of Kilmenny. I have made my notes, Mr. Editor, which are at your service. It is most perfect.

Ed. I thank you. I will go myself, correct, and compare. What is Stanfield about now?

Vol. I saw him yesterday, in his *attelier*. He is painting a series for the Marquis of Lansdowne, I believe. Venice is finished, and a splendid picture it is.

Ed. A beautiful and bright prospect lies before Stanfield, so young, and yet so much gained. The laurel has not come to him in the winter of life, mocking his grey hairs. Do you know, O'Sullivan, that Stanfield was once a midshipman in our service?

O'S. The best school in the world, as I told that saucy little beggar—nothing like discipline.

Twist. Pray, Captain O'Sullivan, will you explain what discipline has to do with painting?

O'S. To be sure I will. (*Rather confused.*) O most certainly, if you wish it. I'll only appeal to the major. Why, where the devil's the major?

Doctor. He slipped away just as Mr. Volage commenced his criticisms. I'm afraid, without the assistance of your major, you'll not come to a happy conclusion.

O'S. O won't I; only just tell me what it was exactly that I said.

Twist. I repeat the honourable member's words,—“That the discipline of a man of war is the best school for painting.”

O'S. Did I say that, Mr. Editor?

Ed. I'm afraid you did, Captain O'Sullivan.

O'S. Well, then, if I did, I did, and there's an end of the matter. You need not look so amazing chuckling, Mr. Twist, as if I was in a scrape. I never make an assertion that I'm not ready to prove. I said that discipline made a good painter. Well, now, in the first place, where will you see more order and regularity than on board of a man of war. And how can a man paint a good picture without *every thing being in its place*? tell me that, Mr. Twist. Then a'n't there punishment on board of a man of war, when the men get drunk? and hasn't he an opportunity of learning *anatomy*, while the men are stripped, and receiving their allowance of cat?—tell me that, Mr. Twist. Well, then, a'n't the men put in irons before punishment, and thereby don't he learn what it is to be in *keeping*?—tell me that, Mr. Twist. (*Hear, hear, from Editor and others.*) Well, then—don't a boy go on board of a man of war, a silly young cub; and don't discipline make him open his eyes? and how can a man paint with his eyes shut, I should like you to tell me, Mr. Twist. Well, then, a'n't he mastheaded half the day, and looks upon the broad expanse of water, bounded by broad expanse of sky; and where can there be a better place to catch *aerial tints, and his distance*, I should like to know?—tell me that, Mr. Twist. And a'n't he looking out for strange sails with his glass, on deck? and where will you find a better idea of *perspective*? And lastly, doesn't he keep watch and watch during the twenty-four hours, day and night? and if that won't learn him the exact *balance of light and shade*, what the devil will? So here, you'll observe, we have composition and keeping, and anatomy for his fingers, and his wits about him, and his aerial tints and distance, and his perspective, and his balance of light and shade, all taught him by *discipline*, free gratis and for nothing, and what more would you have? Are you answered now, Mr. Twist? (*Hear, and loud cheers from all the company, while Captain O'Sullivan helps himself to sherry and water.*)

Twist. I rise to explain——

Omnes. Spoke—spoke.

Twist. A more sophistical——

Ed. Mr. Twist, I must call you to order. Captain O'Sullivan, you deserve great credit for your reply. And now, gentlemen, excuse me, but time is precious—it flies fast in your company, and I unfortunately have no time for pastime. Will you excuse me, if I take the liberty of a friend, in stating that I wish to be alone, as I have to write *Chit Chat*.

O'S. That's as much as to say, *sherry*, or no more *sherry* another day. Come, gentlemen. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

THROWING OPEN THE CHINA TRADE, AND SHUTTING OUT THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

Evidence and Documents submitted to Parliament during the Sessions of 1830, 31, and 32, relative to the Affairs of the E. I. Company.

British Relations with the Chinese Empire. Parbury, Allen, and Co.

The Past and Present State of the Tea Trade of England, and of the Continents of Europe and America; and a Comparison between the Consumption—Price of—and Revenue derived from—Tea, Sugar, Coffee, Wine, Tobacco, Spirits, &c. &c. By ROBERT MONTGOMERY MARTIN. Parbury, Allen, and Co.

It is officially stated that his Majesty's ministers have resolved on preventing the East India Company carrying on any commerce with China. This question is one of too great a magnitude to be debated as a measure of party interest; it affects too intimately the principles of justice, the revenues of the British exchequer, the commerce of the United Kingdom, (internal as well as maritime,) the finances of the Anglo-Eastern empire, the trade of India, and of the Eastern Archipelago, and the prosperity or even security of too many millions of property, to be debated on Whig or Tory grounds: the question must be decided on the evidence of facts and experience, and on this ground alone we propose to consider the advantages which are hoped for by performing *an act of national ingratitude*. The first point at issue is, that of having *a free trade in tea*, the advocates of this doctrine founding their objections to the present system on the following grounds:—

1st. That it (the tea trade) is a monopoly without official control or public responsibility.

2ndly. That by depriving the East India Company of all share in the trade, the consumption of tea would be vastly increased, and its price considerably lowered to the public.

In order to ascertain the truth of certain allegations, Select Committees of both Houses of Parliament have been engaged during three years, hearing witnesses, and collecting official or other documents, and from these documents and evidence, as also from other equally well authenticated sources, we take it upon us to assert, that so far from a case being substantiated by the opponents of the Company, the very reverse has been the result of the most protracted investigation, which the annals of legislative inquiry exhibit. The *first* objection is happily answered in a few words by the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, in 1830. A monopoly without public responsibility or official control, supposes the right, or rather the power, to withhold a *supply* at the option of the monopolizers, and to enhance the *price* of the article monopolized when it suited their wishes. These reprobated doctrines are not applicable to the present subject; the East India Company,

it is true, possess the privilege of being the sole importers of tea into England, but that privilege is coupled with the performance of certain important political functions, and a liability to onerous restrictions. Moreover the Company cannot choose their own period for sale, that time is fixed by the legislature; and even the quantity of tea to be put up for sale is defined by Act of Parliament; besides which a stock of this bulky and perishable article, equal to the anticipated consumption of twelve months throughout the United Kingdom, is obliged to be kept on hand in expensive warehouses by the Company, according to the decrees of the legislature. So far with regard to *supply*. As to *price*, this also is regulated by Parliament, the Company being compelled to *put up* their tea to open auction at *prime cost*, and to sell at an advance of *one penny* per lb., (the East India Company do so at an advance of *one farthing* per lb.!) on the prime cost; and finally, the very commercial profits derived from these tea sales, are appropriated to certain duties by strict, and invariably complied with, Acts of Parliament. The unbiassed reader will judge whether such a system is in unison with the spirit of a monopoly. Let us now proceed to consider the second proposition, which being based on theory, can only be tested by experience and analogy. The assertion that the consumption of tea in England would be increased by shutting out the Company from a participation in the trade, is directly at variance with the actual state of the case on the continents of Europe and America, where the system of a free trade in tea has been in operation for many years, and where, under every possible stimulus of superabundant supply, and lowness of price, (no regard however being had to *quality*,) the consumption has in some countries rapidly decreased, and in those places where it had not come into use, the tea lay for years unsaleable. Before proceeding to prove this, it may be necessary to say a few words on the nature and properties of tea. The plant from which this exhilarating, but totally innutritive leaf is derived, is indigenous to China. The varieties of green and black tea known in Europe, are derived from one species of shrub, the difference in the manufactured article arising from difference of soil, climate, age of the crop when taken, skill and care in husbandry and manufacture, as is the case with the varieties of wine produced from the vine, both plants having a yet stronger parallel in the circumstance that "the soils capable of producing the finest kinds (of tea or wine,) are within given districts, limited and partial."* Indeed, so truly is this the case, that of late years it has been as difficult to get a good supply of the best tea as it has been a genuine case of chateau Lafitte or Margaux, the preparation of the inferior sort being found the most advantageous to the China merchant, and consequently to the cultivator and manufacturer; and notwithstanding the tempting offers of high price by the Company's supercargoes at Canton, the finest teas are by no means produced in proportion to the demand for them.†

The leaves of the tea-plant have been used in China from time immemorial, not only for correcting the bad qualities of the water, but

* McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary, p. 1025.

† Vide Appendix to the First Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, from p. 970, to 920; and Question 204 of Evidence in 1830.

also as a medicine, as an exhilarating and refreshing beverage, and as an aphrodisiac ; but of its *first* introduction into Europe we know little certain. It is believed that the Dutch East India Company first imported tea from China in 1604, in return for dried sage, which they exported from Holland, and represented to the Chinese as an herb possessed of the most extraordinary properties. The first authentic record of tea in England is the 12 Car. II. c. 23, (A. D. 1660,) by which act a duty of 8*d.* per gallon was laid on all tea made and sold in coffee-houses. Mr. Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty, notes in his Diary, (25 Sept. 1661,) "I sent for a cup of tea, a Chinese drink, of which I had never drank before." In 1666 Lords Arlington and Ossory brought a quantity of tea from Holland to England ; its price was then 60*s.* per lb ! So valuable was tea thought at this period, that the English East India Company, being desirous of presenting a rarity to his majesty, sent the king twenty-two lbs. of tea, and in 1669 the Company received their first invoice of tea in two canisters, amounting in the whole to 143 lbs. In 1678 the Company imported 4,713 lbs., but this *then* large quantity, (the consumption is now nearly 32,000,000 lbs.,) completely glutted the market ; for the imports of tea into England during the ensuing six years, amounted in all to only 318 lbs. ; a warning which proved highly beneficial to the Company in their subsequent importations of a luxury which requires the most prudent management.

That the continental nations had the start of England in the importation of tea, will be seen from the fact, that in 1721 the quantity of tea imported into England for the first time exceeded 1,000,000, and in 1766 it did not exceed 6,000,000 lbs., while the quantity imported into the continent of Europe exceeded in the year 1766, 17,000,000 lbs. ; if, therefore, *unlimited* importation, and lowness of price, (without regard to *quality*,) were the only requisites to extend the consumption of a luxury, introduced by fashion, and upheld by custom, the supply of tea for the United Kingdom would not now be 10,000,000 lbs. over and above what is demanded by every other country in the civilized world. The summary of a table in the last quoted work at the head of this article, (p. 20,) shows the quantity of tea exported from Canton, by Dutch, Portuguese, Spanish, Danish, French, Prussian, Austrian, Russian, Hamburgh, American, Genoese, Tuscan, &c., at two comparative periods of thirteen years each, the totals of which are as follows :—

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|---|---------------|-------------|
| From 1782 to 1794 | . | . | . | lbs. exported | 129,853,480 |
| From 1795 to 1807 | . | . | . | do. | 32,732,756 |
| Decrease | . | . | . | lbs. | 97,120,724 |

Here we see a decrease on thirteen years, of 97,000,000 lbs. weight in the consumption, under all the facilities of free trade ; but to come down from generals to particulars, and to more recent dates, we give the summaries of other tables, and of different countries, and first of Holland.* The quantity of tea exported from Canton by the Dutch was,—

* From Mac Pherson's "History of the European Commerce with India."

| | | |
|-------------------|-----------|-----------------|
| From 1783 to 1795 | | lbs. 43,649,760 |
| From 1796 to 1808 | | do. 1,449,599 |
| Decrease | | lbs. 42,200,161 |

In the Commons Report of 1830 on the East India Company's affairs, (p. 448,) Mr. Masterson, the vice consulat, Rotterdam, gave in a table of the *consumption* of tea in Holland, of which the following is a summary :—

| | | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------|----------------|---------|
| From 1818 to 1823 | | Quarter chests | 295,265 |
| From 1824 to 1829 | | do. | 197,117 |
| Decreased consumption, quarter chests | | | 98,148 |

A reference to the whole table will prove, that by comparing the consumption of the three *first* years with the three *last*, the decrease was 122,834 chests, and in 1830 there were (says the vice consul) *no ships sent to China from Holland!* The Dutch consul at Canton, in his address to the government at Canton in 1831, says—"For many years the trade of Holland with the Empire of China was considerable, but it has so diminished that it has become almost nothing."* Without commenting on this striking fact, we pass to examine Denmark, and we find the quantity of tea shipped at Canton by the Danes to be,—

| | | |
|-------------------|-----------|-----------------|
| From 1767 to 1786 | | lbs. 64,305,812 |
| From 1787 to 1806 | | do. 21,421,101 |
| Decrease | | lbs. 42,884,711 |

The consular returns in the Commons' evidence of 1830, demonstrate that the use of tea has not augmented at a later period in Denmark, notwithstanding the duty being extremely low, viz. two per cent. The consul (Mr. Fenwick) states that—

| | | |
|---|-----------|----------------|
| In April 1825 the stock of teas of different kinds on hand in Denmark was | | lbs. 434,000 |
| In 1827 there was a direct supply of | | do. 717,000 |
| Total | | lbs. 1,151,000 |

In September 1828, after the sale which supplied the market, until the ensuing spring, there were on hand 635,000 lbs.; the consumption therefore for four years was 516,000 lbs., or yearly, but 129,000 lbs.; there was consequently, in 1828, sufficient tea in Denmark for nearly five years' consumption!†

France next claims attention: the quantity of tea exported from China by the French was—

| | | |
|-------------------|-----------|-----------------|
| From 1782 to 1794 | | lbs. 15,122,130 |
| From 1795 to 1807 | | do. 353,333 |
| Decrease | | lbs. 14,768,797 |

The consular reports before the Commons of 1830, show that at a later period the consumption of tea was stationary, if not decreasing, in France, as thus shown :—

* Commons' Committee Report and Evidence, p. 620.

† Elsinore, December 1828.

Throwing open the China Trade,

| | | | |
|-------------------|-----------|-------------|---------|
| From 1820 to 1822 | | kilogrammes | 246,107 |
| From 1823 to 1826 | | do. | 231,888 |

Decrease kil. 14,219

Sweden is a remarkable confirmation of these irrefutable statements; the exportations of tea from Canton by the Swedes was—

| | | | |
|-------------------|-----------|------|------------|
| From 1767 to 1786 | | lbs. | 60,960,475 |
| From 1787 to 1806 | | do. | 21,208,423 |

Decrease lbs. 39,752,052

At present, we believe, there is little or no tea consumed in Sweden; the consular returns are silent on the subject.

The port of Trieste had large importations of tea from Canton at the close of the last century, in some years to the extent of 3,500,000 lbs. weight; but the consular report to government in 1830, states that “the consumption of tea in this government is now so insignificant, as to warrant the assertion that it is scarcely to be considered as an object of trade.” But to prove more clearly that mere importation of tea even will not procure consumption, we will quote another passage from the return, (*vide* Commons’ Evidence of 1830, App. B. p. 1259,) wherein the consul states—“3000 lbs. of tea was imported some years ago in an American ship, but the greater part, notwithstanding the extreme lowness of the prices, still remains unsold, and I am assured that it is very doubtful whether wholesale buyers could be found for it at a reduction of thirty per cent.” In addition to this convincing document, the reader may also bear in mind that there is no government duty to enhance the price at Trieste, and that the retail prices, for what is *called* Hyson Skin, is 2s. per lb., and Souchong 2s. 9d.

In the other Austrian ports of the Adriatic, where there are little or no duties, and where the Americans have made every effort to push the consumption of tea, Mr. Money, the consul-general, reports that at Venice the quantity of tea imported in the last ten years has not averaged two cwt. per annum. In Ragusa it is very inconsiderable; in Fiume 100 to 150 lbs. weight yearly; in Trieste only by British residents. “In Sicily,” writes the consul from Palermo, “tea is seldom made use of except as a medicine in illness; it is chiefly imported by the Americans, of a very inferior quality.” In the only two years given in the consular return from Naples there has been a decrease thus—

| | | | |
|------|-----------|------|------|
| 1826 | | lbs. | 5961 |
| 1827 | | | 3419 |

Decrease 2542

At the close of the last century, the importation of tea into Prussia was considerable: for instance, in 1783 it was 3,329,800 lbs., but in 1829 the consul-general at Dantzic says it is not in his power to get any information of the tea trade there or in Berlin; that, “in fact, there is no wholesale trade in teas!” At Frankfort, the consul-general thinks about 100 cwt. only of tea is consumed by a population of 70,000 inhabitants. And he adds this important testimony—“but this estimation cannot serve as a general basis for Germany, as

in some parts of it *no tea is drunk*, and in others very little." Let us also recollect that at Frankfort, "no consumption duty is levied, 10*d.* per cwt. not deserving that denomination."

The consul at Bremen states, that the consumption of tea there is *inconsiderable*; at Lubeck "there is no wholesale trade in tea, and but a *very irregular* one in the retail. A pamphlet, entitled "Chinese Monopoly examined," written by Mr. Crawford, the opponent of the Company, states, that the consumption of tea in Russia is 25,000,000 lbs., a statement which is *only* 20,000,000 lbs. *above* the truth: the consul-general at Petersburg, Sir Daniel Bayley, proves, "from the most authentic sources of information," that it is not more than 5,000,000 lbs., and this consumption is not on the increase.

In Genoa the consumption of tea is a few hundred pounds weight, and in Florence and Leghorn the natives only use it medicinally; in Spain and Portugal it is scarcely worth notice; but enough having been proved as to the consumption in Europe, let us proceed to examine the returns from America, where there ought indeed to have been a greatly augmented use of tea, from the circumstance of a very extensive taste for the beverage having been established in the United States by the East India Company, while they were colonies of the British empire. As soon as the Americans had established their independence, vessels were despatched to Canton, and 1,000,000 lbs. instantly imported. Pitkin in his statistics of American commerce, shows that the importation of teas from China into America from 1790 to 1800, were 28,000,000 lbs., of which 23,000,000 lbs. were black teas! In the history of nations, (it cannot be denied,) there never has been an instance of a people making more rapid strides in population, wealth, and intelligence than the Americans; but has the consumption of tea increased in a ratio with every thing else, or in proportion to the means of the people, even under a free trade system? *It has not!* The importations of tea into the United States was—

| | | |
|-------------------|-----------|-----------------|
| From 1801 to 1807 | | lbs. 39,499,728 |
| From 1808 to 1814 | | do. 18,312,442 |

| | | |
|----------|-----------|------------------|
| Decrease | | lbs. 21,187,286* |
|----------|-----------|------------------|

A decrease during seven years of 21,000,000 lbs. is a bad proof of the effects of free trade. The exportation of tea from America was,—

| | | |
|-------------------|-----------|-----------------|
| From 1801 to 1807 | | lbs. 12,761,297 |
| From 1808 to 1814 | | do. 5,920,086 |

| | | |
|----------|-----------|----------------|
| Decrease | | lbs. 6,841,211 |
|----------|-----------|----------------|

The actual quantity of tea paying duty in the United States, was on two periods of four years each thus,—

| | | |
|-------------------|-----------|-----------------|
| From 1805 to 1808 | | lbs. 19,078,561 |
| From 1811 to 1814 | | do. 6,166,281 |

| | | |
|----------|-----------|-----------------|
| Decrease | | lbs. 12,912,280 |
|----------|-----------|-----------------|

The duty on tea in these periods was from eighteen to twenty cents per lb. The returns and evidence in the documents published by parliament, shew the American consumption at a later period.

* Seybert's Statistics.

During twenty years the use of tea had not increased in America ; the consumption being,—

| | | |
|----------|-----------|----------------|
| In 1807* | | lbs. 6,173,157 |
| In 1827† | | do. 5,372,956 |

Decrease lbs. 800,201‡

Mr. Bates, an American merchant, admitted in his recent evidence before Parliament, that “the attempt to import much tea into the United States, with all the pretensions to superior skill in judging of it or in assorting it, failed”—and that “there have been very large losses in it.” Mr. Milne, another American merchant, acknowledged, that notwithstanding the tea trade was carried on by ‘*trading on duties*,’ (*i. e.* avoiding the Custom House laws, by which the government duty may be delayed two years *minus* one day,) there have been extensive failures of tea merchants in the States—and the trade has been very ruinous.”|| The quantity of tea exported from Canton by the Americans was, in

| | | |
|---------------|-----------|-----------------|
| 1825 and 1826 | | lbs. 23,441,248 |
| 1827 and 1828 | | do. 14,851,021 |

Decrease lbs. 8,590,227§

In fact, between one year, viz. from 1826 to 1827, the *falling off* in the American tea exportation from Canton was 5,235,096 lbs.¶

Neither does the American *carrying trade* in tea exhibit a more favourable specimen of the advantages of a free trade in tea. The tea exported from Canton by the Americans, for foreign consumption was—

* Seybert's United States Statistics.

† Commons Evidence of 1830. No. 17.

‡ A comparison of the mere *exportation* of tea from Canton by the Americans, after a lapse of twenty years, is equally conclusive ; the exportation was—

| | | |
|---------|-----------|-----------------|
| In 1806 | | lbs. 11,702,800 |
| In 1826 | | do. 7,859,982 |

Decrease lbs. 3,842,818

But on the very same years the *increased* exportation by the East India Company, amounted to 17,286,390 lbs.

|| The consumption of tea per head in America during the last five censuses of the population was—

| | oz. | dr. |
|---------|-----------|-------|
| In 1790 | | 10 8 |
| In 1800 | | 10 11 |
| In 1810 | | 5 13 |
| In 1820 | | 7 11 |
| In 1830 | | 6 5 |

In England, on the contrary, the consumption of tea per head has increased thus—

| | lb. | oz. |
|---------|-----------|-------------------|
| In 1790 | | 1 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| In 1800 | | 1 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| In 1810 | | 1 9 |
| In 1820 | | 1 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| In 1830 | | 1 10 |

§ The *increased* exportation of tea by the East India Company during these years was 13,238,770 lbs. weight.

¶ The *increased* importation (on the comparison of these two years) by the East India Company into England was 9,905,746 lbs !

| | | |
|-------------------|-----------|-----------------|
| From 1815 to 1819 | | lbs. 14,119,052 |
| From 1823 to 1827 | | do. 5,618,766 |

Decrease lbs. 8,500,286

In 1818 and 1819 the quantity was 6,421,807 lbs., and in 1826 and 1827, only 1,267,966 lbs. The importation of American tea into the Netherlands, (although as the vice consul, Mr. Masterson, states in his evidence, "the duties are so low, that the difference between importations by Dutch and foreign flags, is only about an English penny, and in the higher prices it is *nothing*,") has not augmented. The importations were,—

| | | |
|-------------------|-----------|-----------------|
| From 1818 to 1823 | | lbs. 14,036,506 |
| From 1824 to 1829 | | do. 4,733,982 |

Decrease lbs. 9,302,524

It would be tedious to dwell longer on this part of the subject; the foregoing facts prove that in no country has the mere importation of tea tended to increase consumption: the reverse actually has taken place. It is almost unnecessary to demonstrate how extraordinarily the consumption of tea has been increased in this country, by judiciously regulating the supply to the demand, and, above all things, keeping up the quality of the article. In the space of *one century*, viz. from 1710 to 1810, there were sold at the East India Company's sales in London 750,219,016 lbs. of tea, the value of which was 129,804,595*l.* sterling; but since the *commencement* of the present century, *i. e.* from 1800 to 1830, (not one-third of the before-mentioned period,) the tea sold by the Company has amounted to 848,408,119 lbs.; and as regards a later number of years, it may be sufficient to observe, in the words of the select committee of the House of Commons in 1830, "the quantity of tea sold by the Company *since 1814*, has *greatly increased*."*

Let us now proceed to compare tea with other articles of general consumption in the United Kingdom, although a comparison of the consumption of tea with that of coffee, sugar, wine, tobacco, spirits, &c., can scarcely be considered fair, in consequence of the former being the production of one country, being onerously taxed, and under legislative regulations, while the latter enter into more general

* The quantity of Bohea sold by the East India Company was—

| | | |
|---------|-----------|--------------|
| In 1815 | | lbs. 397,909 |
| In 1830 | | 6,096,153 |

Increase . . . lbs. 5,698,244

The quantity of Congo sold was—

| | | |
|---------|-----------|-----------------|
| In 1816 | | lbs. 14,895,681 |
| In 1828 | | 20,142,833 |

Of Twankay—In 1814, 15, and 16 . . . lbs. 10,670,126
In 1828, 29, and 30 . . . 13,210,079

Of Hyson—In 1814, 15, and 16 . . . lbs. 2,950,993
In 1828, 29, and 30 . . . 3,113,949

The *supply*, as the Commons' report says, "has more than kept pace with the demand." Indeed, the surplus quantity refused by the brokers, from 1784 to 1823, was 30,552,552 lbs.; and the surplus, during the years 1829, 30, and 31, was nearly *five million lbs.*!

use as nutritive necessities of life, (sugar, for instance,) or as stimulants of which the quantity requires to be annually augmented with the age of the consumer, (wine, tobacco, &c.) To begin with coffee, the consumption thereof was

| | |
|--------------------|----------------|
| In 1795 | lbs. 1,054,588 |
| In 1799 | 682,432 |
| Decrease | 372,156 |

The duty during the foregoing years was 1s. 5d. per lb. We now take a longer comparison of five years each, during which time the duty was 7d. on British plantation, and 10d. on East India coffee. The home consumption was

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| From 1809 to 1813 | lbs. 37,857,390 |
| From 1814 to 1818 | 36,655,632 |
| Decrease | 1,201,758 |

On comparing the tea consumed in Great Britain during those two periods, so far from there having been a decrease, there was an *increase* on the latter five years of 12,892,102 lbs. The greatly augmented use of coffee which has lately taken place, has been consequent on the reduction of the duty to 6d. per lb.

Sugar, on a comparative period of twenty years, (ten years each,) shews a diminution of nearly *three million* hundred weight on the latter period. The consumption in the United Kingdom was

| | |
|-----------------------------|------------------|
| From 1804 to 1813 | cwts. 29,898,516 |
| From 1814 to 1823 | 27,078,857 |
| Decrease | 2,819,659 |

Now let the foregoing be contrasted with the following.

TEA SOLD IN ENGLAND.

| | |
|-----------------------------|------------------|
| From 1804 to 1813 | lbs. 239,569,354 |
| From 1814 to 1823 | 269,210,292 |
| Increase | 29,640,938 |

Is an *increased* use of *tea* to the extent of nearly thirty million lbs., and a *decreased* use of sugar to the extent of upwards of *three hundred million* lbs. weight, a proof of the evil management of the East India Company?

Wine has greatly the advantage of tea on a comparison, from its being a greater stimulant, independent of other adjuncts, such as sugar and milk; the produce of various countries, and the sale price falling in those countries, while that of tea is rising in China. The quantity of wine retained for home consumption in the United Kingdom, on two periods of twenty years each, was

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------|
| From 1790 to 1809 | galls. 154,184,505 |
| From 1810 to 1829 | 129,820,882 |
| Decreased consumption | 24,363,623 |

Now compare the foregoing remarkable decrease with the quantity of tea sold in England alone, during the same forty years.

TEA SALES AT THE INDIA HOUSE.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|---|------|-------------|
| From 1790 to 1809 | . | . | . | lbs. | 436,539,665 |
| From 1810 to 1829 | . | . | . | | 530,194,663 |

Increased consumption . 93,654,998

Do the opponents of the East India Company blame them for *decreasing* the use of *wine* by twenty-four million gallons, and for *increasing* the use of tea by ninety-three million lbs.?

The same remarks which we made in reference to wine, are applicable to *tobacco*, the consumption of which in the United Kingdom was

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|---|------|-------------|
| From 1800 to 1814 | . | . | . | lbs. | 276,987,945 |
| From 1815 to 1829 | . | . | . | | 262,028,104 |

Decrease . . . 14,959,841

Space and time being valuable, it is unnecessary to shew the increased consumption of tea during those years.

Brandy and Geneva presents a remarkably decreased consumption during the latter twenty years, as compared with the former; the quantity retained for home use was

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|---|--------|------------|
| From 1789 to 1808 | . | . | . | galls. | 33,129,418 |
| From 1810 to 1829 | . | . | . | | 20,057,040 |

Decrease . . . 13,072,378

This decrease was not owing to the more extended use of *rum*; of which we have the returns only for twenty years, the consumption was

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|---|--------|------------|
| From 1806 to 1815 | . | . | . | galls. | 41,770,833 |
| From 1816 to 1825 | . | . | . | | 27,845,340 |

Decrease . . . 13,925,493

The diminished use of both was therefore upwards of twenty-seven million gallons!

We do trust that his Majesty's ministers will pause in their present proceedings before they throw down the present system of managing the tea trade, the excellency of which is proved by the striking facts we have now quoted; and for more lengthened details we must refer our readers to the voluminous evidence before Parliament, and to the elaborate work on the "Past and Present State of the Tea Trade of England and of the Continents of Europe and America."

Let us now observe the facts as to the revenue derived from various articles, and observe whether tea will bear a comparison; and first with regard to sugar, which Sir Henry Parnell says is "a luxury in universal use, the duty is very easily collected, and it is not smuggled." The revenue derived from the home consumption of sugar for sixteen years was—

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|---|---|------------|
| From 1807 to 1814 | . | . | . | £ | 27,783,224 |
| From 1815 to 1822 | . | . | . | | 26,648,473 |

Decrease . . . £1,134,751

The duty on sugar during the foregoing periods was nearly stationary.

Wine next demands attention. The net revenue received thereon was—

Throwing open the China Trade,

| | | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|---|-------------|
| From 1800 to 1814 | . | . | . | £35,820,257 |
| From 1815 to 1829 | . | . | . | 29,246,956 |
| Decrease | . | . | . | £6,573,301 |

The rate at which the revenue on wine has decreased has been very remarkable; the decrease on comparative periods of ten years each has been thus:—

| | | | | |
|----------------------------|---|---|---|---------|
| 1814 as compared with 1824 | . | . | . | £65,887 |
| 1815 - - - 1825 | . | . | . | 280,246 |
| 1816 - - - 1826 | . | . | . | 340,118 |
| 1817 - - - 1827 | . | . | . | 596,522 |
| 1818 - - - 1828 | . | . | . | 735,258 |

Now, it must not be forgotten that in 1825 nearly fifty per cent. of the existing wine duties were repealed, while on tea there has been no reduction; and the duty, being an *ad valorem* one, has consequently lessened in the aggregate as the sale prices at the India House fell, which we shall show to have been rapid.

Notwithstanding the great reduction in the price of tea, and consequently the diminution of the revenue, the duty collected was—

| | |
|---|-------------|
| On tea, for 15 years, from 1814-15 to 1828-29 | £57,125,883 |
| On wine, during the same period | 29,246,956 |
| Wine revenue less than tea | £27,878,927 |

The foregoing is a startling fact, which will produce, we trust, an impression on every mind interested in the preservation of the large revenue derived from tea.

The revenue derived from *brandy* and *geneva* in twenty-eight years was—

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|---|---|-------------|
| From 1801 to 1810 | . | . | . | . | £14,784,021 |
| From 1811 to 1820 | . | . | . | . | 7,468,395 |
| Decrease | . | . | . | . | £7,315,626 |

The revenue derived from tobacco was—

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|---|---|-------------|
| From 1820 to 1824 | . | . | . | . | £16,317,232 |
| From 1825 to 1829 | . | . | . | . | 14,387,579 |
| Decrease | . | . | . | . | £1,929,653 |

A comparison between the total revenue received on tea and tobacco during the two latter periods will not be found in favour of the latter.

| | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|-------------|
| Revenue on tea from 1820 to 1829 | . | . | . | £37,499,803 |
| Ditto on tobacco do. do. | . | . | . | 30,704,801 |
| Greater amount of revenue on tea than on tobacco | | | | £6,795,002 |

It may not be unnecessary to observe, that a very large portion (according to Sir Henry Parnell) of the revenue collected on foreign spirits and tobacco is spent in endeavouring to prevent the smuggling of those articles. Sir Henry states that one million sterling out of three is thus employed, while the collection of the immense revenue on tea costs the government *nothing*! We must refer to Mr. Martin's work last quoted for further conclusive statements on the increasing revenue derived from other articles of consumption, and conclude this branch of our subject by a comparative statement of the revenue paid by the East India Company to government on *tea* for forty years:

| | |
|--------------------------------|-------------|
| From 1789 to 1808 | £28,894,512 |
| From 1809 to 1823 | 66,806,551 |
| | <hr/> |
| Increased revenue on tea . . . | £37,912,039 |

This immense increase is the more remarkable, from the fact of the great lessening of price at the India House during the latter period of twenty years, which materially affects an *ad valorem* duty. The decrease of price between 1814 and 1828 was, per pound, on Bohea 1s. 5d., on Congo 1s., on Campoi 1s. 1d., on Souchong 1s. 2d., on Twankay 1s. 2d., on Hyson 1s. 9d., on Hyson Skin 1s. 7d., and on Pekoe 3s. 3d. The revenue paid by the East India Company on tea into the British exchequer since 1800 has amounted to the enormous sum of 110,000,000*l.* of money derived from an innutritious leaf collected on the mountains of a distant continent! Can Lord Althorp, or any other Chancellor of the Exchequer, afford to lose such a revenue, which we shall demonstrate will in all probability be the case if the Company be shut out from the trade; but first let it be permitted us to show the fallacy of the statements regarding the enhanced price of tea, in comparison with the continents of Europe and America, and referring our readers to the works prefixed to this article, let us also prove how tea has been lessened in price in England, more in proportion than sugar, coffee, wine, rice, spirits, tobacco, &c.

We now therefore come to a consideration of the allegation so industriously propagated—namely, that the East India Company, by possessing the exclusive right of supplying tea, entail a heavy charge on the community. This assertion has been circulated with an indefatigableness proportioned to the importance which it was well known would be attached to it by a community naturally solicitous of saving to the utmost farthing; but let us investigate whether it be as little deserving of credence as any of the other statements put forth by interested partizans, and first let us examine whether other articles which enter into general consumption, although (unlike tea) procurable from many parts of the globe, and the prime cost of which has not been kept up, by being circumscribed in extent of growth, and by the cunning policy of a peculiar people. The reduction which, notwithstanding these impediments, the East India Company have made in the price of tea since the last renewal of their charter has been previously shown; but on turning to the London Price Currents in reference to sugar, we find no reduction in price for a long period. The price of Jamaica sugar for nine years, (from 1819 to 1827,) was 56*s.* to 75*s.*, 57*s.* to 75*s.*, 53*s.* to 75*s.*, 52*s.* to 75*s.*, 58*s.* to 70*s.*, 55*s.* to 70*s.*, 64*s.* to 75*s.*, 57*s.* to 72*s.*, 59*s.* to 71*s.* per cwt., duty included, which was alike during the whole period. Thus we see no reduction in price, though there was no East India Company's "monopoly" to lay the allegation at the door of. That it may not be said, however, that the Jamaica planters have themselves a monopoly, we turn to the price of Havannah sugar for several years, and briefly give a few, thus:—In 1821, 35*s.* to 40*s.*; in 1823, 36*s.* to 43*s.*; in 1825, 44*s.* to 48*s.*; in 1827, 38*s.* to 44*s.*; in 1828, 40*s.* to 46*s.* per cwt.

We next turn to coffee, and find that the price increased from 1814 to 1822, and, indeed, until the reduction of duty stimulated the

foreign growers in various parts of the globe, contenting ourselves with referring to Mr. Martin's work for the separate years, and for a reference to the authorities whence all his facts are derived, we give the totals; the average price of Jamaica coffee, from 1815 to 1818, was 87*s.* to 118*s.*; and from 1819 to 1822, 107*s.* to 140*s.* This is a considerable rise. Other islands offer pretty similar results; the prices of St. Domingo coffee for the same periods were 95*s.* to 102*s.*, and for the latter 109*s.* to 114*s.*

Even indigo, a tropical production in which there is the freest competition, had also increased. By comparing the six years from 1816 to 1821, with the succeeding six years from 1822 to 1827, as detailed at p. 85 of Mr. Martin's work, it will be seen that the *increased price* on the latter, as compared with the former period was, for fine Bengal, 3*s.* 6*d.*, and for ordinary Bengal 2*s.* 6*d.*

Rice also averaged, from 1819 to 1824, 11*s.* to 14*s.* 4*d.* per cwt.; and from 1825 to 1830, 13*s.* 2*d.* to 18*s.* 2*d.* per cwt.

Rum averaged, from 1821 to 1825, 1*s.* 9*d.* to 2*s.* 8*d.* per gallon, and from 1826 to 1830, 2*s.* 9*d.* to 3*s.* 9*d.* per gallon.

Without detaining the reader with other statements, let us contrast the foregoing with the following statement of the average price of teas in most general use.

*East India Company's Sale Price of Tea at two Periods.**

| TEAS—First Period. | From 1814-15 to 1819-20. | TEAS—Second Period. | From 1826-27 to 1829-30. |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| | <i>s.</i> <i>d.</i> | | <i>s.</i> <i>d.</i> |
| Boheas, per lb. | 2 6 | Boheas, per lb. | 1 7 |
| Congos | 3 0 | Congos | 2 3 |
| Twankay | 3 2 | Twankay | 2 6 |
| Hyson | 5 3 | Hyson | 4 4 |
| Average per lb. | 3 6 | Average per lb. | 2 8 |

Now, to this convincing fact, let us add further, that the price of teas in 1831, at the India House, was still lower than the average in the second column, and continues to be so; the prices were for Boheas 1*s.* 6*d.* per lb., for Congo's 2*s.* 2*s.* per lb., for Twankey, 2*s.* 2*d.*, and for Hyson, 3*s.* 7*d.* per lb.; by the addition therefore of the latter years the average would be 2*s.* 3³/₄*d.*, as compared with 3*s.* 6*d.*, the average during the first period. It must not be supposed that the company receive prices even as high as those here given from the parliamentary returns; some teas are put for sale *without any price* being affixed to them; for instance, from 1828 to 1831, there were offered for sale at the India House 6,278,613 lbs. of tea more than the brokers would purchase, lest the market should be overstocked; and after each quarterly sale the tea thus refused as surplus is put up at any price which the brokers choose to offer. As illustrative of the mode by which the brokers have enhanced the price of tea to the public, we give the following statement of facts:—

* From Parliamentary Returns, No. 9, and Appendix, of 1830.

| | | |
|--|----|----|
| One pound of Congou put up for sale at the India House at | s. | d. |
| Brokers, for the sake of keeping up the market, which they acknowledged before Parliament it was their interest to do, raise the sale price among themselves, at least | 1 | 8 |
| | 0 | 6 |
| India House sale price | 2 | 2 |
| To this add duty of one hundred per cent. levied by the crown instantly | 2 | 2 |
| Broker's per centage on tea bought, and duty paid, at least | 0 | 8 |
| Retailer's profits, even in London | 1 | 0 |
| Shop price | 6 | 0 |

Thus the tea which the Company offer at 1s. 8d. is raised to 6s., often to 7s. and 8s. before it reaches the consumer's table, and yet the Company are blamed for the high price of tea! In order to show more clearly the diminished price of tea to the public, notwithstanding the brokers' monopoly, we give the *totals* of a table of eighteen years from Mr. Martin's work (p. 90), which places in a clear light the advantages derived from a well-regulated and responsible system of management.

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| Tea sold from 1814 to 1822—225,425,988 lbs. | Price £33,499,149. |
| Ditto from 1823 to 1831—254,886,598 lbs. | Price £31,756,630. |
| Increased consumption . 39,460,610 lbs. | Diminished price £1,752,519. |

By comparing the two first with the two latter years of the table under review, the fact will be more justly appreciated.

Aggregate Quantity and Sale Amount of Tea in England at Two Periods.

| Years. | Quantity of Tea. | Sale proceeds. | Years. | Quantity of Tea. | Sale proceeds. |
|---------|------------------|----------------|---------|------------------|----------------|
| | lbs. | £. | | lbs. | £. |
| 1814-15 | 27,820,643 | 4,794,359 | 1829-30 | 30,264,498 | 3,527,245 |
| 1815-16 | 26,234,244 | 4,102,668 | 1830-31 | 30,720,085 | 3,487,494 |
| Total . | 54,054,887 | 8,897,027 | Total . | 60,284,583 | 7,014,739 |

So that the public had not only a saving on the two latter years of nearly two million pounds sterling, but they had an increase of nearly seven million pounds of tea.

But enough has been said on this branch of the subject. Let us now come to the allegation that tea is so much cheaper in the United States of America and on the Continent of Europe than in England. Nothing can be more fallacious than testing the quality of tea by the price at which any rubbish sold under that name may be offered; in *tea*, as well as in *wine* or other articles, similarity in *name* is by no means a proof of similarity in quality. Who would estimate the value of a case of genuine Chateau La Fitte or Chateau Margaux by
 May, 1833.—VOL. VII.—NO. XXV. D

foreign growers in various parts of the globe, contenting ourselves with referring to Mr. Martin's work for the separate years, and for a reference to the authorities whence all his facts are derived, we give the totals; the average price of Jamaica coffee, from 1815 to 1818, was 87*s.* to 118*s.*; and from 1819 to 1822, 107*s.* to 140*s.* This is a considerable rise. Other islands offer pretty similar results; the prices of St. Domingo coffee for the same periods were 95*s.* to 102*s.*, and for the latter 109*s.* to 114*s.*

Even indigo, a tropical production in which there is the freest competition, had also increased. By comparing the six years from 1816 to 1821, with the succeeding six years from 1822 to 1827, as detailed at p. 85 of Mr. Martin's work, it will be seen that the *increased price* on the latter, as compared with the former period was, for fine Bengal, 3*s.* 6*d.*, and for ordinary Bengal 2*s.* 6*d.*

Rice also averaged, from 1819 to 1824, 11*s.* to 14*s.* 4*d.* per cwt.; and from 1825 to 1830, 13*s.* 2*d.* to 18*s.* 2*d.* per cwt.

Rum averaged, from 1821 to 1825, 1*s.* 9*d.* to 2*s.* 8*d.* per gallon, and from 1826 to 1830, 2*s.* 9*d.* to 3*s.* 9*d.* per gallon.

Without detaining the reader with other statements, let us contrast the foregoing with the following statement of the average price of teas in most general use.

*East India Company's Sale Price of Tea at two Periods.**

| TEAS—First Period. | From 1814-15 to 1819-20. | TEAS—Second Period. | From 1826-27 to 1829-30. |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| | <i>s.</i> <i>d.</i> | | <i>s.</i> <i>d.</i> |
| Boheas, per lb. | 2 6 | Boheas, per lb. | 1 7 |
| Congos | 3 0 | Congos | 2 3 |
| Twankay | 3 2 | Twankay | 2 6 |
| Hyson | 5 3 | Hyson | 4 4 |
| Average per lb. | 3 6 | Average per lb. | 2 8 |

Now, to this convincing fact, let us add further, that the price of teas in 1831, at the India House, was still lower than the average in the second column, and continues to be so; the prices were for Boheas 1*s.* 6*d.* per lb., for Congo's 2*s.* 2*s.* per lb., for Twankey, 2*s.* 2*d.*, and for Hyson, 3*s.* 7*d.* per lb.; by the addition therefore of the latter years the average would be 2*s.* 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.*, as compared with 3*s.* 6*d.*, the average during the first period. It must not be supposed that the company receive prices even as high as those here given from the parliamentary returns; some teas are put for sale *without any price* being affixed to them; for instance, from 1828 to 1831, there were offered for sale at the India House 6,278,613 lbs. of tea more than the brokers would purchase, lest the market should be overstocked; and after each quarterly sale the tea thus refused as surplus is put up at any price which the brokers choose to offer. As illustrative of the mode by which the brokers have enhanced the price of tea to the public, we give the following statement of facts:—

* From Parliamentary Returns, No. 9, and Appendix, of 1830.

| | |
|--|-------|
| One pound of Congou put up for sale at the India House at | s. d. |
| Brokers, for the sake of keeping up the market, which they acknowledged before Parliament it was their interest to do, raise the sale price among themselves, at least | 1 8 |
| | 0 6 |
| India House sale price | 2 2 |
| To this add duty of one hundred per cent. levied by the crown instantly | 2 2 |
| Broker's per centage on tea bought, and duty paid, at least | 0 8 |
| Retailer's profits, even in London | 1 0 |
| Shop price | 6 0 |

Thus the tea which the Company offer at 1s. 8d. is raised to 6s., often to 7s. and 8s. before it reaches the consumer's table, and yet the Company are blamed for the high price of tea! In order to show more clearly the diminished price of tea to the public, notwithstanding the brokers' monopoly, we give the *totals* of a table of eighteen years from Mr. Martin's work (p. 90), which places in a clear light the advantages derived from a well-regulated and responsible system of management.

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But enough has been said on this branch of the subject. Let us now come to the allegation that tea is so much cheaper in the United States of America and on the Continent of Europe than in England. Nothing can be more fallacious than testing the quality of tea by the price at which any rubbish sold under that name may be offered; in *tea*, as well as in *wine* or other articles, similarity in *name* is by no means a proof of similarity in quality. Who would estimate the value of a case of genuine Chateau La Fitte or Chateau Margaux by

the abominable trash sold under these names, and which of late years might frequently be bought at Calcutta or Bombay for *two rupees* a dozen—a price absolutely cheaper than the bottles containing the so-called wine could be purchased for in France! Any person who attempted to make an Englishman believe that such prices were a proof that his wine-merchant cheated him by an extortionate demand, would be treated as a knave or a fool. On what grounds, then, should a different estimation be formed of those who make such zealous attempts on public credulity with regard to tea, of which, indeed, there is a greater variety than of wine, and for the judgment of which a more extensive knowledge is required, the Company's tea inspectors at Canton being valued not only for quickness of the eye, acuteness of smell, and delicacy of touch, but also for the lengthened period of their service. The Americans disregard all this knowledge: an American ship captain, who has never before been at Canton, goes to the outside Hong merchant, purchases a cargo hap-hazard, finds some of the chests filled with bricks, stones, or dust, others with different dried leaves of various plants, fired on copper plates, coloured with Prussian blue, and rendered weighty by the addition of iron filings! These facts were so evident to the select committee of the House of Commons in 1830, appointed to inquire into the subject, that they state in their report—“*A mere comparison of prices* affords no just criterion, there being *various kinds of tea* classed under the same denomination.” (Of Congo, for instance, there are one hundred kinds at the India House sales.)

Mr. Bates, an American, one of the Company's opponents, and well acquainted with the China trade, was asked by the select committee of the House of Commons in 1830—“If you saw the price of any denomination of tea, taking Congo or Souchong for instance, in London and Amsterdam, you would not consider a *mere comparison of the prices* for a given denomination of tea as any proof of the relative dearness or cheapness in the two countries?” Answer—“*None whatever!*” The same witness further stated that the “Americans have sometimes taken tea to the Continent similar to the East India Company's, but *it will not answer*—they will not pay a sufficient price for it on the Continent.”

With these premises let us proceed to examine the prices affixed to the samples of tea forwarded by his Majesty's consuls, on which a charge of extortion has been founded. According to these Consular Returns, the vilest Bohea, which had cost $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ at Canton, might be bought at Antwerp for $7\frac{3}{4}d.$, in France for $6\frac{1}{2}d.$, and at Hamburgh for *five pence!* Congo, Campoi, and Hyson, were equally reduced in price by a voyage across half the globe. Souchong (a high quality tea, and sometimes not to be procured at Canton for any money) was diminished in charge to the consumer, by a similar unexpensive journey, from $10d.$ to $5d.$; and to cap the climax, young Hyson, which cost $1s. 6\frac{1}{4}d.$ at Canton, might be purchased for *less than half that sum at Hamburgh!*

Are not these facts sufficient to show the utter absurdity of the charge of extortion? But how comes it that in countries open to free trade there should be such a difference in price as the consular re-

turns exhibit? Why, for instance, should there be between Hamburgh and Frankfort, both free ports as regards tea, a difference in price of 7*d.* per pound in Bohea? Why should the so-called best quality Souchong be selling at Hamburgh for 1*s.* 8*d.*, and at Rotterdam for 4*s.* 2*d.*, and the lowest quality Pekoe for 3*s.* at Hamburgh, 5*s.* 1*d.* at Frankfort, and 6*s.* 6*d.* at Rotterdam? Even between Boston and New York there is a similar discrepancy: Souchong at Boston is 11*d.* to 2*s.* 1*d.*, and at New York 1*s.* 2*d.* to 2*s.* 7*d.*; Hyson Skin at the former place 10*d.* to 1*s.* 1*d.*, and at the latter 1*s.* to 1*s.* 7*d.* Even the London brokers appointed to examine these samples stated to the government, that with respect to the Bohea "the samples were decidedly inferior in quality to the Boheas imported by the Company." Yet the Company are charged with extortion, because they did not offer for sale their superior quality tea as cheap as the commonest trash under that name could be procured on the continent! And let it not be forgotten, that according to the admission of Mr. Milne, and other American witnesses examined by Parliament, those very samples on which so much stress has been laid were purchased in America and on the continent, at a time when the prices were "ruinous;" and when the most extensive failures were consequently taking place among the American tea-merchants.

The fact is, that from the immense quantity of stuff called tea, exported from Canton by the Americans of late years, (notwithstanding the manner in which the Americans traded on the government duties—that is, by evading the payment of them for two years *minus* one day,) the prices were in reality not *one half* those which the Chinese tea merchant at Canton asked for them; this is not only admitted by the American witnesses before Parliament, but even stated by his Majesty's consuls. Mr. G. Manners, our consul at Massachusetts, when forwarding the samples of tea to government which he had been ordered to do, procured copies of the original invoices at Canton, and transmitted them with his samples, he remarks—"It will be seen, when freight, interest, and insurance, are taken into consideration, that teas are at present imported into the United States without *any profit* to the importer."* He might have added, "at considerable loss," as demonstrated by Mr. Martin, (p. 117.) Yet are the Company blamed for not selling their tea as cheap as the bankrupt Bostonian merchants!

But if the prices of the teas at Boston were ridiculous, what shall we say to those at Hamburgh, where, under the most favourable cases, the cost price at Canton was not realized; and owing to the perishable nature of the article, and the want of proper stores for its preservation, the importer of the leaf was necessitated to sell his tea at any price offered, however "ruinous." Yet it was by a comparison of these Hamburgh teas with English teas of the best quality, and of the "ruinous" prices in the one country with the remunerating prices in another, that Mr. McCulloch, in his "Commercial Dictionary," (p. 1030,) alleges the Company charged in 1829 the sum of 1,889,975*l.* more than the *same teas* could then have been purchased for in Hamburgh!

* Appendix to Select Committee's Report, p. 839.

It is a pity, indeed, that an author of such high reputation as Mr. M'Culloch should give currency, in a work of such standard value as the "Commercial Dictionary," to a series of gross fallacies which pervade the article *Tea* from beginning to end, and which is evidently the work of a well practised deceiver, and written rather under the vindictive influence of party feeling than from the sober deductions of reason.

The Dictionary says—"The extraordinary excess of the East India Company's prices for tea over those of *Hamburgh, Rotterdam, &c.* (as given in the consular returns,) is obvious at a glance; but taking *the prices of Hamburgh as a standard*, the discrepancy may be set in a still clearer point of view."

Let the candid reader or statesman judge of the credit which is due to Mr. M'Culloch as a political economist seeking after truth, when he learns that the reason why the East India Company's opponent fixed on the *Hamburgh* prices as "*a standard*," was because those prices were not in several instances *one half the amount* of similar named samples in the other consular returns! Bohea, for instance, is $7\frac{1}{4}d.$ at *Hamburgh*, and $16\frac{1}{4}d.$ at *Frankfort*; yet Mr. M'Culloch, with these figures staring him in the face, fixes on *Hamburgh* $7\frac{1}{4}d.$, instead of *Frankfort* $16\frac{1}{4}d.$, in order to brand the East India Company with extortion!

This is unjust enough, but that of *Congo* is still worse; of this tea there were only five samples in the consular returns: viz.

| Hamburgh. | | | | Rotterdam. | | | |
|-----------|-------------|----|-----------------|------------|-------------|----|-----------------|
| | | s. | d. | | | s. | d. |
| Congo | . . per lb. | 1 | 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Congo | . . per lb. | 1 | 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Ditto | | 1 | 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ | Ditto | | 1 | 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| | | | | Ditto | | 2 | 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ |

Yet, shame to say, with these figures before him, Mr. M'Culloch picked out *Hamburgh* for a fair standard!

But let us hold up yet further to public detestation this utter defiance of common justice.

| | Hamburgh. | | Rotterdam. | | Frankfort. | | New York. | |
|----------------------|-----------|-------------------|------------|-----------------|------------|----|-----------|------------------|
| | s. | d. | s. | d. | s. | d. | s. | d. |
| Souchong } per lb. } | 0 | 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ * | 1 | 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 2 | 6 | 1 | 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| | 1 | 0 | 2 | 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 2 | 10 | 1 | 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| | 1 | 8 | 3 | 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | | 2 | 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| | | | 4 | 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ | | | | |

Mr. M'Culloch, we repeat, (and let it be understood that the same statements are running through the country in the *Edinburgh Review*, by Mr. Crawford, Mr. Rickards, Mr. Buckingham, *et id genus omne*,) fixes on *Hamburgh* as "*a standard*," to the exclusion of *Rotterdam*, which is in one sample *four* times nearly as high as *Hamburgh*, and then charges the Company with plundering the British public to the extent of 28,815,820*l.* since 1814! If there be any love of fair play yet remaining among Englishmen, such conduct will not be without its desert. We must again refer to Mr. Martin's ample exposition of these malign attacks, (p. 147,) and proceed to make a few remarks on the prices affixed by the London brokers to the samples. Mr. Layton,

* The brokers' mark to this is "*no price—unfit for use*;"—it forms part, nevertheless, of Mr. M'Culloch's standard.

one of the brokers examined before Parliament stated, that "there was *much difference* between them, and they were obliged to take the average," and that "there were hardly any Congos or Boheas at all, merely fractional parts;" that "some of those samples were picked quality of teas, and in some instances the difference in price was commensurate with the deterioration in quality." This experienced broker also stated, "that he was much on the continent; had looked at the foreign trade, and was very much surprised how little they understood of the matter."

The brokers, in the paper they gave in to Parliament, admitted that they could give "but a limited opinion as to the relation which the five Congo samples bore in quality to those of the East India Company's, (which tea forms two-thirds of the quantity consumed here, and of which there are nearly one hundred in each quarterly sale.) They also observed, that "the foreign Boheas were *decidedly inferior* to the East India Company's." Yet are these Boheas and Congos of inferior quality, placed on a par by Mr. McCulloch and Mr. Crawford, &c. with the best English teas of the same name.

The discrepancy in the broker's affixed prices, as compared with those paid for the tea, is not at all noticed by the Company's opponents: two samples of *Bohea* from Hamburg, have a difference $2\frac{1}{4}d.$, the broker's difference is $\frac{1}{2}d.$; at Rotterdam, difference $1\frac{3}{4}d.$, broker's difference $\frac{1}{2}d.$ in favour of the *cheapest* sort. Three samples of Congo from Rotterdam are marked $1s. 7\frac{1}{4}d.$, $1s. 9\frac{3}{4}d.$, and $2s. 2\frac{1}{4}d.$, yet the difference in the broker's estimate is only *one halfpenny*. So much for the value of the broker's test. It would be tedious to proceed with further statements, equally, if not much more, conclusive than those we have given; but we cannot avoid observing, that in good tea, which cannot be falsified in name, the difference is strikingly in favour of England; thus, for instance, in the samples examined by the brokers, and prized by them according to their estimated value, without knowing what was paid for them, we find

| At Hamburg. | | | | Price affixed by Brokers. | |
|---------------|--------------------|---|---|---------------------------|-----|
| | s. d. | | | s. d. | |
| Pekoe per lb. | 4 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ | . | . | per lb. | 4 0 |
| do. | 5 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ | . | . | do. | 5 6 |
| Rotterdam. | | | | | |
| Pekoe per lb. | 6 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ | . | . | do. | 5 3 |
| do. | 7 0 | . | . | do. | 5 2 |
| Frankfort. | | | | | |
| Pekoe per lb. | 5 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | . | . | do. | 4 2 |

This is a just test of the Company's prices; any of the other sorts of tea may have a name given them; Bohea may readily be called Congo; Congo, Souchong; Twankay, Hyson; and Hyson, Gunpowder; but Pekoe is not so readily open to such generally practised fraud, hence its fair price on the continent; (it is not used in America;) but as to the designations of tea, although

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet,"

it would not be long questionable, whether the British public, under the American system of tea importations, would still pride themselves on the connoisseurship in the flavour of Bohea, Congo, Hyson, or Pekoe.

What then, in reality, is the fact as to the price of tea *at present* on the continents of Europe and America? Why, that it is every year rising, and is now on the average *higher* than in England! The New York Price Current, 21st Sept., 1831, says, "there is an advance of about *fifty per cent* on the prices given a year ago for tea."

In Mr. Milne's (an American) evidence before the House of Commons, (1830, p. 136,) we find a table, the abstract of which shows the enhanced price of tea, *exclusive of duty*, for ten years:—

| From 1820 to 1824. | | | From 1825 to 1829. | | |
|--------------------------|----|----|--------------------------|----|----|
| | s. | d. | | s. | d. |
| Imperial per lb. | 3 | 4 | Imperial per lb. | 3 | 10 |
| Gunpowder | 3 | 7 | Gunpowder | 3 | 10 |
| Hyson | 2 | 10 | Hyson | 3 | 3 |
| Young Hyson | 2 | 4 | Young Hyson | 3 | 2 |
| Hyson Skin | 1 | 7 | Hyson Skin | 2 | 2 |
| Souchong | 1 | 5 | Souchong | 2 | 4 |
| Average | 2 | 6 | Average | 3 | 1 |

So then we find, that so far from it being true that the price of tea is lessening in America, and increasing in England, the very reverse is actually the case! But there is one more table in Mr. Martin's work (p. 96,) which places the subject in a yet clearer light.

Price of Tea in America at Two Periods.

| TEAS.* | Price of Tea in America in 1821. | Price of Tea in America beginning of 1832. | Enhanced price in Ten Years. |
|------------------|----------------------------------|--|------------------------------|
| | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. |
| Bohea | 0 10 | 1 7½ | 0 9½ |
| Souchong | 1 1 | 2 1 | 2 0 |
| Hyson Skin . . . | 1 2 | 2 6 | 1 4 |
| Young Hyson . . | 1 9 | 3 2 | 1 5 |
| Hyson | 2 5 | 3 4½ | 0 9½ |
| Gunpowder . . . | 3 0 | 4 3½ | 1 3½ |
| Average | 1 8 | 2 10 | 1 2 |

Here we see that Bohea was selling at New York (and according to the American Price Currents, as given in the work from which these tables are taken, of an inferior quality to English) for 1s. 7½d. per lb., while in 1828, 29, and 30, there were sold at the India House 8,000,000 lbs. of Bohea, which, on the average, did not exceed 1s. 6d. per lb. That the public may more fully see the manner in which they have been imposed upon by false statements, we give the following important Table from Mr. Martin's work (p. 104); the Hamburg prices are converted into sterling by Messrs. Suze and Sibbeth of Lime Street, the Dutch by Messrs. Mœns and Dauncey of Bishopsgate Street, and so on.

* In the American Price Currents of 1831-32, there is no Congou, Campoi, Pekoe, or Twankay, mentioned.

SALE PRICE OF TEA IN ENGLAND and on the Continents of EUROPE and AMERICA, according to the Consular Returns in 1839, and by the latest Price-Currents of 1832; the Cost reduced to sterling money by Dr. Kelly's "Cambist," and by the most respectable mercantile houses.

| COUNTRIES. | BLACK TEAS. | | | | | GREEN TEAS. | | | | |
|--------------------|------------------|---------------------|-------------------|-------------------|------------------|----------------------|------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|
| | Pekoe per lb. | Souchong per lb. | Campoi per lb. | Congou per lb. | Bohea per lb. | Gunpowder per lb. | Hyson per lb. | Young Hyson per lb. | Hyson Skin per lb. | Twankay per lb. |
| England | s. d. 3 0 | s. d. 2 7½ | s. d. 2 3½ | s. d. 2 0½ | s. d. 1 6 | s. d. 5 6 | s. d. 3 6 | s. d. 2 3½ | s. d. 2 1½ | s. d. 2 2 |
| Russia | 21 4 a 29 2 | 14 7 a 17 6 | 11 8 a 12 7 | 8 9 a 9 8 | 5 10 a 6 9 | 14 7 a 38 10 | 11 8 | 9 8 | 7 9 | 6 9 |
| New York | none used. | 1 8 a 2 2 | none. | none. | 1 5 a 1 6 | 3 6 a 4 2 | 2 7 a 3 8 | 2 5 a 3 5 | 1 10 a 2 8 | none. |
| New Orleans | — | 2 4 | — | — | 1 8 a 1 11 | 5 2 | 3 10 | 3 8 | 2 7 a 2 10 | none. |
| France | 7 1 a 10 5 | 3 11 a 4 8 | — | 3 2 | none. | 5 6 a 5 10 | 5 0 a 5 1 | — | 2 10 | 2 10 a 2 11 |
| Portugal | 5 10 a 6 0 | 3 4 a 3 6 | 2 6 a 2 8 | 2 1 a 2 3 | 1 8 a 2 0 | — | 5 5 a 5 7 | 3 4 a 3 6 | 2 11 a 3 4 | 2 6 a 2 8 |
| Holland | 4 7 a 7 0 | 2 6 a 3 5 | 1 11 a 2 6 | 2 0 a 2 3 | 1 6 | 4 0 a 5 10 | 2 8 a 3 6 | — | 2 6 a 2 8 | 2 0 a 2 2 |
| Bremen | 3 4 a 8 4 | — | — | 1 4 a 1 8 | 1 0 a 1 1 | 4 5 a 5 0 | 2 10 a 3 0 | 1 5 a 2 6 | 1 2 a 1 5 | — |
| Hamburg | 3 4½ a 10 11 | 1 4½ a 2 0 | 1 5 a 1 7½ | 1 4½ a 1 7½ | 1 2½ a 1 3 | none. | 2 11 a 4 2 | none. | 1 2½ a 1 10 | 1 5 a 1 10 |
| Dantzic | 7 8 a 13 6 | none. | none. | 2 6 a 3 4 | none. | 7 8 a 9 8 | 3 10 a 4 10 | none. | none. | none. |
| Frankfort | 5 0 a 10 0 | 3 4 a 4 8 | 2 6 a 3 4 | 2 1 a 3 0 | 1 1 a 1 3 | 13 4 a 15 0 | 5 4 a 9 2 | 6 8 a 7 6 | 3 9 a 6 8 | 2 1 a 4 2 |
| Denmark | none used. | 2 6 a 2 8 | 2 5 a 2 8 | 2 4 a 2 6 | 1 8 | none. | 4 0 a 4 1 | none. | none. | none. |
| Roman States | 6 4 | 4 0 | none. | 4 0 | 3 4 | 8 7 | 4 9 | — | — | — |
| Lubeck | 4 10 a 10 6 | 1 1 a 3 0 | 1 6 a 2 1 | 1 2 a 1 10 | none. | 3 7 a 6 0 | 3 0 a 5 3 | 1 10 a 3 0 | 1 4 a 2 5 | 1 8 a 2 1 |
| Trieste | none. | 2 9 | none. | none. | none. | 5 0 | 3 4 | none. | none. | none. |
| Leghorn | none. | 1 9 a 2 2 | — | — | — | 3 1 a 3 7 | 2 2 a 2 8 | — | — | — |
| Sicily | — | — | — | — | 4 0 | — | 6 0 | — | — | — |
| Naples | — | — | — | — | — | — | 7 4 | — | — | — |
| Canton | 2 2 392 | 1 11 922 | 1 7 738 | 1 4 150 | 0 9 666 | 2 8 | 2 2 720 | 1 10 | 1 4 466 | 1 4 000 |

a Average prices at which 30,483,552 lbs. of tea were offered for, and sold, at the India House in all 1831; of which 1,883,000 lbs. were put up without any fixed price; and besides which, 1,646,980 lbs. were refused by the brokers, as too large a supply for the market.

b Consular Return. The duty on Black tea, from 1s. 9d. to 1s. 11d. per lb.; and on Green, from 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6½d. is included. I have taken the descending scale of prices. c Exclusive of the duty. New York Price Current Jan. 1832. The Souchong so called is mere Congo. Portions of some cargoes unsaleable by reason of their being "several years imported."

d Exclusive of the duty. New Orleans Price Current for Feb. 1832; in which it is a constant remark, "sales small and scarce." e From Prix Courant sur la Place de Paris, 8th April, 1832. A gentleman in Paris has particularly inquired the retail price of tea throughout France, and states it to be from 5s. to 25s. per lb.

f From Folha Mercantil do Porto Lisbon, 7th April, 1832. The duty on tea is 15 per cent ad valorem. g These are the high and low Amsterdam and Rotterdam prices for May 1823, by the 100 chests or cargo; the duty is only 7 florins per 100 kilograms for bohea, and 12 florins per 100 kilograms for all other descriptions.

h Bremen, May 1st, 1832. Furnished me from Messrs. Reid, Irving, and Co. i The duty is almost nominal, not worth calculation. From the Borson Halle Hamburgach Abend Zeitung, 20 April, 1832. j There is no wholesale trade. Duty for consumption 3½d. per lb. Consular return.

k The government duty is only 10d. per cwt. I have given a descending proportional scale of prices from the Consular returns to Parliament. l Duty 2 per cent ad valorem. These prices were given when there was five years' stock on hand; the Consul remarks that "other teas are proportionally higher."

m Duty per lb. 11d., of which one-third is allowed as drawback on exporting articles in lieu of tea, the produce of the States. Consular returns. n Duty one-half per cent. ad valorem. Consular return. o At Trieste there is no duty, and at Leghorn it is nominal. The teas, although denominated Souchong and Hyson, are in reality inferior Congos and Hyson Skin. p Prime cost at Canton of the teas exported to England, according to the last official documents.

Of Mr. Bates' evidence we shall merely state, that he is proved by Mr. Melville to negative and nullify all his own statements, and by building his assertions on hypothetical views of the future, which are not justified by a reference to the past. Mr. Rickards not only confutes himself, but is confuted by his coadjutor Mr. Bates; one of Mr. Rickards' calculations is so notoriously wrong, that we cannot help briefly adverting to it, as it upsets the whole of Mr. R.'s assertions, who calculates his hypothesis on the average of 11*d.* instead of 1*s.* 3*d.* per lb.; thus—

Mr. Rickard's error.

| | <i>s.</i> | <i>d.</i> |
|---|-----------|-----------|
| Bohea at 14 Tales per picul reduced to lbs. and sterling money. | 0 | 7 |
| Congou | 0 | 11 |
| Campoi | 0 | 11 |
| Souchong | 1 | 2 |
| Pekoe | 1 | 7 |
| Twankay | 0 | 11 |
| Hyson Skin | 1 | 0 |
| Hyson | 1 | 10½ |
| Gunpowder | 2 | 6 |
| According to Mr. Rickard's calculation, average | 0 | 11 |

Any person summing up the above will find it 1*s.* 3*d.* instead of 11*d.*, making a difference of 4*d.* in the lb., that is, 1*d.* more than Mr. Rickards allows for freight, insurance, wastage, &c.!

Well might the Select Committee of the House in 1830, in reference to these and other similar statements, observe—

"Several statements have been submitted in evidence, with a view of showing that the Company's exclusive right to supply tea entails a very heavy tax upon the public, amounting, in the view of one witness, to 1,500,000*l.*; of another, to 1,727,934*l.*; and of a third, to 2,588,499*l.*, of which latter sum, however, one-half is acknowledged to be duty paid to the state. But those statements have been objected to and controverted, upon the grounds that they have reference to a trade conducted differently from that which the legislature has prescribed to the Company; that the calculations are in some respects arithmetically wrong; that they are all fallacious, inasmuch as they assume the rate of exchange in one year, and the prices paid to the Company in another; and that in some of them the prices of tea in China are stated LOWER THAN THE TEA COULD BE PURCHASED FOR, WITHOUT RISKING DETERIORATION OF QUALITY."—*Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the China Trade, 1830, p. 29.*

We conclude with giving Mr. Martin's summing up of his elaborate calculations respecting the tea trade, merely stating the outline which he proposes on the termination of the Charter of the East India Company; namely, that the British merchant should be put on a footing with the American, in being permitted to proceed to Canton and convey tea or other China produce to any part of the world, (save and except tea to the United Kingdom.) That he should be at liberty to supply the Canadas, the Cape of Good Hope, and other of our possessions now supplied by the Company with tea, but that on his proceeding to Canton, he be subject to the port regulations of the Company's factory chief, who might be invested with the authority of King's Consul. By this plan, Mr. Martin says, (and indeed proves,) that in

the course of a few years, the unincorporated British merchant would become versed in the ways of China, and the Chinese merchants at Canton, (now praying for the continuance of the Company,) would be in some degree accustomed to the peculiar habits of the Chinese and delicate nature of the tea trade, so that when the legislature thought that the time had arrived for throwing open the last safeguard, namely, the supplying of the United Kingdom with tea, less hazard might be experienced in the project. If this proposition be rejected by the legislature, the Company have by law the supplying of the United Kingdom with tea until 1836; but if it be adopted, the Company would most probably not object to the immediate endeavour of the British merchant to compete in the carrying trade with the American, and to convey China produce (excepting tea) to the United Kingdom; we recommend, therefore, to the serious attention of the legislature, to every friend of justice, the following summary of proven facts;—

“ 1st. The British nation is indebted to the East-India Company for the origin of the tea trade, ‘one of the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of commerce.’* ”

“ 2nd. That the consumption of this innutritious leaf, cultivated on the hills of a distant continent, and manufactured by a people almost isolated from the rest of the world, has been increased within half a century from five million to upwards of thirty million pounds weight.

“ 3rd. That this wonderfully extended use of tea has been owing to judicious management, abroad and at home, in selecting and procuring by an admirable combination of wealth, skill, and long experience, the best teas which China afforded; by sedulously attending to the wishes of the public, and in fact, by a due proportioning of the supply to the demand, in the qualities best adapted to the palates, as well as to the purses of the consumers.

“ 4th. That the introduction of this beverage into England, has materially contributed to improve the morals and health of the nation at large, by superseding, in a great measure, the immoderate drinking of spirituous, vinous, and other fermented potations, while its use as a tonic is strongly conducive to health and longevity.

“ 5th. That by means of tea, one of the largest items of the national revenue has been created, which is collected without any expense to government; moderately pressing on the people by its individual minuteness; unaffecting the poor as if on an absolute necessary of life; indispensably requisite at the present moment, when so urgent a demand exists for the abolition of taxes which check the artizan’s industry,† diminish his personal comforts,‡ and cramp the eager aspirations of his mind.§

“ 6th. That the duty levied on tea, though an *ad valorem* one, and undiminished for the last quarter of a century, has been proportionably larger in amount, and steadier in its receipt than the revenue obtained from sugar, coffee, wine, tobacco, spirits, or other articles of general use.

“ 7th. That notwithstanding the heavy government taxation, the great distance from which the leaf has to be brought, coupled with the large space and care required for its conveyance, and its being procurable from only *one* country, the consumption thereof has increased in proportion to the population, more than other articles entering largely into the diet or use of the majority of the nation, namely, the items in the foregoing paragraph, which are purchaseable in various parts of the globe, within six weeks instead of six months sail of England.

“ 8th. That if consideration be had to the peculiar circumstances attending the tea trade, it will be seen that so far as depended on the East-India Company, the price of tea has been lowered to the consumer as much or even more than the above-named articles, and that that price continues to be still further reduced from year to year.

* Mr. McCulloch’s Commercial Dictionary, page 1027.

† On raw produce, paper, &c.

‡ Corn, soap, &c.

§ Newspapers, pamphlets, &c.

" 9th. That it is a mistaken idea to suppose that mere extended importation is all that it is requisite to secure general consumption, the American and continental European decreasing tea trade for the last thirty years, amply proving the point.

" 10th. That comparing the prices of teas by similarity of names, is as fallacious with regard to tea as to wine.

" 11th. That the teas shipped for the continents of Europe and America are inferior in quality to those imported into England.*

" 12th. That a comparison of home and foreign prices is rendered still more fallacious, by the generally admitted fact, that teas were selling abroad, viz. in Holland, Hamburgh, New York, Boston, &c. at 'ruinous prices,' the markets being completely glutted with tea, unsaleable at any, even the lowest prices.

" 13th. That as regards other countries, and America in particular, while the consumption of tea has been decreasing, the price has been rising, the very reverse having taken place in England.

" 14th. That the consular samples afford no criterion of the quality or prices of the English tea, the brokers admitting that no Bohea equal to the Company's was imported into Europe or America; that although there are one hundred samples of Congo at the India House, only five continental ones were submitted to them; that those teas were purchased abroad at a time when they did not pay even the expense of freight,† or cover near the cost price.

14th. That Mr. McCulloch, in framing his allegation against the Company, has unfairly picked out the prices as given at Hamburgh, for a 'standard,' while he kept back those of Rotterdam and Frankfort, which are twice and thrice as high, and that although Hamburgh serves as an *entrepôt* for Germany, where the Americans disembark their cargoes under a prospect of future sale, and the perishable nature of tea rendering its retainment for a good purchaser a matter of extreme hazard to the importer, a comparison with the present Hamburgh prices is on the average in favour of the East-India Company's teas, notwithstanding the great superiority of the latter in point of quality.

" 15th. That Mr. Crawford's allegations, and those of the Edinburgh Reviewers, are based on the same unfair as well as erroneous data, as the foregoing.

" 16th. That Mr. Bates' testimony is negatived by his arithmetical error, by his mercantile omissions, unjust computations of exchange, and that as an hypothetical view of the future, it affords no reasonable charge against the past and present management of a public trust, which the concluding passage of Mr. Bates' evidence admits.

" 17th. That Mr. Rickards' testimony is equally as inconclusive as Mr. Bates', because it is founded on an arithmetical error to the extent of 4*d.* out of 11*d.* in the value of the pound of tea;—that the price of tea at Canton is not only quoted lower than it really is allowed for in the usual price-currents, but affords no grounds for comparison with the prices paid by the East-India Company for their tea, which Mr. Rickards incorrectly states to be no better than that of the Americans or privilege trade;—that Mr. Rickards has also adopted, in a comparative as well as improbable point of view, too low a rate of exchange;—that his plans, if carried into effect, would certainly tend to the destruction of the revenue, if no other worse consequences ensued;—that tea cannot be had at all times at Canton;—that the Company have not kept up the price by limiting the supply in the market;—that the privilege trade have not (although they might have) increased their importation of tea;—that it sells at lower prices than the Company's, notwithstanding there is a saving of 4½*d.* in the pound for freight, as well as many other charges; and that Mr. Rickards' assumptions are principally built on the *probably* extended use of tea from 30 to 40,000,000 lbs. in England *without* an increase of the cost price in China.

" 18th. That the price at which the Company offer their tea for sale is not *one-third* of what it costs the public; the brokers, in the first place, keeping up the price for the sake of their commission, and for the support of the trade in general; and 2ndly, by the government levying a duty of 100*l.* per cent., which must be paid before the tea passes into the purchaser's hands.

19th. That the privilege possessed by the East-India Company is not a *monopoly*, as has been incorrectly stated; a monopoly including the power to sell or hold back,

* Vide Mr. Bates' and Captain Coffin's evidence, &c.

† Admissions of Mr. Bates, and Vice-Consuls Masterton in Holland and Masters in America.

to lower or to raise prices; the Company cannot choose their own time for sale; they are compelled to make four quarterly sales in the year, of offering at each sale a quantity at least *equal* to the last preceding demand; they are obliged to put up their tea at *prime cost*, and to sell at an advance of *one penny* (they do at *one farthing*) on the upset price; they are necessitated to have always on hand a stock of tea amounting to at least *one year's* consumption, estimated by the quantity consumed in the previous year; that their very ships are under legislative enactments, being equipped for war as well as for commerce;—that even the profits derivable from the tea trade are disposed of by the command of the legislature beyond the control of the Company;—that, in fine, it is a political as well as commercial trust, which, tested by long-tried experience, has been proved not only eminently serviceable to the nation at large, but of infinite advantage to our Eastern empire, by procuring with greater facility for the government thereof an impost of *one million sterling*, which is levied on the Chinese consumer of opium, and which the Chinaman pays, together with the cost price, as a part return for the tea transmitted to England; while the annual stream of wealth flowing from India* to the British shores, instead of being remitted in the precious metals, has given energy and maritime power to the empire, by circulating through the healthful and invigorating medium of commerce.

“ 20th. And in conclusion, that no argument has yet been brought forward entitled to the serious attention of the legislature, which offers a shadow of prospective, national or individual advantages, to compensate for the overthrow of a system by means of which the tea trade of the United Kingdom is now carefully, cheaply, and beneficially conducted; and by destroying which, we may, as was said to be the case with the Sybilline leaves, have to pay a higher price for a diminished value.”

* About 4,000,000*l.* sterling!

THE SPANISH BARBER.¹

BY DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA.

CHAPTER II.

The Town of Xerez—Merits—My Mother—Damiana, the Baker's Widow—Account of the Convent—My Occupation—Alms-demanding for the Souls in Purgatory—Adventure with the *Gitanos*—Holy Week!—Procession of Maunday Thursday—My unfortunate impersonation of the Guardian Angel—Tremendous conventual Castigation—Carried home—Distress of my Mother—Important Revelation of my Birth—Feelings towards Father Gregorio—My Retort—His rage, and my flight.

"COME in, Master Robledo ; you are late this morning."

"Have you not heard the news? Madrid is in a ferment ; the breach between the Prince of Asturias and the *favourite* is now past all remedy. Well, well, in a few days we shall see strange things."

"*Vaya!* In the meantime, let us talk of other matters ; for really these constant intrigues and contentions at court have lost their zest. Therefore a truce with the scandalous chronicle for to-day, and let me hear the continuation of your history ; my curiosity has been greatly excited."

"No doubt it has," returned the barber, with a smile ; "you did not anticipate the real secret of my birth, but, sir, there rests the merit of my life. You shall be certainly treated with events and conclusions which never once entered your mind. Don Felix, I am not an every-day sort of a person."

"How should you? the son of a reverend father and a *bolero* dancer!—ha! ha!"

"Señor, this is no laughing matter—but let that pass ; and now pay attention. The city of Xerez has been celebrated in history, and deserves public notice for various and very potent reasons: Firstly, Roderick the Goth was defeated near the spot ; Secondly, Xerez is a place remarkable for the number of its convents ; Thirdly, it is famous for its delicious wines ; Fourthly, and lastly, it is distinguished for having produced many eminent men, including myself. Well, sir, I was born at Xerez ; but I will not be so minute as to say in what street. I know that a person who narrates his life has an indisputable right to be as prosy and puerile as he pleases ; but I will not be too hard upon you, Don Felix, in enforcing my rights, therefore I will spare you the events of my infancy. Yes, I shall pass over in silence the proofs I gave of precocity—the bent of my young mind for enterprize—others call it mischief ; a singular propensity in my fingers to be always employed, so as not to allow anything to be left about. My feats at school shall also pass unrecorded, except, indeed, that I once stuck a penknife in the pedagogue's seat of honour, for which exploit, *mine* own having been properly flagellated, I was turned away with ignominy from school. This was a severe blow to my exem-

¹ Continued from vol. vi. p. 348.

plary mother, who, poor soul ! spent the whole day in pious exercises—her devotion was extraordinary. She had been a victim to the small-pox, and a stroke of the palsy had given her body a superfluous quantity of motion, which did not add grace to her personal appearance. She was, indeed, an altered woman ; she repeatedly told me so, and I believed her. She prayed and wept, and wept and prayed ; drank chocolate and took snuff—two indispensable appendages of thorough *beatas*. Alas ! how deeply she deplored the irregularities of her past life, and the loss of her good looks !

“ My mother was not happy. I supposed then that the reverend father Gregorio Cascabel contributed not a little to encourage the *ex-bolera's* morbid melancholy. He was rather too exuberant in his preaching, and a prodigious grumbler besides. If the chocolate was not to his liking, the man of God would get into the devil's own rage ; he then would denounce my poor mother as an ungrateful woman and a lukewarm Christian, who was totally regardless of her future welfare. What possible connexion there could exist between the friar's chocolate and the salvation of my mother's soul, I could not, at the time, determine ; but the reverend of course was more competent to decide of such matters. Rosita's nerves were constantly shaking ; and this was too much indeed, seeing that the palsy gave her body motion enough. Father Gregorio's rebukes and dogmatical denunciations inflicted upon her the keenest pangs. He told her once, with a very serious face and a lugubrious tone of voice, that the palsy with which she was now afflicted was a just award of Providence for the lascivious movements and evolutions of her former saltatory pursuits. But this was not the worst. The ruthless friar took a special delight in praising the piety and edifying conduct of other *beatas*, specially a baker's widow called Damiana. This Damiana was allowed to sell the best bread in Xerez, and to possess a long purse as well as a long rosary. Father Gregorio was in ecstasies with her devotion and her bread. Rosita immediately procured a rosary of a most inordinate length, and the best chocolate in Spain. She groaned in spirit and prayed, and prayed and visited the sick, and asked every friar's blessing, and called herself a miserable sinner fifty times a day, and took every possible care in the making of chocolate ; but, alas ! all to no purpose—the reverend Father Gregorio Cascabel still persisted in maintaining that the baker's widow was the better Christian. Besides, Damiana, having never been a dancer, was of course free from palsy ; nor, indeed, had the small-pox taken any liberties with her person ; and all this certainly was in favour of the *beata*, as it tended to prove the regularity of her former life, if we are allowed to follow the friar's logic.

“ My mother loved me dearly—much more than *beatas* are accustomed to do ; but even this tenderness was an offence in the eyes of her tyrannical ghostly father. I returned my mother's affection fully, and I acquired a determined dislike for the reverend, with whose close kindred I was yet unacquainted ; and I mention this as a formal contradiction to the fine speeches which authors are apt to make about the force of nature, the secret sympathies of blood, and so forth. However, if I did not love Father Cascabel, I at least dreaded

him like Satan. He possessed the heaviest hand, and the quickest foot I've known in the course of my life; and he delighted in exercising those limbs on my unfortunate carcass. The slightest opposition—nay, a mere look of demur on my part, was certain to call forth a smart visitation from the reverend fist—his foot was equally prompt when his hand was otherwise employed. The frequent repetition of those favours was not calculated to generate any amiable feelings in my bosom; and I must confess, that before I had attained my tenth year, I hated the holy cuffer with all my heart and soul. It soon became the study of my life to annoy and torment my oppressor; and I flatter myself that I displayed no small degree of ingenuity in the furtherance of my vindictive plans. I once filled his snuff-box with cayenne, and I had a delicious treat in the burning titillation which the process produced in his nasal organ. Another time I contrived to let drop a liberal dose of jalap into his chocolate; the joke took prodigiously, Father Gregorio was expected to die that night; he bellowed like a bull, and turned and tumbled in his bed, as if he were possessed by a whole legion of devils. The whole convent was alarmed; some suspected that he was poisoned, but others, the greater number and the most sensible, set about exorcising the evil spirit that agitated the suffering friar. In the course of the following day, the reverend became more tranquil, and he was soon completely re-established—an event which was laid to the account of the *exorcisms*. The good people of Xerez cried '*Milagro! milagro!*' (miracle,) and the convent acquired accordingly no small degree of celebrity from the circumstance. Father Gregorio bore ever after the epithet *El Exorcisado*. I, the real *evil spirit*, was highly amused with the adventure; and, as far as the miracle goes, I'm sure it was quite as deserving of the public veneration, as many other miracles which enjoy a first-rate repute."

"Yes, such as the Christ of the Shoe, and others."

"Certainly; and of these I shall have occasion to speak in due time. But to return. This ingenious system of exercising the patience of Father Gregorio was the principal amusement of my life; and indeed, Don Felix, I stood in great need of this kind of temporary relaxation, considering the severity of the duties I was called to perform. You must know, that I was a sort of juvenile factotum, and a most valuable acquisition to the convent. I performed all the friars' errands, after having served a dozen masses in the morning; I was obliged to keep the sacristy in good order, and go through the work of the sacristan, unless indeed I felt a wish to experience from this personage a repetition of those *personal* favours, for which Father Gregorio had rendered himself so remarkable. Then again, I strolled about asking charity of the pious folks who came to perform their devotions. I possessed an admirable nasal twang and an imperturbable pertinacity in demanding. When I feared that some of the congregation were rather deaf, or too deeply immersed in prayer, I rattled the poor-box in such capital style, that I am sure that if it were only to get rid of the noise, every one of the company felt disposed to be charitable. Besides this, I used to carry the basket belonging to the *souls in purgatory*."

"The basket of the *souls in purgatory!*" exclaimed Don Felix; "what do you mean?—ha! ha!"

"I mean that when Father Gregorio, or Father Anselmo, or Father Francis, or any other father, sallied at the fall of eve from the convent, and patrolled the streets demanding alms for the souls in purgatory, I carried the basket that was to contain the charitable donations of the pious. So, sir, we went, the reverend father and I, from street to street and alley to alley, he calling out in a dolorous, whining tone of voice, '*Hermanos accordaos de la animas benditas.*'* To which I responded, '*Animas benditas! animas benditas!*'

"Our edifying appeal was never made in vain; the piety of the faithful of the good town of Xerez was indeed exemplary. The friar in chief collected a multitude of silver and copper coins in a box, whilst those who preferred being charitable in *kind*, came under my jurisdiction. Thus the butcher threw a piece of meat into the basket, the farmer some vegetables, and the baker a loaf. Some pious crone would bestow a pound of chocolate, accompanied with a blessing of, '*Jesus les bendiga!*' though, by-the-bye, we would readily have exchanged the second part of her charity for a double portion of the first. Another devout dame would perhaps only give us an *ochavo*† and a pious groan. From such lukewarm Christians we would turn away with disgust, and then bestow the most encouraging and complacent looks on those devotees who gave more substantial proofs of their solicitude for the holy souls in purgatory. Indeed, sir, I remember that one day our harvest had been so abundant, that I could scarcely bear the weight of the basket. I puffed and perspired, and felt horribly fatigued; but as it was in so good a cause, I abstained from complaint. I'll tell you what happened in this memorable night. As we were crossing the market-place, on our return to the convent, we passed by a group of *Gitanos* of very suspicious appearance: there they were, enveloped in their cloaks, and their faces completely hidden from view, partly covered by the hat and partly by the redundance of whiskers, whilst the atmosphere of smoke created by the combined efforts of twelve cigars working at a time, prevented our distinguishing any feature, save and except an eye or two which twinkled through the hazy clouds, like some glimmering light in a dark night—pardon the comparison, Don Felix. Well, then, Father Anselmo, who was accounted the most efficient begging friar of the whole community, nothing abashed by the ungodly appearance of the *Gitanos*, and insatiate in his thirst of charity for the holy souls in purgatory, exclaimed in one of his very best tones, '*Animas benditas hermanos!*' remember the souls in purgatory. To this one of the party, premising his remark with an exclamation neither pious nor decent, returned, '*Holla, Senor Padre!*' the holy souls are likely to have a good supper to-night, judging from the contents of that basket."

"Saying this, he fixed an expressive look on Father Anselmo. The rest of the party enjoyed this sally very much, and signified their approbation by an explosion of laughter. We were rather discon-

* Brothers, remember the holy souls.

† Small coin, about the one-third part of a penny.

certed and scandalized at the profane jocoseness of the *Gitanos*, and the father even ventured to express his indignant zeal on the occasion. Alas! would that he had kept his pious remonstrances for a fitter opportunity; but no, his religious ardour led him to bestow the epithet of infidels and unbelievers on the offending parties. This the *Gitanos* took seriously to heart; they were wounded on the most tender point—their religion. An accusation was brought against their Christian faith; and in their excessive anxiety to repel such a painful attack, they probably mistook the means. The night, which had closed in, was conveniently dark, and so no time was lost in idle talk; but two or three of the most sturdy of the party suddenly fell upon us, and before we had time to utter a *Jesus Maria!* we were eased of our box and basket. We stared for a moment in bewilderment! It was no use to stare, nor to appeal to any or all the saints in the calendar; for whilst part of the *Gitanos* hurried away with the spoil, the rest favoured the flight by keeping us in hot water with a profusion of threats; nay, I not having the protection of a religious habit, was furthermore treated to a kick or two by way of taking farewell. So, Don Felix, we returned to the convent in a very mournful mood, whilst our despoilers no doubt repaired to some *figou*,* to feast on the supper destined for the holy souls in purgatory—a crying sin!”

“Ha! ha! ha! I suppose Father Gregorio’s temper was not improved by this unfortunate adventure?”

“Ah, Señor! you may well guess what followed; over and above the parting salutations bestowed by the *Gitanos*, I received two or three very significant testimonies of the irascible *Padre*’s disappointment. I remonstrated; for really I could not well perceive how I deserved this castigation. But the reverend father satisfied my inquiries by saying, ‘*Toma por lo que has merecido otras veces.*†’ Of course, he suited the action to the word; but my stubborn understanding would not be convinced, for the father, amongst his deficiencies, did not possess that of an oblivious memory, and sooth to say, he never forgot to give me my due of cuffs and kicks; nay, he carried his liberality to such extremes, that I had good reason to wonder at his announcing his present favours to be demanded by past deserts on my side. However, I perceived I should fare worse by not acknowledging the friar’s arguments, and so I was *forced* to be convinced, because I could not help myself—a way of persuading which, as it happens constantly in life, lessens in some degree the asperity of such summary logic.”

“Master Robledo, you are indeed a philosopher, to conform submissively with the decrees of destiny, when you cannot possibly act otherwise.”

“Yes, Don Felix, I take pride in my philosophy, no less than in my other multifarious merits and accomplishments. But it is not all my own desert; for philosophy was literally forced upon me from my childhood, and I soon learnt that the sum total of human wisdom and virtue was contained in the single word *power*—an axiom which I had every moment of the day some opportunity of verifying, by

* Low eating-house.

† Take this for what you have deserved at other times.

watching the proceedings of my species, as well as of the brute animal creation. But softly—ha! ha!—this is by far too grave and dogmatical a tone, so let me sink the ponderous philosopher into the gossiping barber.”

“*Caramba Señor Gil*—you are like a book in *folio*.”

“Exactly—ha! ha!—because it contains *much* and *foolish* matter, eh? Come, come, I was beforehand there, Señor Don Felix. But to return to my history. After the adventure with the *Gitanos*, we grew more careful with regard to the property of the holy souls in purgatory, and took special care to avoid the market-place, or any other dangerous spots at the fall of night. But this sort of life was not at all in accordance with my feelings; the squabbles, events, and intrigues of the convent were not sufficient to employ my grasping mind. I longed for a wider range of roguery to exercise my thinking powers upon; besides, I dreaded the idea of being made a friar in due process of time; indeed, it had been decided I should become a *lego*,* as soon as I had attained a competent age. Of course my inclination had never been consulted—a want of common politeness which I determined to resent by thwarting the decision of the reverend *Padres*.

“The moment of crisis arrived at length. Holy week came—the most important week in the whole year, as you must know, Don Felix—a week which for theatrical representations is unapproachable and superexcellent.”

“Theatrical representations, Master Barber? Why all the theatres are closed during this holy period.”

“Sir, I mean the processions and other mimic representations with which the pious people of Spain commemorate that holy period. The southern provinces of Spain have always been celebrated for these performances; probably the lively imaginations of the Andalusians adapt them more peculiarly for the task, and hence the celebrity which Seville, and other cities and towns of Andalusia enjoy in this respect. Amongst the said towns we must not forget Xerez; for surely it would be a strange anomaly, that a place so plentifully overstocked with priests and friars, should not stand in glorious competition with other clergy-favoured towns. Well, sir, holy week came, and the whole world of priests and friars, black, grey, and white, the numerous cohorts of the *Cofradias*,† the various tribes of devotees of both sexes, the *familiars*, *sacristans*, *acolytes*, *legos*, *demandantes*, &c. &c. &c., were in a complete bustle. To my surprise, I discovered that I was chosen to take a part in the performances of Maunday Thursday; no less a part, indeed, than that of the guardian angel. You know, sir, that an intelligent and rather handsome boy is always selected for this personation. I was accordingly much flattered by the compliment—so was my mother. She, poor soul! enjoyed, on this occasion, a pleasure to which her forlorn heart had for a long time past been a stranger. Well, Señor, I was properly accoutred in the costume of the guardian angel, the habiliments were of very costly manufacture, and the work of some opulent *beatas*—then the wings, *Virgin Santa!* what a superb pair of wings! so

* Lay brother—preparatory to taking the vows.

† Holy brotherhood.

artistically fashioned, so radiant with tinsel, so large and so becoming! Really, I looked with contempt on the other angels my brethren, who, as you know, take an inferior part in the procession. Then again, I held such a beautiful sword—a flaming sword—not a sword on fire, of course, but simply fashioned so as to represent flames; which, if we are to believe the most incontrovertible authorities in these matters, is the real sword used by the guardian angel, although I know that some ignorant people have allowed the angel to carry a dragoon's sabre, or a double-edged cavalry sword, which is indeed a shocking and profane anachronism; for really a material distinction must exist between the weapons employed in human warfare, and those used by spiritual belligerents. But to proceed. When I was accoutred in my celestial appendages, I may, vanity apart, say that I made a very tolerable angel. My mother cried with joy, when she saw me in my heavenly transformation; she forgot for the time the irregularities of her past life, and her present want of beauty, the ill-usage of Father Gregorio, and the more successful piety of the baker's widow. Ah! what can surpass the potency of a mother's tenderness!"

"Nothing certainly; but spare the filial apostrophe, for I am very anxious to learn how you acquitted yourself of your important task."

"The procession began in admirable style. St. John, St. Matthew, the Magdalene, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* in wood, were perfect; as for the Holy Virgin, nothing could surpass the splendour of her costume, indeed, her mantle was one uniform mass of gold and precious stones, and I might as well attempt to describe the riches of the fabulous eastern empires, as to give a correct picture of the costly rings, pearls, and superb embroidery with which the sainted personage was decked out. And here I cannot refrain from observing that there must have been some error in describing the Virgin as the wife of a poor carpenter, as well as of the description given repeatedly of the poverty of the holy family. But let that pass; every thing set down in history is not *ipso facto* free from mistake, and in strict accordance with truth.

"The solemn performance commenced; the civil and military authorities, and every order of the regular and secular clergy joined in the procession, which opened as usual with the children from the schools, under the guidance of their pedagogues. The streets were properly strewn with palm leaves, laurel, and other usual decorations, and the windows and balconies were hung with tapestry. It was a glorious sight. Only conceive two interminable rows of men carrying lighted tapers, while the space between was occupied by the more important personages of the drama, the apostles, the angel, the standard-bearers, &c. &c. Then what could be more edifying than the ranks of the *Santas Cofradias* accoutred as *Penitentes*. There they were with their long, coarse, black garments, which reached from head to foot, tied round the waist with a kind of rope belt. Then how awful appeared the high *Caperuchos*!* And, Señor! who can see the *Penitentes* thus accoutred, and their faces completely hidden from view, except you catch a glimpse of their eyes by the small apertures allowed them to look through—I say, who can behold these

* A high conical sort of cap worn by the Penitents.

extraordinary performers, without a feeling of awe or a tendency to laughter?"

"The procession moved on—the friars chaunted capitally—the music was in strict accordance, and the ladies that thronged the balconies threw a shower of flowers as we passed, while others more devout let fall money on the splendid silver plates held out to receive the pious donations. Hitherto every thing had gone on right, but just as we made a halt in the corner of a street, to allow St. John the Baptist to make a bow to the Virgin, I began to feel giddy and exceedingly sick. I will tell you why; the sturdy men on whose brawny shoulders the *sainted-wooden-actors* are carried, were of course allowed a liberal quantum of wine, to give them strength; indeed, on those pious occasions one is not scrupulous on the subject, seeing the fatigue that the persons materially concerned in the performance are obliged to undergo. Well, señor, by some strange fatality I had found access to a most copious draught of some excellent San Lucar wine. Alas! that it should produce an effect on so celestial a being as I was then personating—but so it was. I felt giddy; then instead of marching erect with my flaming sword, I proceeded in a crooked, shuffling, reeling style, that soon attracted notice, and excited no small degree of astonishment. A friar that chanced to be near said in an under tone, 'What's the matter, *hijo de*—why don't you walk straight?' *Porque no puedo*,* answered I in the same tone: it was certainly the best reason I could give, but it did not prove satisfactory. My rotatory course was now the theme of general remark, and pretty tolerable correct surmises were made concerning the state of the case. Eyes struck with horror and surprise glared upon me, whilst the less devout or more profane could not suppress a titter, for no doubt they considered it a marvellous good joke to behold the guardian angel literally drunk. By this time I was nearly losing all consciousness of what was going forward, when lo! to the general surprise and consternation, I fell down, soiled my celestial costume, and broke one of my wings. There I lay at ease, my trusty sword by my side, totally forgetful of my awful misadventure.

" 'Get up, you little *devil*,' said one.

"I heeded him not. Only imagine, to bestow such an appellation on the guardian angel! Of course, how should I know that the word was addressed to me? Well, there was no remedy—the procession was obliged to halt: this interruption produced some confusion, and a vast deal of scandal amongst the more rigid devotees. I was carried away by two men. I soon came to my senses, and the first impression which I received from the use of them was to hear something concerning the scandal which I had occasioned, and the smart castigation which I should no doubt undergo, for the libel of which I was guilty against the character of the guardian angel. Some charitable *beatas* who saw me pass by, and were not acquainted with the motive of my mishap, bestowed a blessing and a kind word of endearment, such as *Pobrecito—hijo mio*—and so forth; to which the brutal men who bore the heavenly weight returned, *Picaro ya la tendrá buena*.† This announcement suddenly brought Father Gregorio to my recol-

* Because I cannot.

† The rascal shall catch it properly.

lection—I shuddered at the idea of the forthcoming storm of blows and kicks—my very wings flapped with horror; O that they could have borne me a thousand leagues from the good town of Xerez!"

"Then, really, respect for the character you represented did not protect you from human revenge."

"Sir, of all the beatings which I have received in the perilous course of my life—and God knows these have been many and severe—nothing can be compared to the *dressing* which I got on this memorable occasion. No sooner was the procession over than three or four friars, with the formidable Father Gregorio at their head, rushed upon me like so many hungry and enraged tigers. They did not wait to divest me of my angelical habiliments, but fell to with most exemplary zeal and activity. They flogged, and thrashed, and cuffed, and kicked, and tumbled me about like an inanimate log; they puffed and panted with the exertion—copious perspiration streamed down their reverend, full blown, and flaming visages—their eyes glared with the fire of passion, they turned and twisted in a variety of contortions, produced by rage and eagerness to satiate their savage thirst; they were like frantic demons. One tumbled jostling—with another, the *habit* was in the way. Blows followed blows rapidly; I ran, hopped, tumbled, rolled, got up, ran again, tumbled and rolled again; they thrashed, groaned, kicked, turned, pushed, and literally snorted with a thrill of revenge and delight in the prosecution of their murderous work. This frantic and conventual saturnalia was ended when the lusty castigators were compelled to stop from mere exhaustion. As for myself, I lay groaning in a corner unable to move; blood streaming from my face, my whole unfortunate carcass in a languid, lacerated, aching, dying condition. The idea of my mother came mournfully upon me at that moment—alas! in that hour of horror and affliction my suffering mind reverted to the only sympathising being whom I had in the world—Nature appealed to the sacred tie—in my agony I could only murmur in a faint and plaintive voice, *Ay! madre mia!* My executioners seemed for a moment to be touched by my pathetic and genuine appeal. Whether from pity, or what is more probable, from a disinclination to attend to my cure in my deplorable condition, the friars ordered me to be carried to my mother, as unworthy of remaining in the convent. I heard this decision with an inward thrill of joy. The two men who had carried me from the procession bore me in a sort of large basket to my mother's house: they thrust me into the basket still attired as the guardian angel, but of course looking more like a miserable human nondescript than an inmate of the celestial regions, and in this manner I reached the maternal roof in the darkness of night."

"A pleasing prospect for a mother!"

"Ay, señor, the poor soul was ready to faint at the sight: however, as a fainting fit would do me no manner of good, she prudently postponed the operation in favour of more pressing duties. She laid me on a bed, and immediately set about affording all the solace and comfort which I needed in my wretched condition. I passed an indifferent night, despite the tenderness and solicitude of my mother, who remained constantly by the bedside. On the morrow, however, I felt greatly relieved, and in a fit state to answer my good parent's queries

concerning the miserable plight in which they had brought me home.—“ ‘What have you done, boy?’

“ ‘Nothing, mother, but what the reverend padres are accustomed to do. I followed their good example, and this is the result.’

“ ‘You have been guilty of some grievous offence.’

“ ‘Simply a slight error in judgment. I did not precisely compute the quantity of strong liquid which my head was competent to endure, without detriment to the equilibrium of my body.’

“ ‘*Jesus Maria!* you got drunk.’

“ ‘Something like it. This was considered in total contradiction with the character of the being I was personating, and so the devout friars did all they could to thrash my soul out of my carcass.’

“ ‘You are sure you have done nothing else?’

“ ‘Quite sure. Ah! that Father Gregorio is a monster. I wish him to the regions below with all my heart.’

“ ‘Hold, boy, you don’t know what you say,’ muttered my mother in alarm and horror.

“ ‘Yes, mother, I *do* know what I say. Think you that such a tyrant as that abominable friar deserves salvation? Why, if he be not d——, I don’t see that any one has reason to despair.’

“ I perceived that my language produced a strong emotion on my mother; certainly I had never used so much freedom of speech, but the unmerciful castigation which I had just suffered had rendered me reckless as to what I uttered—nay, I grew quite eloquent on the subject of my grievances, and I detailed to my mother a long list of former sufferings which I had patiently endured. The narrative shocked her kind maternal heart. Cholerick and rough as Father Gregorio was known to be, she had not yet thought it possible he could be guilty of so much cruelty to *me*. My mother wept now bitterly, and uttered sundry pious ejaculations indicative at once of piety and affliction. ‘*Ay hijo mio!*’ she said mournfully; ‘much as Father Gregorio has ill-treated you, yet I shudder when I hear you speak of him in such terms of hatred and horror.’

“ ‘And what else does he deserve? Besides, *madre*, I am puzzled to account for the extraordinary power which Father Gregorio exercises over the concerns of our family. Is he any relation?’

“ Here was a perplexing question. My mother felt a powerful shock; then she groaned, and then she remained buried in a profound silence. Her behaviour appeared very strange, and it only tended to redouble my curiosity. I put the awful question a second time; my mother seemed to collect her efforts for some difficult task. I fixed my eyes upon her; she disclosed a picture of distress unparalleled—of horror, shame, and remorse, such as baffle the power of description. ‘Alas, my son!’ she said, after a desperate struggle of feeling, ‘the pangs of the present moment I humbly undergo as a portion of the penance deserved by my former guilty course. *Ay Jesus!* I am a miserable sinner; and, my poor Gil, your birth is not the smallest of my offences. I feel that my end is approaching, and I must unburthen my mind. I see things in a clearer light now, and the arguments of Father Gregorio can no longer deceive me.’

“ ‘I am, then, the child of guilt—who is my father?’

“ Rosita hesitated to answer; she then clasped her hands in agony,

and fixed her sorrowful eyes on mine; I was bewildered, for those awful preambles announced that I owed my existence to some shockingly grievous sin. My mother, then, in a tone of voice broken with emotion, and sighs, and groans, unfolded a mystery that, young as I was, made a powerful and by no means an agreeable impression upon me. '*Ay Gil mio!*' she said, 'I should not have strength to make a painful, a horrible confession, but that the awe of some future dreadful results impels me to the distressing task. You have conceived a violent hatred against Father Gregorio.'

" 'I have—a thorough, substantial, absorbing, uncontrollable aversion—a portentous, ravenous, overpowering, and comfortable hate—a feeling such as fifty deep and well-merited antipathies combined might scarcely produce.'

" '*Calla—calla hijo!*' exclaimed my mother, in horror; 'speak not thus of the author of your days.'

" 'Merciful heavens! Father Gregorio Cascabel my ——'

" I remained for some minutes deprived of the power of speech. Here was a pleasant discovery! My mother covered her face with her hands in a conflict of agony and shame. She resumed—'Yes, your father: the presentiment which I feel of my approaching dissolution, and the fear that in your vindictive spirit you might be hurried to some desperate act against *him*——'

" 'Speak no more, mother. I shall behave with proper respect—that is to say, I shall always keep at a tolerable distance from his reverence; I shall never cross his path of my own free will.'

" And you were able to abide by your determination?"

" You will see anon, Don Felix; but first observe the singular effects of nature on my heart. I have told you how deeply I hated Father Gregorio before I knew the sacred ties that bound us to each other. Well, as I have said, only think now on the force of blood! No sooner did I learn that *he* was my father than ——"

" Your hatred disappeared."

" No; it became ten times more powerful. Of course I firmly resolved never again to show my face in the convent. My mother held forth in an admirable style, and uttered sundry very edifying maxims concerning repentance and sin, tears and ashes, obedience and resignation, retribution and the palsy, charity, the baker's widow, and the world to come; but to all this pious talk I paid not the smallest attention—my thoughts were fully engrossed by the extraordinary solution given to the enigma of my birth. Well, señor, not to tire you with a description of my feelings, I got up towards noon, and I placed myself at the window, to see the procession of Good Friday. The sight brought my recent adventure in strong relief to my view. Bless me! what were my feelings when the reverend Father Gregorio Cascabel, my honoured sire, past by, his full-blown, pious cheeks puffing away and chanting in a gloomy tone, with accompaniment of muffled drums. *He* fixed my attention, notwithstanding the many very curious and alluring objects of the procession. I quite overlooked the *Nazarenes*, and the Holy Virgin despoiled of her splendid attire of the day before, and Judas Iscariot, and the *Penitentes*: nay, I paid no attention to the pious lay-brothers, who passed by with a

plate, crying out in a very doleful tone of voice, *Hermanos una caridad par enterroir al pobre Jesu Christo*, (Brother, bestow a charity to bury Jesus Christ.) I thought of nothing, saw nothing but Father Gregorio. He, too, caught a sight of me, and in a single look contrived to convey an amazing quantity of spite and ill-nature. I concluded that the exercise of the day before had given him a sort of appetite to recommence similar proceedings, but I made a fervid resolution to baffle such charitable intentions. Well, señor, to my horror and astonishment, Father Gregorio made his appearance the next day, and with exemplary effrontery began to complain to my mother of my profane and iniquitous behaviour, as he called my late mishap: nay, he even hinted something concerning the expediency of a little additional correction. 'The offence is enormous,' said he. 'Holy St. Joseph! represent the guardian angel drunk! What are we to expect from such a ruffian?'

"But my good mother put her veto to the friar's gentle hint, and even went so far as to express her entire disapprobation of the unmerciful thrashing I had already received. Father Gregorio considered this a singular instance of rebellion against his authority, and began to abuse my mother in unequivocal terms. Rosita, to quell the rising storm, hastened to the kitchen for some conciliatory chocolate, so that I was left alone with the indignant friar. 'Ah! you will be hanged, you dog,' said he.

"'Well, and if so,' answered I pertly, 'hanging is not a more painful death than having your soul driven from the body by dint of kicking and cuffing.'

"'You are very insolent; who has taught you this behaviour?'

"'Your cruelty, reverend father.'

"The friar was waxing wroth; forgetful of his sacred character, he launched forth a volley of unbecoming epithets against me—he was literally blinded with rage, when, by way of putting a climax to his litany of abuse, he exclaimed in a powerful voice, 'Silence, wretch! you are the son of a ——'

"I quickly and coolly replied, 'I know it, else how should *you* be my father?'

"Here was a striking *coup de theatre*. The man of God remained for a moment as if thunderstruck, but soon recovering his senses, he conceived that the first thing to attend to under existing circumstances was that of granting me a liberal allowance of blows. So he seized a thick stick that lay by, and rushed after me, puffing with rage; I fled from the hostile attack, and gained the door with astonishing expedition. Happily for the success of my flight, the friar's progress was arrested by the arrival of my mother with the conciliatory chocolate: this cordial, however, was not received in the usual way, for in his haste Father Gregorio came in furious contact with Rosita—they fell, and the chocolate scalded the reverend's face in a glorious degree. I heard him bellow as I gained the street door, but felt no inclination to slacken my speed."

(To be continued.)

THE CAVALIER OF SEVILLE.¹

A TRAGEDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF NEWTON FOSTER.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

The Monastery. Monks, Choristers, &c. returning from performing service in the Chapel. The organ still playing in the Chapel within. Anselmo at the head of the Choristers. They pass on, bowing to the Superior, who, with Manuel, remain. The organ ceases.

Superior and Manuel.

Superior. (Looking round.) Anselmo hath pass'd on. I do observe,
Of late he shuns communion.

Say, Manuel, hast thou discover'd aught?

Doth he continue stedfast and devout?

Or, borne away by youthful phantasies,

Neglect the duties of our sacred order?

Manuel. He bears himself correctly, and e'er since
His last offence, when self-inflicted pain
Prov'd his contrition, he hath ever seem'd
To be absorbed in holy meditation.

Sup. May this continue—he's of great import
To the well doing of our monast'ry.
Yet he hath not of late confess'd his sins.

Man. Perchance he hath not err'd. Forgive me, Heav'n,
Rash words like these, when all are born to sin!
I deem'd that he had nothing to confess
Except the warring of his youthful passions,
O'er which he ever strives to hold dominion.

Sup. I would it were so; but, too frequently,
I do perceive a furtive glance of fire
From 'neath his fringed eyelash wildly start,
As does the lightning from a heavy cloud:
It doth denote strong passion—much too strong
For youthful resolution to controul.

Man. Why then permit him to behold the world
And all its vanities? 'Tis true, our coffers
Are somewhat help'd by that he brings to them,
Instructing music, a gift from nature
In him most perfect. Were it not better
That he within our cloister'd gates should stay?

Sup. Then would he pine; for our monastic vows
Are much too harsh, too rigid, save for those
Who, having prov'd the world, at length retire

¹ Continued from vol. vi. p. 419.

When they have lost the appetite to sin.
There's much depending on the boy Anselmo ;
He is a prize whose worth I little knew
When first into our brotherhood he came.

Man. I comprehend you not.

Sup. Thou canst not, Manuel, but I will confide
That has been revealed to me alone.
Well, thou knowest for years I have confess'd
The Donna Inez. From her I late have learn'd
She bore a child in wedlock, which she lost;
And, by the notices that she has given,
I find him in Anselmo.

Man. In Anselmo ! Then he's the rightful heir
To all the Guzman wealth.

Sup. 'Tis even so.

Man. Father, how long since you discover'd this ?

Sup. But a few months before he took his vows.

Man. Why did you then permit them ?

Sup. To serve our holy church, which, either way,
Must gain by his belonging to our order.
The lady mourns her son. If I restore him,
She must be grateful : thus our convent will
Become endow'd with acres of broad land.
And should he choose still to retain his vows
When he has learnt the story of his birth,
Then will our monast'ry, no doubt, receive
The wealth he values not, but we require.

Man. I do perceive—'twas prudently arrang'd—
What wait you for ?

Sup. To see if he will turn his thoughts to Heav'n ;
But, look, he moves this way.—Leave me with him. [*Exit Manuel.*]

Enter Anselmo.

Superior and Anselmo.

Superior. Where hast thou been, my child ?

Anselmo. Lending mine ear to those who would unload
A conscience heavy with repeated sin ;
Giving advice and absolution free,
To those who riot in a sinful world.

Sup. Yet still be lenient. We in holy bonds
Expect not men expos'd, to be so perfect.
Tell me, for lately thou hast not confess'd,
How throbs thy heart ? Do holy thoughts prevail ?
Art thou at peace within, or does thy youth
Regret its vow, and yield to vain repinings ?

Ans. I am, most holy father, as God made me—
Content, and not content, as in their turns
The good or evil thoughts will be ascendant.
When that the evil thoughts the mast'ry gain,
I try to curb them. Man can do no more.

Sup. At thy rebelling age, 'tis doing much.
Now put my question to thy inmost soul,
And answer me : could'st thou rejoin the world,
And all its pleasures, now so bright in fancy
To youth's all ardent mind ? Tell me sincerely—
Would'st thou reject them ?

Ans. Why call in question that which ne'er can be ?
My vows are ta'en, therefore no choice is mine.

Sup. Most things are possible to mother church,
As would this be—a dispensation sought
Might be obtain'd.

Ans. (*At first with joy in his countenance, then assuming a mournful expression.*)

It would not be a kindness. Who, father,
In this wide world is kindred to Anselmo ?
I will confess, I sometimes have indulg'd
Half dreaming thoughts—(O say not they are sinful !)
Of the sweet hours of those, who, lapp'd in bliss,
See brothers, sisters, offspring, clust'ring round,
Loving, and lov'd ; then have I wept to think,
That I have none, and sadly felt convinc'd—
'Tis for my happiness that I am here.

Sup. True, my Anselmo, 'tis a dreary world,
And still more dreary when we've nought to cling to.
But say, if thou had'st found a doating mother,
One that was nobly born and rich, who hail'd
In thee the foundling heir to large estates ;
What then ?

[*Anselmo starts, after a pause,*]

Ans. I cannot say—my thoughts ne'er stray'd so far.
Father, you oft the danger have set forth
Of dreaming fancies which may lead astray ;
Yet do you try to tempt me, by supposing
What shakes my firmness—yet can never be.

Sup. We are but mortal. I did wish to know
Thy secret thoughts, and thou withhold'st them still.
At night come to me, then shalt thou confess,
For I would learn the workings of thy soul.

Ans. First let me strive to calm my troubled mind ;
I will confess to-morrow.

Sup. Then be it so.

[*Exit Superior.*]

Anselmo. (*Solus.*)

'Tis strange. He ne'er before essay'd me thus.
A doating mother, wealthy too, and noble !
O ! if 'twere true, and I could gain my freedom !
But these are very dreamings. Hold, my brain !
For he has conjur'd up a vision wild,
And beautiful as wild ! Wealth, ancestry,
A mother's love ! But what are these to thee,
Thou monk Anselmo ? go—go hang thy head

Within the cowl, droop'd humbly on thy breast—
For, know, thou art a monk ! Isolated,
Unlov'd, unloving, creep thee to thy grave,
Vanish, unnoted as the bursting bubble
On the dark stagnant pool. Thou'rt vow'd to God !
Ye parents stern ! to fling me thus on fate !
Ye vows more stern, that thus debar me from
The common rights of man ! Why were we made
With passions strong, that even Nature laughs
When we would fain controul them ? Lone to live
And die are rebel acts, to Heav'n unpleasing.
Say, were I humbly born of peasant race,
Or nobly father'd ; still is this bright world
Made for us all to live, and love, and die in,
I should have glided on the silent brook,
Or proudly dash'd the rapid flowing river.
But in these confines, against nature pent,
I must remain a stagnant, torpid lake ;
Or else burst forth, a mad, and rolling torrent,
Marking my course with ruin, till my force
Is spent—and all is over.

Enter Jacobo.

Jac. What, Anselmo, not outside the convent gates, and service over this half hour. By St. Dominic, it is as I expected, thou hast fallen in with the Superior, and hast been ordered home with penance.

Ans. Not so, Jacobo. The Superior and I roll in different orbits. Saturn and Venus are as like to jostle, as we upon our travels.

Jac. Well, I've an idea that there's something wrong, and my news will not be very agreeable to you : the key is, in future, to be delivered to the Superior at nine o'clock, and if required, it must be sent for.

Ans. Indeed ! then he must suspect that we are not so regular. Still I must out to-night, Jacobo ! I must indeed !

Jac. Impossible !

Ans. (*Giving him money.*) I must, Jacobo. Here's for thy wine. Much watching needs it.

Jac. The Superior calls me, brother ; I only wish that there was brotherhood in our drinking. The noble juice which mantles in his cup, would cheer me in my vigils.

Ans. And that will purchase it. I must be out to-night. Let the Superior have the key, but do not lock the door. You understand, Jacobo ?

Jac. I do ; but there's danger in it. Holy Virgin ! the Superior comes this way. Anselmo, you had better to your cell.

[*Exit Jacobo.*

Ans. I hate the sight of it. Now must I play the hypocrite.

Enter the Superior, followed by Jacobo.

Sup. (*Observing Anselmo.*) Thou here, my son !
I thought thee at thy cell.

Ans. I wished to seek it, but till vesper chimes
I must employ in teaching melody ;
But that the coffers of our holy church
Receive the thrift, my mind were ill at ease
Thus mixing with the world, for holy vigils
Are better suited to my early years.

(*Kneeling.*) O bless, my father, my untoward youth ;
And teach my thoughts to find the path to Heav'n.

[*Superior, bending over Anselmo, whilst Jacobo turns up his eyes.*

Sup. Heav'n bless thee, my good child ! May thy young heart
Turn to its God, as Samuel's did of old !
May holy thoughts pervade thy youthful mind !
May holy dreams enrich thy peaceful sleep !
May heavenly choristers descend in visions,
And point thee out the joys awaiting those
Who dedicate, on earth, their lives to God !

[*Exit Superior. Anselmo, still kneeling, watches the departure of the Superior.*

Ans. (*Rising.*) He's safe.

Jac. Hah, hah !—do you edify ?

Ans. Peace, peace, Jacobo ! 'Tis time that I were gone.

Jac. You will return before the door is locked ?

Ans. Because you will not lock it. I shall be home at midnight :
it must be so, Jacobo. If not, expect no further gifts from me ; and
what is more, a full confession of the many times you have been
bribed to secrecy. [Exit Anselmo.

Jacobo. (*Solus.*)

Why, what a penance if this should be discovered ! They know
how much I love my wine, and always chastise me with water. I
should have to drink the Guadalquivir dry before the Superior would
give me absolution. Well, we all have our besetting sin ; and a pot
of good wine will put my soul in more jeopardy than all the tempta-
tions that the world contains. I suppose I must forget to lock the
door. I'll only bolt it ; that will satisfy my conscience as a porter.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Street before the Lodgings of Don Gaspar.

Enter Antonio.

I wonder where my master is ! I expected him sooner. He may
be in his chamber, but 'tis impossible to say. Why, here comes
Beppa, and that knave Garcias with her. I've often thought they are
too intimate ; I will retire and watch them.

Enter Beppa, followed by Garcias ; Antonio advances behind.

Beppa. But, Garcias, is this true ?

Gar. It is, upon my faith ! Sancho revealed it in his cups. Don
Perez, afraid to encounter with Don Gaspar, has hired bravos to dis-
patch him.

Beppa. I rejoice at it. A wretch like him deserves no better fate, and my poor mistress will be well revenged. Indeed, his servant is no better.

Gar. What! your dear husband?

Beppa. My scoundrel husband! Unhappy day I married him! It was but yesterday that I found him kissing with another.

Gar. Indeed!—you can revenge yourself.

Beppa. I almost wish I could.

Gar. (*Kissing her.*) Then kiss again.

Beppa. Pshaw! that's but poor revenge.

Gar. I'll join the bravos, and strike him down, if you will marry me.

Beppa. Not so, good sir—it were indeed to make a better choice, to take a murderer in second wedlock. I ask but to be free—and leave the time to Heaven.

Gar. Then fare ye well.

[*Exit Garcias.*]

Antonio advances.

Ant. A very pretty proposal, and a very pretty plot have I discovered! yet will I conceal my knowledge. (*Shows himself.*) Good day again, my Beppa! Who is that friend of yours? (*Smacking his lips in imitation of kissing.*)

Beppa. (*After a pause.*) Well, good husband, how could I help it?

Ant. How could you help it!

Beppa. My mistress ordered me.

Ant. Oh, I understand!

Beppa. Yes; only a little bye-play, you know.

Ant. Or else you must quit your service. Pray, who is the gentleman to whom your mistress is making love?

Beppa. That's a secret.

Ant. Of course she gave you ten moidores for me.

Beppa. Really, I don't remember.

Ant. Indeed! why, thou—thou—

Beppa. Good morning. I must to my mistress. Adieu, Antonio.

[*Exit Beppa.*]

Ant. Well—I like thee better than usual, although another man hath kissed thee. Thou hast refused him for me, and would not have him murder me—that's something in a wife now-a-days. I have obtained a key which fits my master's door; and now I feel assured he'll not come back, I'll find this secret out. I must be quick. Suppose he should be there. Impossible! He would have summoned me. At all events I'll risk it.

[*Exit Antonio.*]

SCENE III.

Interior of Don Gaspar's Room.

Enter Antonio.

Pugh! What a heat I'm in. I really tremble with delight—or fear; I can't tell which. If he should come! what shall I say? Oh, the news I gained from Beppa. That will do. (*Looking round.*) Well, I see nothing particular after all. Why should he keep his

chamber locked. But, then, there's that chest; let me try; locked fast; nothing to be gained from that. But still he comes in by some other way than the door, that's clear; we must have a search for a trap-door. (*He looks round, and then under the bed. While he is on his knees, still feeling the boards, Don Gaspar enters by the secret sliding panel; Gaspar, observing him, draws his sword, and, as Antonio rises, he points it to his breast.*)

Gas. Villain! how cam'st thou here?

Ant. (*Much alarmed.*) Sir, sir, I came—came, (*recovering himself,*) I came to save your life, unless it please you to take mine before I can speak to you.

Gas. To save my life!

Ant. Yes, sir; I knew not where to find you; I thought you might be here, and so I forced the lock with a rusty key. I meant to say, that I knew you had another way out from your chamber, and I have been looking for it, that I might hasten to you, sir, to save your life.

Gas. Well, sirrah, first prove to me that you *can* save my life, and then, perhaps, I may overlook this impertinent intrusion.

Ant. Sir, I overheard a conversation between the valet of Don Felix and a woman, in which they stated that bravos were hired by Don Perez to way-lay and murder you, Don Perez not caring to meet you with his sword. This night they wait for you.

Gas. Indeed! you overheard this; when, and how?

Ant. I know 'tis true, senhor. I heard it from one who never jokes;—my own wife, whom I watched from jealousy of Garcias.

Gas. Is Don Perez, then, so basely treacherous?

Ant. Indeed he is, sir! You must not out to-night.

Gas. I must, and fear them not. For this, your information, I overlook your prying; nay more, I will in confidence explain the secret of this chamber; but mark you! keep it, or I shall soil my rapier with your knavish blood. That private entrance hath much served me. (*Showing the sliding panel.*)

Ant. May I be so bold as to ask how?

Gas. It oft has saved my life. It is now a year since, and about three months before you entered my service, that I gained the love of one named Julia; she was too fond, and urged me to marry her, which I refused. Her brothers, who were at home at the time, wrested from her the cause of those tears which she could not control. I met them both, and with ease disarmed them; I did not wish to slay them, I had already done them injury. These officers, who were more annoyed by my conquest than even their sister's shame, hired bravos, as Perez now has done, who sought to murder me. Every night that I went home I found them close to my door, twice I fought my entrance to my own house; a friend, who was aware of the inveteracy of those who toiled to procure my assassination, hired me this chamber. For months they watched the door with disappointment, until the brothers, being recalled to join their troops in Murcia, the bravos ceased their persecutions.

Ant. How did you escape them in the city, senhor?

Gas. In daylight I was safe; at night I wore the garb of a holy monk, that lies upon that chair. You'll keep my secret?

Ant. Yes, sir, when I know it.

Gas. Have I not told it you?

Ant. You have told me that at times you are a monk, and at times a cavalier. Which is the real character, him of the rosary, or him of the rapier?

Gas. (*Aside.*) The knave is deep. (*Aloud.*) I am a monk but when it suits me.

Ant. But, sir, is there not danger in thus assuming a holy character, if it were known—the Inquisition?

Gas. I grant it: but we do many things, which, if known, would subject us to something unpleasant. I serve two mistresses; but, should I marry them both——

Ant. (*Starting back.*) Then would you to the galleys, at the least.

Gas. Exactly so. I merely put the case, for I was told by Donna Isidora's maid you are her husband; and this I also know from your own mouth, you are married to Beppa.

Ant. There's some mistake, sir; for Nina is married to one whose name is Lopez. I cannot sure be he.

Gas. If I can be both monk and cavalier, as you assert, why may not you be Lopez and Antonio? A name is changed as easily as a garment. But in your face I read conviction; I'm certain you have two wives!

Ant. It must be as you please, sir. Perhaps I may have confessed as much to you as a holy monk. [*Gaspar first starts, then laughs.*]

Gas. When did you ever meet me in a church?

Ant. I do not say I have, sir; but then your knowledge is so certain.

Gas. Suppose, then, that I know thy secrets, and thou wilt surely not reveal mine. There's for thine intelligence.

[*Throws to him a purse.*]

Ant. May Heav'n preserve my gracious master!

Gas. This night I must to Donna Serafina's.

Ant. Will you, then, venture forth?

Gas. Yes, I'll robe myself as holy monk. They dare not strike, even though they have suspicion. You may go. I shall not return to-night.

[*Exit Antonio.*]

Gaspar, solus, holding the Monk's gown in his arms.

Scoundrel! he is too cunning to believe me—

Yet still I have the secret of his wives.

(*Muses.*) This night I have discover'd the base Perez

Again essays his most inconstant fair,

Blind as inconstant. She rejected me

When, as Friar Anselmo teaching music,

I offer'd her—'tis true, unholy love,

And I by Perez was thrust out with shame,

Spurn'd with contumely, as the door was clos'd

With threats, if ever I appear'd again,

To blazon forth my impious attempt——

Yet did she cozen me with melting eyes,

And first rous'd up the demon in my breast,

Then laugh'd in malice. I hate her for it.
 Now as Don Gaspar, I've supplanted him,
 Pride and revenge, not love, impelling me ;
 These gratified, I would shake off a chain
 Which now, in amorous violence, she'd rivet.
 Further, Don Perez, in his jealous mood,
 Has, as Don Gaspar, brav'd me ; they shall find
 I hold life cheap, when I would have revenge.

[*Exit Gaspar.*]

SCENE IV.

A Garden near the House of Donna Serafina, which is in the back of the scene.

Enter Gaspar in a Friar's dress, over that of the Cavalier's.

Gas. I pass'd them, and they bow'd unto my blessing.
 Why, what a world of treachery is this !
 Who would imagine that this holy robe,
 Professing but humility and love,
 Conceal'd the cavalier, swelling in pride,
 Seeking revenge, and thirsting hot for blood.
 Off with this first disguise (*throws off the Friar's gown,*)—what then
 appears ?

A fair proportion, more deceiving still.
 —In holy garb I fret within my cell,
 Sigh for the joyous world I have renounc'd,
 And spurn the creed which hath immur'd me there.
 When, like the chrysalis, I 'scape my prison,
 And range a free and garish butterfly,
 I find the world so hollow, base, and vile,
 That, in my mood, I hasten back once more,
 With thoughts of never wand'ring forth again,
 And stern resolve of washing out my sins
 With tears and stripes ; my course is full of peril.
 But, see, Don Perez comes—I will retire.

[*Gaspar withdraws.*]

Enter Perez.

Perez. Fool that I am ! like some robb'd bird to hover
 About the nest that's void. Her heart's not mine.
 'Tis now three moons that I have sued in vain ;
 Her casement clos'd by night, her door by day.
 O woman, woman ! thy mysterious power
 Chains the whole world, and men are nought but slaves
 Unto the potent talisman——
 If man prove false and treach'rous, he is spurn'd,
 Contemn'd, and punish'd with resentment just :
 To woman faithless, still we kneel and sue
 For that return our reason holds as worthless.
 Well, this shall be the last, for by yon moon,
 So oft a witness to my fervent vows,

So true an emblem of inconstant beauty,
This night I woo her back, or woo no more.

[*Retires round the corner.*]

Sings to his guitar, unseen.

Song.

Ere, lady, that you close in sleep
Those eyes, that I would die to view,
Think, think on mine that watch and weep,
And on my heart that breaks for you.

The sun does not disdain to turn,
And on the meanest weed to shine,
That scorch'd up dies, and seems to burn
With love, as hopelessly as mine.

One look, one word—hear, hear my call!
O cruel! can you still deny?
One look—though it in scorn should fall,
One word—although it bid me die.

Perez, coming forward, looking up at the window, after a pause.
She will not hear, nor bless me with one look!

Enter Gaspar, in his Cavalier's dress.

Gas. Well met, Don Perez. Thus I keep my word,
And, “when you least do wish it,” I am here.
Was it well done to send out hir'd stilettoes
When you had challeng'd me to measure swords?

Perez. (Aside.) The scoundrels then have missed him!
(Aloud.) Know, Don Gaspar,
I do not deem thee worthy of my steel;
But, as we meet—'tis well—defend thyself! *(Draws.)*

Gas. Defend thyself, Don Perez. Thy best might
And skill befriend thee, else thy life is nought.

[*They fight, Don Perez falls.*]

Perez. I'm slain, Don Gaspar, or whoe'er thou art!
If thou have Christian charity, seek out
Some holy man. *(Gaspar retires.)* He's gone!

Re-enter Gaspar with his Friar's gown and hood, and approaches Don Perez.

Gas. Look up, Don Perez! Knowest thou this form?
Thou dost require a holy man to shrive thee,
Ere thou pass away. Don Perez, answer!
Know'st thou this form, these features?

Perez. Thou art the Friar Anselmo. I have wronged thee—
And ask forgiveness. O then pardon me!
And, as thou hop'st t' enjoy eternal life,

May, 1833.—VOL. VII.—NO. XXV.

Feel no resentment 'gainst a dying man !
(Faintly.) Shrive me, good Father, for I'm sinking fast !
 Yon stream of blood will not creep on its course
 Another foot, ere I shall be no more.

Gas. Thou saw'st Anselmo ; now raise up thine eyes,
[Throws off his monkish disguise.]

And see Don Gaspar ! who has just reveng'd
 The wrongs inflicted on the spurn'd at monk.

Perez. Whoe'er thou art, mysterious, awful being,
 At least be satisfied with thy revenge ;
 If thou art holy—shrive me !

Gas. I am a monk, and yet not holy.
[Putting on his gown, and folding his arms.]

Perez. If thou art a monk by vows, thou'rt holy.
 'Tis not my blood that's now upon thy hand,
 And shall hereafter be upon thy soul,
 Which makes thee less so. Thou'rt but an instrument—
 I pray thee, shrive me, that my guilty soul
 May quit in peace its tenement of clay.

Gas. Does he not speak the truth ! Tell me, my heart,
 Dost thou feel pity for yon dying man ?
 I think—I feel—I can forgive him now !

[Gaspar takes out his crucifix, returns to Don Perez, and kneeling beside, presents it to him. Perez kisses the crucifix, and falls back dead. Gaspar remains hanging over him.]

Don. Felix. *(Outside.)* What hoh !

[Enters, with servants bearing torches.]

Gaspar. *(Still kneeling by the body.)* Who calls ?

Felix. We seek Don Perez, who this way did bend
 His steps some hours ago : and not returning
 At th' appointed time, we fear some mischief
 Hath now befallen him.

Gas. Behold then here the body of some gallant,
 Whose face I know not. As I pass'd this way
 I heard the clash of high and fierce contention,
 And when I came, this most unhappy man
 Lay breathing here his last. I shriv'd him—
 And he since is dead.

Felix. It is Don Perez. Holy Father, saw you
 The other party in the contest ?

Gas. Save that a manly figure flitted by,
 And vanish'd in the shadow of yon trees.

Felix. Raise up the corse, and bear it to my house.
 This bloody work, Don Gaspar, must be thine !
 Perez, thou hear'st me not ; but by this sword
 I will revenge thy death.

[Exeunt Don Felix and servants, carrying the body.]

Gaspar. *(Solus.)*

Thus far I have escaped suspicion—
 Now will I to the monastery.

The casement opens, and Donna Serafina appears at the window.

Ser. Who's there?

Gas. (*Aside.*) I had forgotten her.

Ser. Who's there?

Gas. A father of the neighbouring monastery,
Attracted hither by the clash of swords,
And but in time to shrive a dying man.

Ser. Good Father, didst thou hear the names of those
Who were engag'd?

Gas. Not of the murderer, who has escap'd.
The one, whose body has been borne away,
Was call'd——Don Gaspar.

Ser. Don Gaspar! Father, surely thou mistak'st!
It was the other cavalier who fell.

Gas. The words of dying men are those of truth.
He call'd himself Don Gaspar, and he begg'd
I would cut off some hair, and with his love
Bear it to Donna Serafina.

Ser. Then it is true; and I am lost for ever!
Father, recall those words, those dreadful words!
Say, 'twas not Don Gaspar, and I'll load
Thy monastery with the wealth of India—
Its shrines shall blaze with gold and precious gems,
And holy relics shall be purchas'd thee,
To draw all faithful Christians to thy gates!

Gas. I cannot change the name, and if I could,
'Twere no less a murder. Lady, good night.

Ser. Good Father, stop—thou hast a lock of hair
For Donna Serafina. I am she—
Where is it? Give it me.

Gas. Are you that woe-struck lady, Serafina?
Alas! indeed you have much cause to grieve,
He lov'd you well.

Ser. Give me the hair.

Gas. I cannot, lady. 'Tis not fit to offer,
For it is ting'd with blood.

Ser. Give me the hair. I'll kiss away the blood,
Or wash it off with tears.

Gas. That I cannot. The casement is too high;
Nor can I tarry longer. The last message,
Together with the hair, I will deliver
Before to-morrow's sun shall gild these trees.

Ser. Then be it so. O Gaspar! Gaspar!

[*Exit from the window, and closes it.*]

Gaspar. (*Solus.*)

One hour of misery, like hers, exceeds
An age of common earthly suffering.
And, when at last she hears th' unvarnish'd truth,

'Twill but perplex her more. O destiny !
Why am I thus a blood-stain'd, guilty man
In early years ? Still yearning towards virtue,
Yet ever falling in the snares of vice.
How do I loathe the amorous Serafina,
Who sacrifices all—her fame—her honour
At Passion's shrine. How do I adore
The chaste—the innocent—sweet Isidora !
Yet in my love, so ardent and so pure,
There's guilt—deep, damning guilt—and more,
There's cruelty and baseness ! I plant a dagger
In the fond breast that cherishes the wound ;
Nor will she feel the pain until withdrawn.
Her happiness—nay, life—will issue with it.
How inconsistent, selfish, treacherous !
Heaven pardon me—How can I pardon ask
For that I never can forgive myself !

[*Exit Gaspar.*]

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DIPLOMATIST.¹

“How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?”—SWIFT.

EVERY institution is valuable in proportion to its utility ; or as it effects the purposes for which it was instituted. The establishment of resident ambassadors was a wise and a useful measure ; it originated out of the progressive civilization of mankind ; it was intended as a check to those wild and ambitious schemes of conquest, which, formed secretly in courts, burst forth suddenly like tremendous hurricanes, spreading desolation around, and leaving misery and ruin throughout their destructive career. Through these means it was intended to make nations better and more intimately acquainted with each other ; to engender more friendly feelings ; to cultivate the arts of peace by promoting commercial relations ; and to break down national prejudices and animosities, by community of sentiment, by social intercourse, and by affording an easy reference for explanation, instead of an immediate appeal to arms.

Such were a portion of the advantages which nations were to derive from a diplomatic intercourse with each other ; how far these advantages are now obtained, or whether they be obtained to the full extent, are questions to which the positions of many of the European powers afford very conclusive answers. On what, it may be asked, does the prosperity of a nation's foreign relations depend ? First, on a wise foreign policy adopted at home : secondly, on an efficient diplomacy abroad. If the home policy be uncertain and vacillating, the results must prove disastrous ; commerce will suffer ; the character of the nation will be greatly deteriorated, and much of its dignity lost. In this case, the absence of benefit to the nation is not attributable to inefficiency on the part of her ambassadors and other diplomatic servants, but to the false policy of the government. A continual change of instructions, arising out of shifting and altered views, destroy the activity of a minister, who feels no disposition to frame an energetic course of action, from a thorough conviction that ere long his instructions will be changed, the objects of his policy altered, and his efforts consequently directed into a new channel. A crooked policy is often as fatal as a vacillating one, for it is difficult in execution to the accomplished diplomatist, and to the less efficient it is incomprehensible, and productive of injury. A sound policy will be readily distinguished by its successful results ; what then must be said of the policy of Great Britain ? Look at our position with regard to Spain and Portugal ; or with regard to Turkey and Russia, and say whether in any of these cases it is such as is conducive to the best interests of the state ; or is the best that the powers, the resources, and the energies of the nation can command. We exhausted our best blood and millions

¹ Continued from vol. vi. p. 388.

of treasure to clear Spain of the troops of France ; our successes were complete, but they have not been followed up by any national advantages ; from feeling an intense interest in the cause of this power, our policy suddenly changed into indifference ; and yet, what might not a vigorous policy and a consequent efficacious diplomacy accomplish for the commercial interests of the nation ? As to Portugal, where our influence has always been of a very high and commanding description, how shallow, stolid, and undignified has been our conduct towards her ! Had she stood in the same political relation to Russia that she stands in towards Great Britain, would she continue to exhibit the scenes of discord so deteriorating to her own interests, and to those of her ally ? No ; the penetration and firmness of the court of St. Petersburg, and the efficiency of its diplomatic servants, would have prevented the disgraceful petty warfare that reigns over Portugal, and defaces with a blot the social code of nations.

With the exception of Russia, the preservation of Turkey is a point of the highest importance to most of the European powers : to England it is particularly so ; as affecting her greatest interests, and involving her maritime character and dignity. Yet we have seen this power gradually diminished, her provinces fall one after another into the rapacious hands of the Russian despot ; and, as was asserted in a former paper, unless a marked and determined policy be instantly pursued towards her, the time is not far distant when the empire of the Sultan will be added to the overgrown territories of Russia. This assertion, written two months before it was printed, was not lightly made, as succeeding events have proved. It was founded on intelligence received, and matured by thought on the general procedure and objects which characterize the Russian diplomacy at the present time. The protracted diplomatic fooleries respecting Holland and Belgium, are the contrivance of this artful power ; agitated with a view to engage the attention of the European states, and draw them from the notice of her ambitious projects to be forwarded in a distant quarter. Let our lukewarm, maudlin statesmen look well to this, or they will find that Turkey will be conquered in Holland. Surely the government of mankind embraces objects too grand and comprehensive to allow an undignified waste of time, spent in trifling disputations, and silly logical refinements. Such a course embraces not the legitimate ends of diplomacy : it is the invention of the crafty, and the refuge of the weak : it debases the character, and darts suspicion on the honesty of statesmen ; and in debasing the dignity, it destroys the grandeur of nations. No one flies to it in a good cause ; and whoever introduces it into a negociation, indelibly stamps his object as dissimulative, and incapable of bearing exposure to the bright and refulgent light of truth. The time has arrived, when diplomacy must clothe herself in a new and a purer garment ; she must discard the base and demoralizing intrigue which has so frequently attended her progress ; she must cast away the gins and snares of the poacher, for the open and authorized weapons of the legitimate sportsman : she must do this, and do it quickly, if she wish to remove the contempt into which she has fallen among the more enlightened and influential portion of mankind.

The close alliance with the policy of Austria, was an egregious error on the part of Great Britain, because, through this connexion, we became the dupes of Russia, and assisted, unknowingly, in the furtherance of all her ambitious schemes. The views of Prince Metternich are in unison with those of Russia; his policy plays into her hands, and his alarms and fears at her encroaching strides are mere subterfuges, uttered to cover his real sentiments. As the *true* interests of Austria are in complete opposition to those of Russia, the adoption of such a course of policy may at least be styled as *very remarkable*: its origin and causes, however, are not beyond the reach of explication; it is only extraordinary, that after British statesmen had been present at the Congress of Vienna, our connexion with Austria should not only have continued, but have been drawn closer. It is well that Great Britain has severed herself from an union that made her appear ridiculous to the knowing few, and that would eventually, have inflicted the severest injury on her welfare. The withdrawing from this close union is the heaviest blow which has ever been levelled at the rapacious designs of Russia; it thwarts all her views; it has given rise to all her recent attempts to agitate Europe; and it will drive her into the use of every art which intimidation and subtlety can furnish for the consummation of her nefarious policy towards the empire of Turkey. Having now retrieved this error, although at the eleventh hour, we may hope that the foreign policy of the nation will assume a fixed and a stable character; for if it be suffered to vacillate, the prosperity of our foreign relations will vacillate with it; and vacillation and destruction in affairs of state policy are but synonymous words.

In reference to the second point, that of obtaining an efficient diplomacy at foreign courts, it may be observed, that the first and greatest duty lies in the choice of persons, whose address, manner, and extensive political information, joined with the natural requisites of firmness, courage, acuteness, and a knowledge of mankind, point them out as adapted to the service. Such talents are rare, and they must be sought for in the nation at large, however unpalatable the truth may be; for it is ridiculous to argue, that the votaries of diplomacy are drilled and graduated into business through the subordinate offices attached to the various embassies; drilling will not make a great commander; graduation will not make a great scholar, nor will the passage through a routine of business make an ambassador; it is talent, and nothing but talent, united to a knowledge of business, that will enable a man to serve his country creditably and effectually. It is certainly a tenable argument against English diplomatists, that they are not sufficiently acquainted with the internal resources of the nations in which they reside, and this may be justly regarded as one cause of our diplomatic inefficiency. In proof of the advantages to be derived from such knowledge, many instances might be adduced; and in one which came under my own immediate notice, the successful issue of the conference was effected entirely through the extensive information of our negociator on this subject. In this case, the conceding party was a foreign statesman, of a first rate power, who ranks high as a diplomatist and a financier, and whose surprise at the knowledge

displayed was great, and was expressed with more openness than prudence :—a proof of the rarity of such information.

Justice, however, demands a vindication of our English diplomatists, against the charge that they collect *no* information relative to the powers and resources of the states in which they are employed. The truth is, they do collect some information, which is both useful and valuable, but it is neither so extensive nor so complete as it might be made if due attention were directed towards its acquisition. This charge originates in their method of gaining intelligence ; they make no show of effort to obtain what they require ; a course far more politic, and always far more successful than one of a more evident and decided character. In the latter case, the information must always be viewed with suspicion, and it would frequently be afforded with the express intention to deceive. It is a course to be avoided, because, from practical experience, I can pronounce it ineffectual in itself ; and unnecessary, on account of the possibility of getting far more authentic information in a quieter way. What confidence could be placed in the accuracy of intelligence openly acquired in such states as Austria or Russia ? Can any one be blind enough to suppose, that it would possess enough of truth to warrant a cabinet to use it as data, on which to regulate its policy ? These are points which require no illustration.

The inefficiency of English diplomacy compared with that of Russia, is too evident to be denied : hitherto, the latter power has always gained her points, either entire or in part ; but the Russian diplomatist enjoys a signal advantage in the steady policy of his court : however frequent the change of ministers may be, the foreign policy of the empire remains unaltered. Not so in Great Britain, where changes in the administration are frequent ; and where a change of men, almost always produces a change of measures : here the policy is that of the ministry, which is changeable ; there, it is that of the crown, which is permanent : a settled policy steadily pursued, will always be more efficacious than a fluctuating one, relinquished for a time by one party, and resumed again by another at a distant period. The next cause of inefficiency is of a personal nature, and depends on the talents and qualifications of the individual. Whoever has had opportunity must have frequently viewed with admiration the perfect acquaintance with all the objects of his negotiation shown by a Russian diplomatist ; his knowledge of the difficulties which surround it ; of the prejudices which he must overcome, and of the interests which stand opposed to his success. Mark the versatility of his bearing ; the energy or the suppleness which he assumes, as best suits his purpose ; the adroitness with which he seizes every point in his favour, or turns to his advantage that which is opposed to him ; and the extraordinary, the unceasing perseverance with which he pursues out the objects of his mission. The designs of the cabinet, the feelings of the people, the resources of the state, and the power of active opposition, are all balanced in his mind with a skill and dexterity purely Russian.

Unless equal talent, energy, and intelligence be opposed to an active diplomacy like this, what result can be expected ? With a limited knowledge of a subject, it is impossible to take advantage of

circumstances which arise with adroitness, or ever to take advantage of them at all, because in many instances they will be imperceptible to all but the well informed. Who can effectually assume a tone of energy and boldness, or clothe his demeanour with condescension and suppleness, unless directed in his course by sound discretion, and by the extent of his stores of information; by his minute acquaintance with all the interests engaged, and the power or the feebleness of his opponents to enforce their pretensions. Intrigue will never overcome real advantages, and the love of intrigue is too ascendant in the minds of English diplomatists, many of whom feel their inferiority to those, against whose superior talents and intelligence they have to contend: they fly to it as to a refuge, but it will always prove a forlorn hope. Without great-intelligence and great natural talents to support it, intrigue must prove fatal to success. Neither birth, nor rank, nor courtly habits and manners, can supply the want of talents and knowledge; the former are excellent appendages to his character, but the latter are essential to it: the first may be wholly dispensed with, and no injury ensue; the last never can. So thought Flassan, when he wrote the following passage, descriptive of the policy of the celebrated Dr. Franklin:—"Quoique sa politique s'éloignât de l'astuce des cabinets de l'Europe, il sut se plier à la nouveauté des circonstances, et réussit dans sa négociation, non par de l'entortillage, mais par des discours laconiques et sensés, clairs et énergiques. C'était un superbe vieillard, d'une tenue simple et d'une grande affabilité, plein de courage et de confiance dans ses concitoyens et dans l'avenir."

Complicated instructions contrived to meet the various difficulties which may arise, and intended as a *vade mecum* for the conduct of a minister, trammel the powers of a man of talent, and extinguish those of an ordinary mind. They are mostly designed for the latter class of persons, whose judgment is viewed with distrust by the government. To avoid defeat, therefore, they are clothed with this labyrinth as with a coat of mail; but the armour is too heavy for them, and they either sink beneath its weight, or are easily vanquished by those who are less cumbrously and more suitably attired. If persons were chosen on whom full reliance could be placed, the delays occasioned by a continual application for fresh instructions from home would be avoided; advantages might be secured, which would have passed away during the interval necessary for sending and receiving despatches, and another cause of inefficacy be wholly removed.

Let, then, a wise and a steady policy be pursued by the government at home: let discrimination and judgment be displayed in the choice of diplomatic agents; let men of talent be sought for, and inefficiency, however high the rank of the aspirant, be excluded. Select men on a principle like this, and send them forth to the nation's service, neither over-trammelled with instructions, nor left without clear views of the policy to be pursued. Appreciate their exertions, applaud their industry, second their endeavours, and the diplomacy of Great Britain will be as efficacious as that of any other power in the world.

(*To be continued.*)

PETER SIMPLE.¹

THE ensuing morning we looked out anxiously for the promised assistance, for we were not very rich in provisions, although what we had were of a very good quality. It was not until three o'clock in the afternoon that we perceived a little girl coming towards us escorted by a large mastiff. When she arrived at the copse where we lay concealed, she cried out to the dog in Dutch, who immediately scoured the wood until he came to our hiding place, when he crouched down at the entrance, barking furiously, and putting us in no small dread, lest he should attack us; but the little girl spoke to him again, and he remained in the same position, looking at us, wagging his tail, with his under jaw lying on the snow. She soon came up, and looking underneath, put a basket in, and nodded her head. We emptied the basket. O'Brien took out a napoleon and offered it to her; she refused it, but O'Brien forced it into her hand, upon which she again spoke to the dog, who commenced barking so furiously at us, that we expected every moment he would fly upon us. The girl at the same time presenting the napoleon, and pointing to the dog, I went forward and took the napoleon from her, at which she immediately silenced the enormous brute, and laughing at us, hastened away.

"By the powers that's a fine little girl," said O'Brien; "I'll back her and her dog against any man. Well, I never had a dog set at me for giving money before, but we live and learn, Peter; now, let's see what she brought in the basket." We found hard boiled eggs, bread, and a smoked mutton ham, with a large bottle of gin. "What a nice little girl! I hope she will often favour us with her company. I've been thinking, Peter, that we're quite as well off here as in a midshipman's berth."

"You forget that you are a lieutenant."

"Well, so I did Peter, and that's the truth, but it's the force of habit. Now let's make our dinner. It's a new fashioned way though of making a meal, lying down, but however it's economical, for it must take longer to swallow the victuals."

"The Romans used to eat their meals lying down, so I have read, O'Brien."

"I can't say that I ever heard it mentioned in Ireland, but that don't prove that it was not the case; so, Peter, I'll take your word for it. Murder! how fast it snows again. I wonder what my father's thinking on just at this moment."

This observation of O'Brien's induced us to talk about our friends and relations in England, and after much conversation we fell fast asleep. The next morning the snow had fallen about eight inches, and weighed down our upper blanket so much, that we were obliged to go out and cut stakes to support it up from the inside. While we were thus employed, we heard a loud noise and shouting, and perceived several men, apparently armed, and accompanied with dogs,

¹ Continued from vol. vi. p. 362.

running straight in the direction of the wood where we were encamped. We were much alarmed, thinking that they were in search of us, but on a sudden they turned off in another direction, continuing with the same speed as before. "What could it be?" said I to O'Brien. "I can't exactly say, Peter; but I should think that they were hunting something, and the only game that I think likely to be in such a place as this are otters." I was of the same opinion. We expected the little girl but she did not come, and after looking out for her till dark, we crawled into our hole and supped upon the remainder of our provisions.

The next day, as may be supposed, we were very anxious for her arrival, but she did not appear at the time expected. Night again came on, and we went to bed without having any sustenance, except a small piece of bread that was left, and some gin which was remaining in the flask. "Peter," said O'Brien, "if she don't come again to-morrow, I'll try what I can do; for I've no idea of our dying of hunger here like the two babes in the wood, and being found covered up with dead leaves. If she does not appear at three o'clock, I'm off for provisions, and I don't see much danger, for in this dress I look as much of a boor as any man in Holland."

We passed an uneasy night, as we felt convinced either that the danger was so great that they dare not venture to assist us, or that being overruled, they had betrayed us, and left us to manage how we could. The next morning I climbed up the only large tree in the copse and looked round, especially in the direction of the farm-house belonging to the woman who had pointed out to us our place of concealment; but nothing was to be seen but one vast tract of flat country covered with snow, and now and then a vehicle passing at a distance on the Middleburg road. I descended, and found O'Brien preparing for a start. He was very melancholy, and said to me, "Peter, if I am taken, you must at all risks put on your girl's clothes and go to Flushing to the cabaret. The women there I am sure will protect you, and send you back to England. I only want two napoleons, take all the rest, you will require them. If I am not back by to-night, set off for Flushing to-morrow morning." O'Brien waited some little time longer talking with me, and it then being past four o'clock he shook me by the hand, and without speaking, left the wood. I never felt miserable during the whole time since we were first put into prison at Toulon till that moment, and when he was a hundred yards off I knelt down and prayed. He had been absent two hours, and it was quite dusk when I heard a noise at a distance; it advanced every moment nearer and nearer. On a sudden I heard a rustling of the bushes, and hastened under the blanket, which was covered with snow, in hopes that they might not perceive the entrance; but I was hardly there before in dashed after me an enormous wolf. I cried out, expecting to be torn to pieces every moment, but the creature lay on his belly, his mouth wide open, his eyes glaring, and his long tongue hanging out of his mouth, and although he touched me, he was so exhausted that he did not attack me. The noise increased, and I immediately perceived that it was the hunters in pursuit of him. I had crawled in feet first, the wolf ran in head foremost, so that we lay head and tail. I crept out

as fast as I could, and perceived men and dogs not two hundred yards off in full chace. I hastened to the large tree, and had not ascended six feet when they came up; the dogs flew to the hole, and in a very short time the wolf was killed. The hunters being too busy to observe me, I had in the mean time climbed up the trunk of the tree, and hid myself as well as I could. Being not fifteen yards from them, I observed their expressions of surprise as they lifted up the blanket and dragged out the dead wolf, which they carried away with them; their conversation being in Dutch I could not understand it, but I was certain that they made use of the word "*English*." The hunters and dogs quitted the copse, and I was about to descend, when one of them returned and pulling up the blankets, rolled them together and walked away with them. Fortunately he did not perceive our bundles by the little light given from the moon. I waited a short time and then came down. What to do I knew not. If I did not remain and O'Brien returned, what would he think? If I did, I should be dead with cold before the morning. I looked for our bundles, and found that in the conflict between the dogs and the wolf, they had been buried among the leaves. I recollected O'Brien's advice, and dressed myself in the girl's clothes, but I could not make up my mind to go to Flushing. So I resolved to walk towards the farm-house, which being close to the road, would give me a chance of meeting with O'Brien. I soon arrived there and prowled round it for some time, but the doors and windows were all fast, and I dare not knock, after what the woman had said about her husband's inveteracy to the English. At last, as I looked round and round quite at a loss what to do, I thought I saw a figure at a distance proceeding in the direction of the copse. I hastened after it and saw it enter. I then advanced very cautiously, for although I thought it might be O'Brien, yet it was possible that it was one of the men who chased the wolf in search of more plunder. But I soon heard O'Brien's voice, and I hastened towards him. I was close to him without his perceiving me, and found him sitting down with his face covered up in his two hands. At last he cried, "O Pater! my poor Pater! are you taken at last? Could I not leave you for one hour in safety? Ochone! why did I leave you? My poor, poor Pater! simple you were, sure enough, and that's why I loved you; but, Peter, I would have made a man of you, for you'd all the materials, that's the truth—and a fine man too. Where am I to look for you, Pater? Where am I to find you, Pater? You're fast locked up by this time, and all my trouble's gone for nothing. But I'll be locked up too, Peter. Where you are, will I be; and if we can't go to England together, why then we'll go back to that blackguard hole at Givet together. Ochone! Ochone!" O'Brien spoke no more, but burst into tears. I was much affected with this proof of O'Brien's sincere regard, and I came to his side, and clasped him in my arms. O'Brien stared at me, "Who are you, you ugly Dutch frow?" (for he had quite forgotten the woman's dress at the moment,) but recollecting himself he hugged me in his arms. "Peter, you come as near to an angel's shape as you can, for you come in that of a woman, to comfort me, for to tell the truth, I was very much distressed at not finding you here; and all the blankets gone to boot.

What has been the matter?" I explained in as few words as I could.

"Well, Peter, I'm happy to find you all safe, and much happier to find that you can be trusted when I leave you, for you could not have behaved more prudently; now I'll tell you what I did, which was not much as it happened. I knew that there was no cabaret between us and Flushing, for I took particular notice as I came along; so I took the road to Middleburg, and found but one, which was full of soldiers. I passed it, and found no other. As I came back past the same cabaret, one of the soldiers came out to me, but I walked along the road. He quickened his pace, and so did I mine, for I expected mischief. At last he came up to me, and spoke to me in Dutch, to which I gave no answer. He collared me, and then I thought it convenient to pretend that I was deaf and dumb. I pointed to my mouth with an Au—au—and then to my ears, and shook my head; but he would not be convinced, and I heard him say something about English. I then knew that there was no time to be lost, so I first burst out in a loud laugh and stopped, and on his attempting to force me, I kicked up his heels, and he fell on the ice with such a rap on the pate, that I doubt if he has recovered it by this time. There I left him, and have run back as hard as I could without any thing for Peter to fill his little hungry inside with. Now, Peter, what's your opinion? for they say that out of the mouth of babes there is wisdom; and although I never saw any thing come out of their mouths but sour milk, yet perhaps I may be more fortunate this time, for, Peter, you're but a baby."

"Not a small one, O'Brien, although not quite so large as Fingal's *babby* that you told me the story of. My idea is this. Let us, at all hazards, go to the farm-house. They have assisted us, and may be inclined to do so again; if they refuse, we must push on to Flushing and take our chance."

"Well," observed O'Brien, after a pause, "I think we can do no better, so let's be off." We went to the farm-house, and as we approached the door, were met by the great mastiff. I started back, O'Brien boldly advanced. "He's a clever dog, and may know us again. I'll go up," said O'Brien, not stopping while he spoke, "and pat his head; if he flies at me, I shall be no worse than I was before, for depend upon it he will not allow us to go back again." O'Brien by this time had advanced to the dog, who looked earnestly and angrily at him. He patted his head, the dog growled, but O'Brien put his arm round his neck, and patting him again, whistled to him, and went to the door of the farm-house. The dog followed him silently but closely. O'Brien knocked, and the door was opened by the little girl: the mastiff advanced to the girl, and then turned round, facing O'Brien, as much as to say—"Is he to come in!" The girl spoke to the dog, and went in-doors. During her absence the mastiff laid down at the threshold. In a few seconds the woman, who had brought us from Flushing came out, and desired us to enter. She spoke very good French, and told us that fortunately her husband was absent; that the reason why we had not been supplied was, that a wolf had met her little girl returning the other day, but had been beaten off by the mastiff, and that she was afraid to allow her to go

again; that she heard the wolf had been killed this evening, and had intended her girl to have gone to us early to-morrow morning. That wolves were hardly known in the country, but that the severe winter had brought them down to the lowlands, a very rare circumstance, occurring perhaps not once in twenty years. "But how did you pass the mastiff?" said she; "that has surprised my daughter and me." O'Brien told her, upon which she said, "that the English were really '*des braves*.' No other man had ever done the same." So I thought, for nothing would have induced me to do it. O'Brien then told the history of the death of the wolf, with all particulars, and our intention, if we could not do better, of returning to Flushing.

"I heard that Pierre Eustache came home yesterday," replied the woman; "and I do think that you will be safer there than here, for they will never think of looking for you among the *casernes*, which join their cabaret."

"Will you lend us your assistance to get in?"

"I will see what I can do. But are you not hungry?"

"About as hungry as men who have eaten nothing for two days."

"*Mon Dieu! c'est vrai*. I never thought it was so long, but those whose stomachs are filled forget those who are empty. God make us better and more charitable!"

She spoke to the little girl in Dutch, who hastened to load the table, which we hastened to empty. The little girl stared at our voracity; but at last she laughed out, and clapped her hands at every fresh mouthful which we took, and pressed us to eat more. She allowed me to kiss her until her mother told her that I was not a woman, when she pouted at me, and beat me off. Before midnight we were fast asleep upon the benches before the kitchen fire, and at day break were roused up by the woman, who offered us some bread and spirits, and then we went out to the door, where we found the horse and cart all ready, and loaded with vegetables for the market. The woman and little girl and myself got in, O'Brien leading as before, and the mastiff following. We had learnt the dog's name, which was *Achilles*, and he seemed to be quite fond of us. We passed the dreaded barriers without interruption, and in ten minutes entered the cabaret of Eustache; and immediately walked into the little room through a crowd of soldiers, two of whom chucked me under the chin. Who should we find there but Eustache the pilot himself, in conversation with his wife, and it appeared they were talking about us, she insisting and he unwilling to have any hand in the business. "Well, here they are themselves, Eustache: the soldiers who have seen them come in will never believe that this is their first entry, if you give them up. I leave them to make their own bargain; but mark me, Eustache, I have slaved night and day in this cabaret for your profit; if you do not oblige me and my family, I no longer keep a cabaret for you."

Madame Eustache then quitted the room with her husband's sister and little girl, and O'Brien immediately accosted him. "I promise you," said he to Eustache, "one hundred louis if you put us on shore at any part of England, or on board of any English man-of-war; and if you do it within a week, I will make it twenty louis more."

O'Brien then pulled out the fifty napoleons given us by Celeste, for our own were not yet expended, and laid them on the table. "Here is this in advance to prove my sincerity. Say, is it a bargain or not?"

"I never yet heard of a poor man who could withstand his wife's arguments, backed with one hundred and twenty louis," said Eustache smiling, and sweeping the money off the table.

"I presume you have no objection to start to-night? That will be ten louis more in your favour," replied O'Brien.

"I shall earn them," replied Eustache, "the sooner I am off the better, for I could not long conceal you here. The young frow with you is, I suppose, your companion that my wife mentioned. He has begun to suffer hardships early. Come, now, sit down and talk, for nothing can be done till dark."

O'Brien narrated the adventures attending our escape, at which Eustache laughed heartily; the more so at the mistake which his wife was under, as to the obligations to the family. "If I did not feel inclined to assist you before, I do now, just for the laugh I shall have at her when I come back, and if she wants any more assistance for the sake of her relations, I shall remind her of this anecdote; but she's a good woman, and a good wife to boot, only too fond of her sisters." At dusk he equipped us both in sailor's jackets and trowsers, and desired us to follow him boldly. He passed the guard, who knew him well. "What, to sea already?" said one. "You have quarrelled with your wife." At which they all laughed, and we joined. We gained the beach, jumped into his little boat, pulled off to his vessel, and in a few minutes were under weigh. With a strong tide and a fair wind we were soon clear of the Scheldt, and the next morning a cutter hove in sight. We steered for her, ran under her lee, O'Brien hailed for a boat, and Eustache receiving my bill for the remainder of his money, wished us success; we shook hands, and in a few minutes found ourselves once more under the British pennant.

As soon as we were on the deck of the cutter, the lieutenant commanding her inquired of us, in a consequential manner, who we were. O'Brien replied that we were English prisoners who had escaped. "Oh, midshipmen, I presume," replied the lieutenant; "I heard that some had contrived to get away."

"My name, sir," said O'Brien, "is Lieutenant O'Brien; and if you'll send for a Steel's List, I will have the honour of pointing it out to you. This young gentleman is Mr. Peter Simple, midshipman, and grandson to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Privilege."

The lieutenant, who was a little snub-nosed man with a pimply face, then altered his manner towards us, and begged we would step down into the cabin, where he offered what perhaps was the greatest of all luxuries to us, some English cheese and bottled porter. "Pray," said he, "did you see anything of one of my officers, who was taken prisoner when I was sent with despatches to the Mediterranean fleet?"

"May I first ask the name of your lively little craft?" said O'Brien.

"The Snapper," replied the lieutenant.

"Och, murder! sure enough we met him. He was sent to Verdun, but we had the pleasure of his company *en route* as far as Mont-

pelier. A remarkably genteel, well-dressed young man, was he not?"

"Why, I can't say much about his gentility; indeed, I am not much of a judge. As for his dress, he ought to have dressed well, but he never did when on board of me. His father is my tailor, and I took him as midshipman just to square an account between us."

"That's exactly what I thought," replied O'Brien.

He did not say any more, which I was glad of, as the lieutenant might not have been pleased at what had occurred.

"When do you expect to run into port?" demanded O'Brien; for we are rather anxious to put our feet ashore again in old England. The lieutenant replied that his cruize was nearly up; and he considered our arrival quite sufficient reason for him to run in directly, and that he intended to put his helm up after the people had had their dinner. We were much delighted with this intelligence, and still more to see the intention put into execution half an hour afterwards.

In three days we anchored at Spithead, and went on shore with the lieutenant to report ourselves to the admiral. Oh! with what joy did I first put my foot upon the shingle beach at Sally-port, and then hasten to the post-office to put in a long letter which I had written to my mother. We did not go to the admiral's, but merely reported ourselves at the admiral's office; for we had no clothes fit to appear in. But we called at Meredith's, the tailor, and he promised that by the next morning we should be fitted complete. We then ordered new hats, and every thing we required, and went to the Fountain inn. O'Brien refused to go to the Blue Posts, as being only a receptacle for midshipmen. By eleven o'clock the next morning, we were fit to appear before the admiral, who received us very kindly, and requested our company to dinner. As I did not intend setting off for home until I had received an answer from my mother, we of course accepted the invitation.

There was a large party of naval officers and ladies, and O'Brien amused them very much during dinner. When the ladies left the room, the admiral's wife told me to come up with them; and when we arrived at the drawing-room, the ladies all gathered round me, and I had to narrate the whole of my adventures, which very much entertained and interested them. The next morning I received a letter from my mother—such a kind one! entreating me to come home as fast as I could, and bring my *preserver* O'Brien with me. I showed it to O'Brien, and asked him whether he would accompany me.

"Why, Peter, my boy, I have a little business of some importance to transact; which is to obtain my arrears of pay, and some prize-money which I find due. When I have settled that point, I will go to town, pay my respects to the first lord of the admiralty, and then I think I will go and see your father and mother; for until I know how matters stand, and whether I shall be able to go with spare cash in my pocket, I do not wish to see my own family; so write down your address here, and you'll be sure I'll come, if it is only to square my accounts with you, for I am not a little in your debt."

I cashed a cheque sent by my father, and set off in the mail that night; the next evening I arrived safe home. But I shall leave the

reader to imagine the scene: to my mother I was always dear, and circumstances had rendered me of some importance to my father; for I was now an only son, and his prospects were very different from what they were when I left home. About a week afterwards, O'Brien joined us, having got through all his business. His first act was to account with my father for his share of the expenses; and he even insisted upon paying his half of the fifty napoleons given me by Celeste, which had been remitted to a banker at Paris before O'Brien's arrival, with a guarded letter of thanks from my father to Colonel O'Brien, and another from me to dear little Celeste. When O'Brien had remained with us about a week, he told me that he had about one hundred and sixty pounds in his pocket, and that he intended to go and see his friends, as he was sure that he would be welcome even to Father M'Grath. "I mean to stay with them about a fortnight, and shall then return and apply for employment. Now, Peter, will you like to be again under my protection?"

"O'Brien, I will never quit you or your ship, if I can help it."

"Spoken like a sensible Peter. Well, then, I was promised immediate employment, and I will let you know as soon as the promise is performed."

O'Brien took his leave of my family, who were already very partial to him, and left that afternoon for Holyhead. My father no longer treated me as a child; indeed, it would have been an injustice if he had. I do not mean to say that I was a clever boy; but I had seen much of the world in a short time, and could act and think for myself. He often talked to me about his prospects, which were very different from what they were when I left him. My two uncles, his elder brothers, had died, the third was married and had two daughters. If he had no son, my father would succeed to the title. The death of my elder brother Tom had brought me next in succession. My grandfather, Lord Privilege, who had taken no more notice of my father than occasionally sending him a basket of game, had latterly often invited him to the house, and had even requested *some day or another* to see his wife and family. He had also made a handsome addition to my father's income, which the death of my two uncles had enabled him to do. Against all this, my uncle's wife was reported to be again in the family way. I cannot say that I was pleased when my father used to speculate upon these chances so often as he did. I thought, not only as a man, but more particularly as a clergyman, he was much to blame; but I did not then know so much of the world. We had not heard from O'Brien for two months, when a letter arrived, stating that he had seen his family, and bought a few acres of land, which had made them all quite happy, and had quitted with Father M'Grath's double blessing, with unlimited absolution; that he had now been a month in town trying for employment, but found that he could not obtain it, although one promise was backed up by another.

A few days after this, my father received a note from Lord Privilege, requesting he would come and spend a few days with him, and bring his son Peter who had escaped from the French prison. Of course this was an invitation not to be neglected, and we accepted it forthwith. I must say I felt rather in awe of my grandfather; he

had kept the family at such a distance, that I had always heard his name mentioned more with reverence than with any feeling of kindred, but I was a little wiser now. We arrived at Eagle Park, a splendid estate, where he resided, and were received by a dozen servants in and out of livery, and ushered into his presence.

He was in his library, a large room, surrounded with handsome bookcases, sitting on an easy chair. A more venerable, placid, old gentleman I never beheld; his grey hairs hung down on each side of his temples, and even collected in a small *queue* behind. He rose and bowed, as we were announced; to my father he held out *two* fingers in salutation, to me only *one*, but there was an elegance in the manner in which it was done which was indescribable. He waved his hands to chairs, placed by the *gentleman* out of livery, and requested we would be seated. I could not at the time help thinking of Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, and his remarks upon high breeding, which were so true; and I laughed to myself when I recollected that Mr. Chucks had once dined with him. As soon as the servants had quitted the room, the distance on the part of my grandfather appeared to wear off. He interrogated me on several points, and seemed pleased with my replies; but he always called me "child." After a conversation of half an hour, my father rose, saying that his lordship must be busy, and that we would go over the grounds till dinner-time. My grandfather rose, and we took a sort of formal leave; but it was not a formal leave after all, it was high breeding, respecting yourself and respecting others. For my part, I was pleased with the first interview, and so I told my father after we had left the room. "My dear Peter," replied he, "your grandfather has one idea which absorbs most others—the peerage, the estate, and the descent of it in the right line. As long as your uncles were alive, we were not thought of, as not being in the line of descent; nor should we now, but that your uncle William has only daughters. Still we are not looked upon as actual, but only contingent, inheritors of the title. Were your uncle to die to-morrow, the difference in his behaviour would be manifested immediately."

"That is to say, instead of *two fingers* you would receive the *whole* hand, and instead of *one*, I should obtain promotion to *two*."

At this my father laughed heartily, saying, "Peter, you have exactly hit the mark. I cannot imagine how we ever could have been so blind, as to call you the fool of the family."

To this I made no reply, for it was difficult so to do without depreciating others or depreciating myself; but I changed the subject by commenting upon the beauties of the park, and the splendid timber with which it was adorned. "Yes, Peter," replied my father, with a sigh, "thirty-five thousand a year in land, money in the funds, and timber worth at least forty thousand more, are not to be despised. But God wills every thing." After this remark, my father appeared to be in deep thought, and I did not interrupt him.

We stayed ten days with my grandfather, during which he would often detain me for two hours after breakfast, listening to my adventures, and I really believe was very partial to me. The day before I went away he said, "Child, you are going to-morrow, now tell me

what you would like, as I wish to give you a token of regard. Don't be afraid: what shall it be—a watch and seals, or—any thing you most fancy?"

"My lord," replied I, "if you wish to do me a favour, it is that you will apply to the First Lord of the Admiralty to appoint Lieut. O'Brien to a fine frigate, and at the same time ask for a vacancy as midshipman for me."

"O'Brien!" replied his lordship, "I recollect it was he who accompanied you from France, and appears, by your account, to have been a true friend. I am pleased with your request, my child, and it shall be granted."

His lordship then desired me to hand him the paper and ink-standish, wrote by my directions, sealed the letter, and told me he would send me the answer. The next day we quitted Eagle Park, his lordship wishing my father good bye with *two* fingers, and to me extending *one*, as before; but he said, "I am pleased with you, child; you may write occasionally."

When we were on our route home, my father observed that "I had made more progress with my grandfather than he had known any one to do since he could recollect. His saying that you might write to him is at least ten thousand pounds to you in his will, for he never deceives any one, or changes his mind." My reply was, that I should like to see the ten thousand pounds, but that I was not so sanguine.

A few days after our return home, I received a letter and enclosure from Lord Privilege, the contents of which were as follow:—

"My dear Child,—I send you Lord ——'s answer, which I trust will prove satisfactory. My compliments to your family.

"Yours, &c.

PRIVILEGE."

The enclosure was a handsome letter from the First Lord, stating that he had appointed O'Brien to the Sanglier frigate, and had ordered me to be received on board as midshipman. I was delighted to forward this letter to O'Brien's address, who in a few days sent me an answer, thanking me, and stating that he had received his appointment, and that I need not join for a month, which was quite time enough, as the ship was refitting; but that if my family were tired of me, which was sometimes the case in the best regulated families, why, then I should learn something of my duty by coming to Portsmouth. He concluded by sending his kind regards to all the family, and his *love* to my grandfather, which last I certainly did not forward in my letter of thanks. About a month afterwards I received a letter from O'Brien, stating that the ship was ready to go out of harbour, and would be anchored off Spithead in a few days. I immediately took leave of my family, and set off for Portsmouth, and in two days arrived at the Fountain Inn, where O'Brien was waiting to receive me. "Peter, my boy, I feel so much obliged to you, that if your uncle won't go out of the world by fair means, I'll pick a quarrel with him, and shoot him, on purpose that you may be a lord, as I am determined that you shall be. Now come up into my room, where we'll be all alone, and I'll tell you all about the ship and our new

captain. In the first place, we'll begin with the ship, as the most important personage of the two: she's a beauty. I forget her name before she was taken, but the French know how to build ships better than to keep them. She's now called the Sanglier, which means a wild pig, and, by the powers! a *pig* ship she is, as you will hear directly. The captain's name is a very short one, and wouldn't please Mr. Chucks, consisting only of two letters, T and O, which makes To; his whole title is Captain John To. It would almost appear as if somebody had broken off the better half of his name, and only left him the commencement of it; but, however, it's a handy name to sign when he pays off his ship. And now I'll tell you what sort of a looking craft he is. He's built like a Dutch schuyt, great breadth of beam, and very square tuck. He applied to have the quarter galleries enlarged in the two last ships he commanded. He weighs about eighteen stone, rather more than less. He is a good-natured sort of a chap, amazingly ungentle, not much of an officer, not much of a sailor, but a devilish good hand at the trencher. But he's only a part of the concern; he has his wife on board, who is a red-herring sort of a lady, and very troublesome to boot. What makes her still more annoying is, that she has a *piano* on board, very much out of *tune*, on which she plays very much out of *time*. Holy stoning is music compared with her playing. Even the captain's spaniel howls when she comes to the high notes; but she affects the fine lady, and always treats the officers with music when they dine in the cabin, which makes them very glad to get out of it."

"But, O'Brien, I thought wives were not permitted on board."

"Very true, but there's the worst part in the man's character: he knows that he is not allowed to take his wife to sea, and in consequence he never says she *is* his wife, or presents her on shore to any body. If any of the other captains ask how Mrs. To is to-day? 'Why,' he replies, 'pretty well, I thank you;' but at the same time he gives a kind of smirk, as if to say, 'She is not my wife;' and although every body knows that she is, yet he prefers that they should think otherwise rather than be at the expense of keeping her on shore; for you know, Peter, that although there are regulations about wives, there are none with regard to other women."

"But does his wife know this?" inquired I.

"I believe from my heart she is a party to the whole transaction, for report says that she would skin a flint if she could. She's always trying for presents from the officers, and, in fact, she commands the ship."

"Really, O'Brien, this is not a very pleasant prospect."

"Whist! wait a little; now I come to the wind-up. This Captain To is very partial to pig's *mate*, and we have as many live pigs on board as we have pigs of ballast. The first lieutenant is right mad about them. At the same time, he allows no pigs but his own on board, that there may be no confusion. The manger is full of pigs; there are two cow pens between the main-deck guns, drawn from the dock-yard, and converted into pig pens. The two sheep pens amidships are full of pigs, and the geese and turkey coops are divided off into apartments for four *sows* in the *family way*. Now, Peter, you see there is little or no expense in keeping pigs on board of a large

frigate, with so much *pay* soup and whole peas for them to eat, and this is the reason why he keeps them, for the devil a bit of any other stock has he on board. I presume he means to *milk* one of the *old sows* for breakfast when the ship sails. The first thing that he does in the morning is to go round to his pigs with the butcher, feeling one, scratching the dirty ears of another, and then he classes them—his *bacon* pigs, his *porkers*, his *breeding* sows, and so on. The old boar is still at the stables of this inn, but I hear he is to come on board with the sailing orders; but he is very savage, and is therefore left on shore to the very last moment. Now really, Peter, what with the squealing of the pigs and his wife's piano, we are almost driven mad. I don't know which is the worse of the two; if you go aft you hear the one, if you go forward you hear the other, by way of variety, and that, they say, is charming. But is it not shocking that such a beautiful frigate should be turned into a pigstye, and that her main-deck should smell worse than a muck heap?"

"But how does his wife like the idea of living only upon hog's flesh?"

"She! Lord bless you, Peter! why she looks as spare as a shark, and she has just the appetite of one, for she'll *bolt* a four-pound piece of pork before it's well put on her plate."

"Have you any more such pleasant intelligence to communicate, O'Brien?"

"No, Peter; you have the worst of it. The lieutenants are good officers, and pleasant messmates; the doctor is a little queer, and the purser thinks himself a wag; the master, an old north-countryman, who knows his duty, and takes his glass of grog. The midshipmen are a very genteel set of young men, and full of fun and frolic. I'll bet a wager there'll be a bobbery in the pigstye before long, for they are ripe for mischief. Now, Peter, I hardly need say that my cabin and every thing I have is at your service, and I think if we could only have a devil of a gale of wind, or a hard-fought action, to send the *pigs* overboard and smash the *piano*, we should do very well."

The next day I went on board, and was shown down into the cabin, to report my having joined. Mrs. To, a tall thin woman, was at her piano; she rose, and asked me several questions—who my friends were—how much they allowed me a year, and many other questions, which I thought impertinent; but a captain's wife is allowed to take liberties. She then asked me if I was fond of music? That was a difficult question, as if I said that I was, I should in all probability be obliged to hear it; if I said that I was not, I might have created a dislike to me. So I replied that I was very fond of music on shore, when it was not interrupted by other noise. "Ah! then I perceive you are a real amateur, Mr. Simple," replied the lady.

Captain To then came out of the after-cabin, half dressed. "Well, youngster, so you've joined at last. Come and dine with us to-day; and as you go down to your berth, desire the sentry to pass the word for the butcher; I want to speak with him."

I bowed and retired. I was met in the most friendly manner by the officers and by my own messmates, who had been prepossessed in my favour by O'Brien, previous to my arrival. In our service you

always find young men of the best families on board large frigates, they being considered the most eligible class of vessels; I found my messmates to be gentlemen, with one or two exceptions, but I never met so many wild young lads together. I sat down and ate some dinner with them, although I was to dine in the cabin, for the sea air made me hungry.

"Don't you dine in the cabin, Simple?" said the caterer.

"Yes," replied I.

"Then don't eat any pork, my boy, now, for you'll have plenty there. Come, gentlemen, fill your glasses; we'll drink happiness to our new messmate, and pledging him, we pledge ourselves to try to promote it."

"I'll just join you in that toast," said O'Brien, walking into the midshipmen's berth. "What is it you're drinking it in?"

"Some of Collier's port, sir. Boy, bring a glass for Mr. O'Brien."

"Here's your health, Peter, and wishing you may keep out of a French prison this cruise. Mr. Montague, as caterer, I beg you will order another candle, that I may see what's on the table, and then perhaps I may find something I should like to pick a bit off."

"Here's the fag end of a leg of mutton, Mr. O'Brien, and there's a piece of boiled pork."

"Then I'll just trouble you for a bit close to the knuckle. Peter, you dine in the cabin, so do I—the doctor refused."

"Have you heard when we sail, Mr. O'Brien?" inquired one of my messmates.

"I heard at the admiral's office that we were expected to be ordered round to Plymouth, and receive our orders there, either for the East or West Indies they thought; and, indeed, the stores we have taken on board indicate that we are going foreign, but the captain's signal is just made, and probably the admiral has intelligence to communicate."

In about an hour afterwards the captain returned, looking very red and hot. He called the first lieutenant aside, from the rest of the officers, who were on deck to receive him, and told him that we were to start for Plymouth the next morning; and the admiral had told him confidentially, that we were to proceed to the West Indies with a convoy, which was then collecting. He appeared to be very much alarmed at the idea of going to make a feast for the land crabs; and certainly his gross habit of body rendered him very unfit for the climate. This news was soon spread through the ship, and there was of course no little bustle and preparation. The doctor, who had refused to dine in the cabin, upon plea of being unwell, sent up to say that he felt himself so much better, that he would have great pleasure to attend the summons, and he joined the first lieutenant, O'Brien and I, as we walked in. We sat down to table; the covers were removed, and as the midshipmen prophesied, there was plenty of *pork*—mock-turtle soup, made out of a pig's head—a boiled leg of pork and pease pudding—a roast sparerib, with the crackling on—sausages and potatoes, and pig's petitoes. I cannot say that I disliked my dinner, and I ate very heartily; but a roast sucking-pig came on as a second course, which rather surprised me; but what surprised me more, was the quantity de-

voured by Mrs. To. She handed her plate from the boiled pork to the roast, asked for some pettitoes, tried the sausages, and finished with a whole plateful of sucking-pig and stuffing. We had an apple pie at the end, but as we had already eaten apple sauce with the roast pork, we did not care for it. The doctor, who abominated pork, ate pretty well, and was excessively attentive to Mrs. To. "Will you not take a piece of the roast pig, doctor?" said the captain.

"Why, really Captain To, as we are bound, by all reports, to a station where we must not venture upon pork, I think I will not refuse to take a piece, for I am very fond of it."

"How do you mean?" inquired the captain and his lady, both in a breath.

"Perhaps I may be wrongly informed," replied the doctor; "but I have heard that we were ordered to the West Indies; now, if so, every one knows, that, although you may eat salt pork there occasionally, without danger, in all tropical climates, and especially the West Indies, two or three days living upon this meat will immediately produce dysentery, which is always fatal in that climate."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the captain.

"You don't say so!" rejoined the lady.

"I do indeed; and have always avoided the West Indies for that very reason—I am so fond of pork."

The doctor then proceeded to give nearly one hundred instances of messmates and shipmates who had been attacked with dysentery, from the eating of fresh pork in the West Indies; and O'Brien perceiving the doctor's drift, joined him, telling some most astonishing accounts of the dreadful effects of pork in a hot country. I think he said, that when the French were blockaded, previous to the surrender of Martinique, that, having nothing but pigs to eat, thirteen hundred out of seventeen hundred soldiers and officers died in the course of three weeks, and the others were so reduced by disease, that they were obliged to capitulate. The doctor then changed the subject, and talked about the yellow fever, and other diseases of the climate, so that by his account, the West India islands were but hospitals to die in. Those most likely to be attacked, were men in full strong health. The spare men stood a better chance. This conversation was carried on until it was time to leave—Mrs. To at last quite silent, and the captain gulping down his wine with a sigh. When we rose from table, Mrs. To did not ask us, as usual, to stay and hear a little music; she was like her piano, not a little out of tune.

"By the powers, doctor, you did that nately," said O'Brien, as we left the cabin.

"O'Brien," said the doctor, "oblige me, and you, Mr. Simple, oblige me also, by not saying a word in the ship, about what I have said; if it once gets wind, I shall have done no good, but if you both hold your tongues for a short time, I think I may promise you to get rid of Captain To, his wife, and his pigs." We perceived the justice of his observation, and promised secrecy. The next morning the ship sailed for Plymouth, and Mrs. To sent for the doctor, not being very well. The doctor prescribed for her, and I believe on my conscience, made her worse on purpose. The illness of his wife, and his

own fears, brought Captain To more than usual in contact with the doctor, of whom he frequently asked his candid opinion, as to his own chance in a hot country.

"Captain To," said the doctor, "I never would have given my opinion, if you had not asked it, for I am aware, that as an officer, you would never flinch from your duty, to whatever quarter of the globe you may be ordered; but as you have asked the question, I must say, with your full habit of body, I think you would not stand a chance of living for more than two months. At the same time, sir, I may be mistaken; but at all events, I must point out that Mrs. To is of a very bilious habit, and I trust you will not do such an injustice to an amiable woman, as to permit her to accompany you."

"Thanky, doctor, I'm much obliged to you," replied the captain, turning round and going down the ladder to his cabin. We were then beating down the channel, for although we ran through the Needles with a fair wind, it fell calm, and shifted to the westward, when we were abreast of Portland. The next day the captain gave an order for a very fine pig to be killed, for he was out of provisions. Mrs. To still kept her bed, and he therefore directed that a part should be salted, as he could have no company. I was in the midshipmen's berth, when some of them proposed that we should get possession of the pig; and the plan they agreed upon was as follows:—they were to go to the pen that night, and with a needle stuck in a piece of wood, to prick the pig all over, and then rub gunpowder into the parts wounded. This was done, and although the butcher was up a dozen times during the night to ascertain what made the pigs so uneasy, the midshipmen passed the needle from watch to watch, until the pig was well pricked all over. In the morning watch it was killed, and when it had been scalded in the tub, and the hair taken off, it appeared covered with blue spots. The midshipman of the morning watch, who was on the main-deck, took care to point out to the butcher, that the pork was *measly*, to which the man unwillingly assented, stating, at the same time, that he could not imagine how it could be, for a finer pig he had never put a knife into. The circumstance was reported to the captain, who was much astonished. The doctor came in to visit Mrs. To, and the captain requested the doctor to examine the pig, and give his opinion. Although this was not the doctor's province, yet, as he had great reason for keeping intimate with the captain, he immediately consented. Going forward, he met me, and I told him the secret. "That will do," replied he; "it all tends to what we wish." The doctor returned to the captain, and said, "that there was no doubt but that the pig was measly, which was a complaint very frequent on board ships, particularly in hot climates, where all pork became *measly*—one great reason for its there proving so unwholesome. The captain sent for the first lieutenant, and with a deep sigh, ordered him to throw the pig overboard; but the first lieutenant, who knew what had been done from O'Brien, ordered the *master's mate* to throw it overboard; the master's mate, touching his hat, said, "Ay, ay, sir," and took it down into the berth, where we cut it up, salted one half, and the other we finished before we arrived at Plymouth, which was six days from the time we left

Portsmouth. On our arrival we found part of the convoy lying there, but no orders for us ; and to my great delight, on the following day the *Diomedé* arrived, from a cruize off the Western Islands. I obtained permission to go on board with O'Brien, and we once more greeted our messmates. Mr. Falcon, the first lieutenant, went down to Captain Savage, to say we were on board, and he requested us to come into the cabin. He greeted us warmly, and gave us great credit for the manner in which we had effected our escape. When we left the cabin, I found Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, waiting outside.

"My dear Mr. Simple, extend your flipper to me, for I'm delighted to see you. I long to have a long talk with you."

"And I should like it also, Mr. Chucks, but I'm afraid we have not time ; I dine with Captain Savage to day, and it only wants an hour of dinner time."

"Well, Mr. Simple, I've been looking at your frigate, and she's a beauty—much larger than the *Diomedé*."

"And she behaves quite as well," replied I. "I think we are two hundred tons larger. You've no idea of her size until you are on her decks."

"I should like to be boatswain of her, Mr. Simple ; that is, with Captain Savage, for I will not part with him." I had some more conversation with Mr. Chucks, but I was obliged to attend to others, who interrupted us. We had a very pleasant dinner with our old captain, to whom we gave a history of our adventures, and then we returned on board.

We waited three days, at the expiration of which we heard that Captain To was about to exchange with Captain Savage. We could not believe such good news to be true, and we could not ascertain the truth of the report, as the captain had gone on shore with Mrs. To, who recovered fast after she was out of our doctor's hands ; so fast, indeed, that a week afterwards, on questioning the steward, upon his return on board, how Mrs. To was, he replied, "O charming well again, sir, she has eaten a *whole pig*, since she left the ship." But the report was true ; Captain To, afraid to go to the West Indies, had effected an exchange with Captain Savage. Captain Savage was permitted, as was the custom of the service, to bring his first lieutenant, his boatswain, and his barge's crew with him. He joined a day or two before we sailed, and never was there more joy on board ; the only people miserable were the first lieutenant, and those belonging to the *Sanglier*, who were obliged to follow Captain To ; who, with his wife, his pigs, and her piano, were all got rid of in the course of one forenoon.

I have already described pay day on board of a man of war, but I think that the two days before sailing are even more unpleasant ; although, generally speaking, all our money being spent, we are not sorry when we once are fairly out of harbour, and find ourselves in *blue water*. The men never work well on those days, they are thinking of their wives and sweethearts, of the pleasure they had when at liberty on shore, where they might get drunk without punishment ; and many of them are either half drunk at the time, or

suffering from the effects of previous intoxication. The ship is in disorder, and crowded with the variety of stock and spare stores which are obliged to be taken on board in a hurry, and have not yet been properly secured in their places. The first lieutenant is cross, the officers are grave, and the poor midshipmen, with all their own little comforts to attend to, are harassed and drove about like post horses. "Mr. Simple," inquired the first lieutenant, "where do you come from?"

"From the gun wharf, sir, with the gunner's spare blocks, and breechings."

"Very well—send the marines aft to clear the boat, and pipe away the first cutter. Mr. Simple, jump into the first cutter, and go to Mount Wise for the officers. Be careful that none of your men leave the boat. Come, be smart."

Now, I had been away the whole morning, and it was then half-past one, and I had had no dinner; but I said nothing, and went into the boat. As soon as I was off, O'Brien, who stood by Mr. Falcon, said, "Peter was thinking of his dinner, poor fellow."

"I really quite forgot it," replied the first lieutenant, "there is so much to do. He is a willing boy, and he shall dine in the gun-room when he comes back." And so I did—so I lost nothing by not expostulating, and gained more of the favour of the first lieutenant, who never forgot what he called *zeal*. But the hardest trial of the whole is to the midshipman who is sent with the boat to purchase the supplies for the cabin and gun-room on the day before the ship's sailing. It was my misfortune to be ordered upon that service this time, and that very unexpectedly. I had been ordered to dress myself to take the gig on shore for the captain's orders, and was walking the deck with my very best uniform and side arms, when the marine officer, who was the gun-room caterer, came up to the first lieutenant, and asked him for a boat. The boat was manned, and a midshipman ordered to take charge of it; but when he came up, the first lieutenant recollecting that he had come off two days before with only half his boat's crew, would not trust him, and called out to me, "Here Mr. Simple, I must send you in this boat, mind you are careful that none of the men leave it; and bring off the serjeant of marines, who is on shore looking for the men who have broken their liberty." Although I could not but feel rather proud of the compliment, yet I did not much like going in my very best uniform, and would have run down and changed it, but the marine officer and all the people were in the boat, and I could not keep it waiting, so down the side I went, and we shoved off. We had, besides the boat's crew, the marine officer, the purser, the gun-room steward, the captain's steward, and the purser's steward; so that we were pretty full. It blew hard from the S.E., and there was a sea running, but as the tide was flowing into the harbour there was not much bubble. We hoisted the foresail, flew before the wind and tide, and in a quarter of an hour were at Mutton Cove, when the marine officer expressed his wish to land. The landing place was crowded with boats, and it was not without sundry exchanges of foul words and oaths, and the bow men dashing the points of their boat hooks into the shore boats, to make

them keep clear of us, that we forced our way to the beach. The marine officer and all the stewards then left the boat, and I had to look after the men. I had not been there three minutes before the bow man said that his wife was on the wharf with his clothes from the wash, and begged leave to go and fetch them. I refused, telling him that she could bring them to him. "Vy now, Mr. Simple," said the woman, "arn't you a nice lady's man, to go for to ax me to muddle my way through all them dead dogs, cabbage stalks, and stinking Hake's heads, with my bran new shoes and clean stockings?" I looked at her, and sure enough she was as they say in France, *bien chaussée*. "Come, Mr. Simple, let him out to come for his clothes, and you'll see that he's back in a moment." I did not like to refuse her, as it was very dirty and wet, and the shingle was strewed with all that she had mentioned. The bow man made a spring out with his boat-hook, threw it back, went up to his wife, and commenced talking with her, while I watched him. "If you please, sir, there's my young woman come down, mayn't I speak to her?" said another of the men. I turned round, and refused him. He expostulated, and begged very hard, but I was resolute; however, when I again turned my eyes to watch the bow man, he and his wife were gone. "There," says I, to the coxswain, "I knew it would be so; you see Hickman is off."

"Only gone to take a parting glass, sir," replied the coxswain; "he'll be here directly."

"I hope so; but I'm afraid not." After this I refused all the solicitations of the men to be allowed to leave the boat, but I permitted them to have some beer brought down to them. The gun-room steward then came back with a basket of *soft tack*, *i. e.* loaves of bread, and told me that the marine officer requested I would allow two of the men to go up with him to Glencross' shop, to bring down some of the stores. Of course I sent two of the men, and told the steward if he saw Hickman, to bring him down to the boat.

By this time many of the women belonging to the ship had assembled, and commenced a noisy conversation with the boat's crew. One brought one article for Jim, another some clothes for Bill; some of them climbed into the boat, and sat with the men—others came and went, bringing beer and tobacco, which the men desired them to purchase. The crowd, the noise, and confusion, were so great, that it was with the utmost difficulty that I could keep my eyes on all my men, who, one after another, made an attempt to leave the boat. Just at that time came down the serjeant of marines, with three of our men whom he had picked up, *roaring drunk*. They were tumbled into the boat, and increased the difficulty, as in looking after those who were riotous, and would try to leave the boat by force, I was not so well able to keep my eyes on those who were sober. The serjeant then went up after another man, and I told him also about Hickman. About half an hour afterwards the steward came down with the two men, loaded with cabbages, baskets of eggs, strings of onions, crockery of all descriptions, paper parcels of groceries, legs and shoulders of mutton, which were crowded in, until not only the stern sheets, but all under the thwarts of the boat were also crammed full. They told me that they had a few more things to bring down,

and that the marine officer had gone to Stonehouse to see his wife, so that they should be down long before him. In half an hour more, during which I had the greatest difficulty to manage the boat's crew, they returned with a dozen geese and two dozen ducks, tied by the legs, but without the two men, who had given them the slip, so that there were now three men gone, and I knew Mr. Falcon would be very angry, for they were three of the smartest men in the ship. I was now determined not to run the risk of losing more men, and I ordered the boat's crew to shove off, that I might lie at the wharf, where they could not climb up. They were very mutinous, grumbled very much, and would hardly obey me: the fact is, they had drank a great deal, and some of them were more than half tipsy. However, at last I was obeyed, but not without being saluted with a shower of invectives from the women, and the execrations of the men belonging to the wherries and *shore-boats* which were washed against our sides by the swell. The weather had become much worse, and looked very threatening. I waited an hour more, when the serjeant of marines came down with two more men, one of whom, to my great joy, was Hickman. This made me more comfortable, as I was not answerable for the other two; still I was in great trouble from the riotous and insolent behaviour of the boat's crew, and the other men brought down by the serjeant of marines. One of them fell back into a basket of eggs, and smashed them all to atoms; still the marine officer did not come down, and it was getting late. The tide being now at the ebb, running out against the wind, there was a very heavy sea, and I had to go off to the ship with a boat deeply laden, and most of the people in her in a state of intoxication. The coxswain, who was the only one who was sober, recommended our shoving off, as it would soon be dark, and some accident would happen. I reflected a minute, and agreeing with him, I ordered the oars to be got out, and we shoved off, the serjeant of marines and the gun-room steward perched up in the bows—drunken men, ducks, and geese, lying together at the bottom of the boat—the stern sheets loaded up to the gunwale, and the other passengers and myself sitting how we could among the crockery and a variety of other articles with which the boat was crowded. It was a scene of much confusion—the half-drunken boat's crew *catching crabs*, and falling forward upon the others—those who were quite drunk swearing that they *would* pull. "Lay on your oar, Sullivan; you are doing more harm than good. You drunken rascal, I'll report you as soon as we get on board."

"How the devil can I pull, your honour, when there's that fellow Jones breaking the very back o' me with his oar, and he never touching the water all the while?"

"You lie," cried Jones; "I'm pulling the boat by myself against the whole of the larboard oars."

"He's rowing *dry*, your honour—only making bilave."

"Do you call this rowing dry?" cried another, as a sea swept over the boat fore and aft, wetting every body to the skin.

"Now, your honour, just look and see if I an't pulling the very arms off of me?" cried Sullivan.

"Is there water enough to cross the Bridge, Swinburne?" said I to the coxswain.

"Plenty, Mr. Simple; it is but quarter ebb, and the sooner we are on board the better."

We were now past Devil's Point, and the sea was very heavy; the boat plunged in the trough, so that I was afraid that she would break her back. She was soon half full of water, and the two after-oars were laid in for the men to bale. "Plase your honour, hadn't I better cut free the legs of them ducks and geese, and allow them to swim for their lives?" cried Sullivan, resting on his oar; "the poor birds will be drowned in their own *iliment*."

"No, no—pull away as hard as you can."

By this time the drunken men in the bottom of the boat began to be very uneasy, from the quantity of water which washed about them, and made several staggering attempts to get on their legs. They fell down again upon the ducks and geese, the major part of which were saved from being drowned by being suffocated. The sea on the Bridge was very heavy; and although the tide swept us out, we were nearly swamped. Soft bread was washing about the bottom of the boat—the parcels of sugar, pepper, and salt were wet through with the salt water, and a sudden jerk threw the captain's steward, who was seated upon the gunwale close to the after-oar, right upon the whole of the crockery and eggs, which added to the mass of destruction. A few more seas shipped completed the job, and the gun-room steward was in despair. "That's a darling," cried Sullivan; "the politest boat in the whole fleet. She makes more bows and curtsies than the finest couple in the land. Give way, my lads, and work the crater stuff out of your elbows, and the first lieutenant will see us all so sober, and so wet in the bargain, and think we're all so dry, that perhaps he'll be after giving us a raw nip when we get on board."

In a quarter of an hour we were nearly alongside, but the men pulled so badly, and the sea was so great, that we missed the ship, and went astern. They veered out a buoy with a line, which we got hold of, and were hauled up by the marines and after-guard, the boat plunging bows under, and drenching us through and through. At last we were under the counter, and I climbed up by the stern ladder. Mr. Falcon was on deck, and very angry at the boat not coming alongside properly. "I thought, Mr. Simple, that you knew by this time how to bring a boat alongside."

"So I do, sir, I hope," replied I; "but the boat was so full of water, and the men would not give way."

"What men has the serjeant brought on board?"

"Three sir," replied I, shivering with the cold, and unhappy at my very best uniform being spoiled.

"Are all your boat's crew with you, sir?"

"No, sir, there are two left on shore; they——"

"Not a word, sir. Up to the mast-head, and stay there till I call you down. If it was not so late, I would send you on shore, and not receive you on board again without the men. Up, sir, immediately."

I did not venture to explain, but up I went. It was very cold,

blowing hard from the S.E. with heavy squalls; I was so wet, that the wind appeared to blow through me, and it was now nearly dark. I reached the cross-trees, and when I was seated there, I felt that I had done my duty and had not been fairly treated. During this time, the boat had been hauled up alongside to clear, and a pretty clearance there was. All the ducks and geese were dead, the eggs and crockery all broke, the grocery almost all washed away; in short, as O'Brien observed, there was "a very pretty general average." Mr. Falcon, still very angry, "Who are the men missing?" inquired he, of Swinburne, the coxswain, as he came up the side.

"Williams and Sweetman, sir."

"Two of the smartest topmen, I am told. It really is too provoking: there is not a midshipman in the ship I can trust. I must work all day, and get no assistance. The service is really going to the devil now, with the young men who are sent on board to be brought up as officers, and who are above doing their duty. What made you so late, Swinburne?"

"Waiting for the marine officer, who went to Stonehouse to see his wife; but Mr. Simple would not wait any longer, as it was getting dark, and we had so many drunken men in the boat."

"Mr. Simple did right. I wish Mr. Harrison would stay on shore with his wife altogether: it's really trifling with the service. Pray, Mr. Swinburne, why had not you your eyes about you, if Mr. Simple was so careless? How came you to allow those men to leave the boat?"

"The men were ordered up by the marine officer, to bring down your stores, sir, and they gave the steward the slip. It was no fault of Mr. Simple's, or of mine either. We laid off at the wharf for two hours before we started, or we should have lost more; for what can a poor lad do, when he has charge of drunken men who *will not* obey orders?" And the coxswain looked up at the mast-head, as much as to say, Why is he sent there? "I'll take my oath, sir," continued Swinburne, "that Mr. Simple never put his foot out of the boat, from the time that he went over the side until he came on board; and that no young gentleman could have done his duty more strictly."

Mr. Falcon looked very angry at first, at the coxswain speaking so freely, but he said nothing. He took one or two turns on the deck, and then hailing the mast-head, desired me to come down. But I *could not*; my limbs were so cramped with the wind blowing upon my wet clothes, that I could not move. He hailed again; I heard him, but was not able to answer. One of the topmen then came up, and perceiving my condition, hailed the deck, and said he believed I was dying, for I could not move, and that he dare not leave me for fear I should fall. O'Brien, who had been on deck all the while, jumped up the rigging, and was soon at the cross-trees where I was. He sent the topman down into the top for a tail block and the studding-sail haulyards, made a whip, and lowered me on deck. I was immediately put into my hammock; and the surgeon ordering me some hot brandy and water, and plenty of blankets, in a few hours I was quite restored.

O'Brien, who was at my bedside, said, "Never mind, Peter, and don't be angry with Mr. Falcon, for he is very sorry."

"I am not angry, O'Brien; for Mr. Falcon has been too kind to me, not to make me forgive him for being once hasty."

The surgeon came to my hammock, gave me some more hot drink, desired me to go to sleep, and I awoke the next morning quite well.

When I came into the berth, my messmates asked me how I was, and many of them railed against the tyranny of Mr. Falcon; but I took his part, saying, that he was hasty in this instance, perhaps, but that, generally speaking, he was an excellent and very just officer. Some agreed with me, but others did not. One of them, who was always in disgrace, sneered at me, and said, "Peter reads the Bible, and knows that if you smite one cheek, he must offer the other. Now, I'll answer for it, if I pull his right ear, he will offer me his left." So saying, he lugged me by the ear, upon which I knocked him down for his trouble. The berth was then cleared away for a fight, and in a quarter of an hour my opponent gave in; but I suffered a little, and had a very black eye. I had hardly time to wash myself and change my shirt, which was bloody, when I was summoned on the quarter-deck. When I arrived, I found Mr. Falcon walking up and down. He looked very hard at me, but did not ask me any questions as to the cause of my unusual appearance.

"Mr. Simple," said he, "I sent for you to beg your pardon for my behaviour to you last night, which was not only very hasty but very unjust. I find that you were not to blame for the loss of the men."

I felt very sorry for him when I heard him speak so handsomely; and to make his mind more easy, I told him that, although I certainly was not to blame for the loss of those two men, still I had done wrong in permitting Hickman to leave the boat; and that had not the serjeant picked him up, I should have come off without him, and therefore I *did* deserve the punishment which I had received.

"Mr. Simple," replied Mr. Falcon, "I respect you, and admire your feelings: still I was to blame, and it is my duty to apologize. Now go down below. I would have requested the pleasure of your company to dinner, but I perceive that something else has occurred, which, under any other circumstances, I would have inquired into, but at present I shall not."

I touched my hat and went below. In the meantime, O'Brien had been made acquainted with the occasion of the quarrel, which he did not fail to explain to Mr. Falcon, who, O'Brien declared, "was not the least bit in the world angry with me for what had occurred." Indeed, after that, Mr. Falcon always treated me with the greatest kindness, and employed me on every duty which he considered of consequence. He was a sincere friend; for he did not allow me to neglect my duty, but at the same time treated me with consideration and confidence.

The marine officer came on board very angry at being left behind, and talked about a court-martial on me for disrespect, and neglect of stores entrusted to my charge; but O'Brien told me not to mind him, or what he said. "It's my opinion, Peter, that the gentleman has eaten no small quantity of *flapdoodle* in his lifetime."

"What's that, O'Brien?" replied I; "I never heard of it."

"Why, Peter," rejoined he, "it's the stuff they *feed fools on*."

THE EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW NEWSPAPER PRESS.

THE Newspaper Press of Edinburgh and Glasgow is so closely mixed up with the literary and political character of the Scotch nation, that it is presumed some account of it will be interesting to the general reader.

First, in point of antiquity among the Edinburgh, and indeed among the Scotch papers, is the "Caledonian Mercury." This journal was commenced nearly a century and a half ago. We have seen some of the numbers published more than one hundred years since. At that time it consisted of one quarto leaf, about the size of the "Athenæum," and sold for three-halfpence. Of the quality of its intelligence it is unnecessary to speak. Original discussion was never dreamed of in the newspapers of that day. Its average number of advertisements was five; and these consisted, for the most part, of intimations that certain old women had oranges, apples, &c., to dispose of, at some specified part of the town. The "Mercury," which is published three times a week, is now among the largest of the Edinburgh papers. Until within the last twelve months, when it was enlarged, its dimensions were among the smallest of any Scotch paper. In point of talent it ranks high. Of its politics it is difficult to speak: they are vague, but may, on the whole, be called liberal. Dr. James Browne was editor for three years prior to his duel with Mr. McLaren, then principal editor of the "Scotsman," but having disputed with the proprietor, Mr. Thomas Allan, banker, he quitted the "Mercury," and was succeeded by Mr. Cochrane, editor of the "Foreign Quarterly Review." Mr. C. conducted the "Mercury" for two years, when he left Edinburgh for London. Dr. Browne then resumed the editorship, which he still holds.

The "Courant," like the "Mercury," is a very old established paper. We are not certain of its precise antiquity; but we have seen numbers as far back as 1711. Its size and character at that time very much resembled that of the "Mercury" of the same period. It is the most extensively circulated, and by far the best advertised of the Edinburgh or Glasgow papers. Its circulation exceeds two thousand, which in Scotland is considered a very great number for a newspaper to publish. Its politics are of the moderate Tory cast; but it does not deal much in original discussion of any kind. Mr. Buchanan, the political economist, has been editor for some years past. The "Courant," like the "Mercury," is published three times a week.

Of the papers published twice a week, the "Advertiser" is the oldest. It was established more than half a century ago. Its circulation is but limited; but it is, on the whole, well advertised. Its politics are, and always have been, Tory. Of late years it has changed its editors often. Mr. Robert Chambers conducted it for some time previous to the establishment of his well-known literary journal. Mr. Crichton, a licentiate of the church of Scotland, is the present editor. It does not want talent; but there is often a deficiency of original matter.

Next, among the twice-a-week papers in age, and unquestionably first of all among the Scottish papers in point of merit, is "The Scotsman." This journal was originally under the management of the celebrated Mr. McCulloch, the political economist. It was for many years published only once a week,—the price of each number being tenpence. Notwithstanding the highness of the price, it had then a very large circulation; and certainly, in regard to literary merit, was among the first journals published in the English language. During the time it was pub-

lished only once a week, it excluded all advertisements not connected with literature. Its first appearance may be said to have been the commencement of a new era in the politics of Scotland. At that time there was not one journal in Edinburgh identifying itself with liberal principles; and only two in any part of Scotland—the “Glasgow Chronicle,” and the “Aberdeen Chronicle.” When, therefore, in 1816, the “Scotsman” appeared, its bold, uncompromising principles, advocated with such surpassing talent, created a sensation from one extremity of Scotland to another. The “Scotsman” has for many years past been published twice a week, at the usual price of sevenpence. It lost in the first instance a great many of its subscribers by the change in the publication; but soon regained them, and is now next to the “Courant” in the extent of its circulation. After Mr. McCulloch relinquished the editorship, he was succeeded by Mr. McLaren, the present editor, and Mr. Ritchie, W.S., both large proprietors. The latter gentleman died some two years since; and Mr. McLaren is now sole editor.

The “Observer” is the only other Edinburgh paper published twice a week. It was started about twelve years ago. The principal proprietors are Sir Patrick Walker, Mr. Patrick Robertson, the well known advocate, and Mr. Scott. It takes no decided part in politics; but its leanings are understood to be to the Tory side. Its circulation is respectable, but being but indifferently advertised, it is understood not to pay. Of late, perhaps, it has paid better, the “New North Briton” having been incorporated with it. For a good many years the “Observer” was under the management of Lieutenant Sutherland, one of the most kind-hearted men that ever lived; but he having died, about two years since, of sea-sickness, in going from Leith to Montrose, Mr. John Malcolm, the well-known poet, was appointed his successor, which he still continues. Though there is not much original discussion in the “Observer,” it is well liked, the selections being made with much good judgment, and the original matter being very tastefully written.

Of the Edinburgh weekly papers, the “Weekly Journal” is both the oldest and by far the most extensively circulated, as well as largely advertised. Its circulation is somewhere about two thousand; while its advertisements are double those of any of the other weekly papers. Sir Walter Scott, and Mr. James Ballantine, his bosom friend and the printer of his works, were in their lifetime the principal proprietors. Mr. Ballantine was also editor. We have not yet heard who succeeded him on his death, about three months since. The politics of the “Weekly Journal” were originally, and until the accession of Lord Grey to office, of the Tory school; since then they have rather smacked of liberalism. As regards mere intelligence, the “Weekly Journal” has long held a high place among the newspapers of Scotland; but it has never been distinguished for vigour in its political articles. Its theatrical criticisms again, are, or rather long were, decidedly the best articles of the kind that ever appeared in any Scotch paper.

The “Weekly Chronicle” was established in 1806. It started with Tory principles, and continued to identify itself with the same views until two years ago, when it fell into the hands of its present proprietors, Mr. Tait, the bookseller, and Messrs. Johnstone and Anderson. It then all at once veered round to Ultra-Radicalism. Previous to its coming into the possession of the present proprietors, it was chiefly the property of Mr. Blackwood, the bookseller. When Mr. B. disposed of his share of the copyright, (which he did for a mere trifle,) to the present proprietors, the circulation was only one thousand copies; but Radicalism proving a more marketable commodity than Toryism, its circulation is now understood to be somewhere about one thousand five hundred. Mr. Johnstone, the printer, is also ostensibly the editor of the “Chronicle;” but it is un-

derstood that the articles which appear in it on political topics are from other hands. Mrs. Johnstone, alias Meg Dods, often enlivens its columns with the productions of her elegant pen. The "Chronicle," from its commencement till it fell into the hands of the present proprietors, was published on Wednesday; since then it has been published on Saturday.

Next comes the "Saturday Post." This journal was started nearly six years ago. Mr. Peterkin, at present editor of the "Kelso Chronicle," was at its commencement entrusted with its management. For a long while it was a losing concern. The unusually high price (tenpence) was one great obstacle to its circulation. It soon reduced the price to sevenpence, but without any material increase in the sale. It afterwards changed hands, both as regards the proprietorship and editorship; but still it could not be made to pay the expenses. Mr. Crichton, the present editor of the "Advertiser," at that time conducted the "Post." The proprietors soon failed, and the property again came into the market. The copyright was sold for 150*l*. By this time the paper had acquired considerable reputation as a journal of talent, and had so zealously committed itself with Tory principles, that the Tories throughout Scotland resolved, as if by some secret understanding among themselves, to give it a hearty support. Its circulation accordingly rapidly increased, and what is much better, advertisements, of which it had formerly only some five or six a week, poured in from all quarters. It is now fairly established, and is understood to be an excellent paying concern. Mr. Jorrop has been editor for the last few years. It contains more original discussion than any newspaper in Scotland.

A few months since, another paper was started in Edinburgh, under the title of "The Citizen." It espouses Ultra-Radical principles. From some cause or other, it has not yet fairly brought itself before the public. It is not much known even in Edinburgh, the place of its publication; it is far less so in the provinces of Scotland.

These are all the journals devoted to politics at present published in Edinburgh. Within the last thirteen years several have been started, but soon ceased to exist. In 1820, the "Beacon" was started on Ultra-Tory principles, with the express view of running down the "Scotsman" and the Edinburgh Whigs as a party, by a system of wholesale personal slander. It was soon discovered who were the parties that furnished the funds for the support of the "Beacon," and the discovery proved the death of the paper before it had attained the age of one short year. The parties were fifteen in number, almost all holding important situations under the then government. It is matter of deep and lasting regret that Sir Walter Scott was one of the fifteen.

In 1825, Mr. Rintoul, the talented editor of the "London Spectator," started a weekly paper in Edinburgh, under the title of the "Independent Times." Notwithstanding all the exertions made to bring it into notice, its circulation never reached four hundred. It lingered away for a few months, and was then, after a heavy loss to the parties, discontinued.

About three years since, Dr. James Browne, the present editor of the "Caledonian Mercury," started a twice-a-week paper, in conjunction with Mr. David Lizars, a bookseller, and brother to the celebrated anatomist of that name. The title was the "North Briton." On the appearance of the twelfth number the proprietors differed, and the paper, though it then promised well, was given up. Mr. Lizars, however, after the interval of a week, resumed the paper on his own account, under the title of the "New North Briton." Mr. Crichton, the present editor of the "Advertiser," conducted it for some time. He was succeeded by Mr. Peterkin, present editor of the "Kelso Chronicle." At first, and for a long time, the "New North Briton" was conducted on Tory principles;

but during the time when the cry for reform was the order of the day, Mr. Peterkin, from being a red-hot Tory, all of a sudden became an Ultra-Whig. Still the paper did not take; it was poorly advertised, and had only a circulation of seven hundred. It was discontinued some months ago, Mr. Lizars, it is understood, having sustained a loss by it of little short of two thousand five hundred pounds. The copyright, which was purchased by the proprietors of the "Observer," only brought twenty-five pounds.

The Glasgow papers are not so numerous as those of Edinburgh; only two, the "Chronicle" and "Courier," are published thrice a week. The "Chronicle" was started about twenty years since. It commenced with an extended proprietary, and in the outset espoused the most liberal views in politics. Mr. Prentice, who is still editor, and a large proprietor, was then entrusted with the conduct of the "Chronicle;" but Mr. Douglas, then a contributor to the "Edinburgh Review," and one of the late unsuccessful candidates for the city of Glasgow, wrote largely in it: in fact, Mr. Douglas may be said to have been the principal originator of the "Chronicle." It is one of the fairest and most independent papers in the whole range of the British newspaper press. Its columns are, and always have been, open to both sides of a question where the discussions are temperate. The celebrated controversy on the points in dispute between Catholics and Protestants, which led to the publication of the late Mr. McGavin's "Protestant," a work in four volumes, originated, and was for some time carried on, in the columns of the "Chronicle." It has suffered greatly in a pecuniary point of view, from its straightforwardness. A good many years ago, the West India interest in Glasgow signed a round robin, declaring they would no more advertise in it, because of its zealous espousal of immediate emancipation. By this means alone its profits were lessened to the extent of three pounds per week. It is still as honest and uncompromising as ever.

The "Courier" is of greater antiquity than the "Chronicle." Mr. McQueen, the well-known advocate of the West India planters, and the strenuous and able supporter of their rights, was for many years editor as well as chief proprietor. He is still one of the principal proprietors, but having some time since had occasion to repair to the colonies, he was succeeded as editor by Mr. Motherwell, formerly editor of the "Paisley Advertiser." Mr. Motherwell, though he does not write so copiously on the subject of slavery as his predecessor, is an equally zealous anti-abolitionist. The paper is almost exclusively read by the West India interest, who have repeatedly voted Mr. McQueen considerable sums of money (on one occasion as much as a thousand pounds) for his advocacy of their views. The circulation of the "Courier" is extremely limited, but it pays well, owing to the number of its advertisements.

Of the Glasgow twice-a-week papers there are five—the "Herald," the "Scots Times," the "Free Press," the "Scottish Guardian," and the "Argus." The "Herald" has by far the largest circulation, and by far the greatest number of advertisements of any of the Glasgow journals. It is conducted by Mr. Samuel Hunter, who is also principal proprietor. Its political articles are few and short. For a long time it steered a middle course between the extremes of Toryism and Whiggism, as if anxious not to offend either of the parties; but when the Reform Bill was brought forward, it took a decided part against that measure. The consequence was, the loss of nearly one-fourth of its subscribers. Since the interest, however, in the measure of reform comparatively ceased, it has regained a great portion of its former supporters. We have said that the original articles on political topics which appear in the "Herald" are few and brief—it is but fair to add, that they are written with a great deal of point, often in a happy vein of satire.

The "Scots Times," though now published twice a week, was originally, and for several years, published only once a week. Mr. Malcolm and Mr. Kerr are the proprietors. Mr. M. is the ostensible editor, but Mr. K. writes a good many of the articles. The "Scots Times" first brought itself into notice by its bold exposure of the abuses connected with the municipal management of the city. Of late, however, it has fallen off in circulation. Its politics are decidedly liberal.

The "Free Press" was started some ten or twelve years ago. Its first editor was Mr. Northouse. It was very successful in the outset, and is still understood to be a profitable concern. Mr. N. quitted the "Free Press" in 1826, and proceeded to London, where he started a paper under the name of the "London Free Press;" but the latter journal only existed a few months. Mr. Bennet, the present editor, and now sole proprietor, succeeded Mr. Northouse in the management of the "Glasgow Free Press." Mr. Bennet is favourably known as editor of the magazine which goes under his name, and also as author of "Traits and Stories in the Scottish Character," a work partly of fiction, partly of fact, published some years since in three volumes. The politics of the "Free Press" are of the Radical school. It is a popular journal, and has an extensive, and we believe an increasing circulation.

The "Scottish Guardian" was established some eight or nine months since. It is what is called a religious newspaper. The avowed object for which it was established was to aid in the abolition of church patronage, but yet to uphold the church of Scotland as the established religion of that country. Its circulation is extremely limited, and its advertisements are few indeed. In short, it is a losing concern, and must have been discontinued before now, but for subscriptions raised to support it by those who hold opinions in church matters similar to those advocated in its columns. It is conducted by a licentiate of the church of Scotland, and certainly displays considerable ability.

The "Argus" was only set on foot about two months ago. It has a very extended proprietary; but Mr. Oswald, one of the members for Glasgow, is understood to be by far the largest shareholder. In fact, it is believed that it was chiefly for the purpose of advocating his views that it was started. Its politics are those of liberal Whiggism. Mr. Weir, an Edinburgh advocate, and the gentleman who for some time conducted the "Edinburgh Literary Journal," is editor of the "Argus." It is incomparably the best printed paper in either Glasgow or Edinburgh.

Of Glasgow weekly papers there are three—the "Journal," the "Post," and the "Liberator." The "Journal" is the oldest of the Glasgow papers, having been established for nearly a century. It is printed at the same establishment, and belongs to the same proprietors, as the "Chronicle." A few months since, it was joined with the "Post," a paper published on Saturday, and belonging to the same individuals as the "Journal." The proprietors, however, after a few weeks' experience, were obliged to sever the connexion, and resume the publication of the "Journal," as a separate work, on the Thursdays. The fact was, that the "Journal," being read principally by the Covenanters of the west of Scotland, it was found that their religious scruples would not suffer them to read the "Post," as it reached them on the Sunday. The politics both of the "Journal" and "Post," being papers under the same management as the "Chronicle," are of necessity of the same complexion as those of the latter journal.

The other Glasgow weekly paper is the "Liberator." As its name imports, its principles are those of extreme Radicalism. It is only a few months since it was established. It rose, phoenix-like, from the ashes of the "Trades' Advocate," a paper which, as the name denotes, belonged

to the working classes, and was devoted to the advocacy of their views. Mr. Warden was editor of the first journal, which only lasted about a year: we do not know the name of the individual who conducts the "Liberator," but understand he is one of the Trades themselves.

The Edinburgh and Glasgow press, taken as a whole, displays more talent than the newspaper press of any other part of the country, London excepted. Of all the journals we have mentioned, there are only four that espouse Tory principles; a fact which is pretty indicative of the prevalence of liberal opinions in Scotland. The average circulation of the Edinburgh and Glasgow papers is certainly under one thousand; while in London, we should think it cannot be less than five thousand. This fact may, at first sight, seem to constitute a proof that the Scotch are not so reading a people as the English. Such, however, is not the case: the great difference between the two nations consists in this, that while every "Londoner" who can afford it has his paper to himself, the inhabitants of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and other parts of Scotland, club together, generally to the number of eight or ten, and take out a paper among them. The Scotch, in a word, read newspapers as extensively as the English, only they read them much more economically.

SEA SONG.—OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER.

TO THE AIR—"WHEN AT WAR WITH THE OCEAN."

By Mrs. Crawford, Author of "Young Ellen Loraine."

WHEN the white cliffs of Albion first burst on my sight,
My thoughts like the dove of the ark wing their flight
To the home, where Affection is watching for me,
To welcome me back to the isle of the free.
For genius and freedom, for beauty and worth,
Dear England's the *first* of the nations of earth;
We may wander o'er land, we may traverse the sea,
But Old England for ever! Old England for me!

O'er the blue waters bounding, when stars shed their light,
And I tread the lone deck at the dead hour of night,
Sweet visions beguile me,—in fancy I see
Our snug little cot, in the isle of the free.
There my father was born, and my boyhood was past,
And 'tis there, only there, I would anchor at last;
I have wander'd o'er land, I have traversed the sea,
But Old England for ever! Old England for me!

THE COUNT CHABERT.

PREFATORY NOTICE.

THE story of Count Chabert (which has recently been dramatized in France) is one of those frightful truths which, to paraphrase an expression of our Gallic brethren, "merits to be fictive;" and not, as it unhappily is, a narrative of events that happened in our times. The writer of this brief notice has often been in company with M. and Madame de Ferraud, the latter of whom always made a disagreeable impression upon him—a clever and rather pert woman, whose dashing manner did not always veil her native vulgarity.

It was no uncommon thing under the reign of Napoleon, as emperor, for officers of distinguished merit to be named to the revived *dignities* (for such the ruler intended them to be) of Count or Baron, whatever their origin might have been: and it must be admitted that the much greater part of the officers in command of brigades and regiments on active service had acquired the wealth requisite to support their new-fangled titles in a way which reflected no moral lustre upon them. It was usual to levy contributions for the use of the army, both in money and in other supplies, and to deliver, in return for these, orders on the treasury at Paris, which it was quite understood were never to be paid. When money was furnished by the towns in his passage, the commander commonly kept one half of it, and gave the remainder to the troops. If the supply was in wine, clothing, &c. there was usually an understanding, that led to the same result with the contractor, who furnished the articles required on the responsibility of the municipal funds. There is scarcely a town in Germany through which the French armies passed that does not number amongst its wealthiest inhabitants some of those persons in trade who were concerned in transactions of this kind—transactions more iniquitous on their parts than on those of the French military, because they (the German dealers) sacrificed the interest of their fellow townsmen; whereas the commanding officers considered *their* gains as a sort of prize money, as *autant de pris sur l'ennemi*.

Both M. and Madame de Ferraud are now dead; and if Colonel Chabert still exist, it is in the state described at the conclusion of this recital.

SECTION I.—*Chambers of a Paris Solicitor.*

"Deuce take it! here's the old hocus in the great coat again!" This said, the young clerk made a pellet of the bread he was gnawing, and threw it out of a narrow window upon the hat of an unknown personage who traversed the court-yard of a house situate in the Rue Vivienne, where dwelt M. Derville, solicitor.* "The nob's gone to bed, and can see nobody," answered the chief clerk, as he completed the addition of a bill of costs. "What trick can we play that Chinese?" whispered the third clerk, stopping short in the middle of the falsest of all possible reasonings upon a pleading he was sketching the minute of, and which was

* It is difficult to render the exact equivalent of the French *Avoués*, as they are now called, in lieu of their former designation of *Procureur*. The present race of *Avoués* have nearly all been called to the Bar, and their business is not merely to draw pleadings, but to point the course of argument, upon which the advocates seldom do more than embroider. Our Special Pleaders come nearest to this state, but that they do not act without the intervention of Attorneys, whereas the *Avoué* originates proceedings.

written by means of dictation to three provincial neophytes, who took copies of it.

He continued to dictate :—" *But his majesty Louis XVIII., in his great wisdom, in re-assuming the reins of his kingdom, understood—(What did he understand?)—the high mission of his supremacy, and remedied all the ills of his faithful subjects by restoring to them all their unsold property, by the celebrated and loyal ordonnance, rendered in*

"Stop!" said he, to the three clerks, "this villainous phrase has filled the page. Well!" he added, in preparing to turn over with a wet finger the thickest leaf of his stamped paper, "what fun have you projected? We must tell him that the nob can only speak to his clients between two and three o'clock in the morning. We'll see if he come then, the old malefactor!" Such also was the opinion of the fourth clerk.

The third clerk resumed the phrase commenced—" *Rendered in* Are you there?" "Yes!" cried the three copyists. All proceeded at once—the pleading, the chattering, and the plot. " *Rendered in* hey? What was the date of the ordonnance? Dot the I's, that makes the pages look fuller." "—June, 1814!" said the first clerk, without discontinuing his own occupation.

Three taps at the door interrupted the phrase of the prolix pleading; and six well-teethed clerks, with sharp eyes and frizzled heads, turned towards the sound, and the first clerk after having cried with the tone of a boatswain, "Come in!" remained with his face shrouded in a pile of papers, and continued to confect the bill of costs.

The office was a large room, ornamented with the classic stove which adorns all the caverns of chicane: its flues crossed the chamber diagonally, and lost themselves in a blocked-up chimney, upon the mantelpiece of which were sundry pieces of bread, angles of cheese, pork chops, bottles and glasses, and the principal clerk's cup of chocolate. The odour of these esculents amalgamated so well with the stench of the overheated stove, and with the scent peculiar to offices and old papers, that the perfume of a fox could not have prevailed over it. The floor was already covered with the mud and snow brought in by the clerks. Near the window was the cylindrical writing-desk of the *principal*, to which was adjoined the table destined for the second clerk. It was between eight and nine in the morning. The office had for hangings the large yellow advertisements, announcing attachments, sales, &c. which make the glory of an attorney's room! The windows were too dirty to let much light through them; besides which, there are very few attorneys' dwellings in Paris where it is possible to read in the month of February without the aid of a lamp: in fine, every thing here was sombre, black, greasy, and repulsive to the suitor. If there did not exist damp sacristies where prayers are weighed and paid for like groceries; and if there were no old clothes shops with fluttering rags, an attorney's office would form the most frightful topographic poetry that the social state presents. Attorneys have not followed the progress of elegance which procured *inodores* for us, and their chambers remain dusty as old confessionals, and dirty as barbers' shops; it is true that they are intended for the confession and bleeding of clients.

"Where's my penknife?" "I'm breakfasting." "Go to the you've put your pie upon the pleading!" "Silence, gentlemen!" These several exclamations chimed together at the moment when the great-coated suitor entered, and he, after shutting the door with all the carefulness of a man under misfortune, seemed to search for some symptoms of politeness in the inexorable or indifferent faces of the six clerks. Accustomed, no doubt, to judge of men, he addressed himself very humbly to the youngest clerk, hoping the fag would have some feeling for the oppressed. "Is your principal at home, sir?" The malignant

gutter-hopper only answered the poor man by tapping his ear with the fingers of his left hand, as much as to say—I am deaf! “What’s your business, sir?” said the fourth clerk, in swallowing a mouthful of bread with which a four-pounder might have been loaded, at the same time brandishing his knife and crossing his legs. “I come here for the fourth time,” answered the patient, “and wish to speak to M. Derville.” “Is it a process?” “Yes, but I can only explain to M. Derville.” “He’s asleep. If you wish to consult him upon some difficulty, he only attends to business seriously at twelve o’clock at night But if you choose to tell us your case we can”

The poor suitor remained impassible. He looked submissively around him like a dog who glides into a kitchen under fear of blows: but the clerks who, thanks to their calling, never dread thieves, had no suspicion of the individual in the great coat, and suffered him to examine the room in which he looked for a seat—the poor man being horribly fatigued. “Sir,” he added, on finding neither a chair to sit on or a friendly look to console him; “I have already had the honour to tell you that I could only communicate my business to M. Derville—I will wait until he gets up.”

The principal clerk having finished his addition, and struck with the perfume of the chocolate, quitted his cane-bottomed chair, approached the chimney, measured the old man with his eye, and ultimately fixing it upon the great coat, it seemed to occur to him that if they fairly wrung the client out he would not yield a centime. His face assumed an expression not to be rendered, and he interposed a brief observation. “What they tell you is correct; and if your business is serious, I would recommend you to come again at one o’clock in the morning.” The suitor looked for a moment in stupid amaze at the clerk.

Accustomed to all the changes of physiognomy, and to the strange caprices, produced by reverie or indecision, which characterize processive persons, the clerks ate on, and making as much noise with their jaws as horses at the manger could do, they thought no more about the old man. “I will come to-night, sir,” he concluded, with that tenacity peculiar to the unfortunate. The only epigram allowed to misery is to force unjust denials from justice and benevolence. When the unhappy have convicted society of falsehood, their trust in God is strengthened!

“There’s a numbscull for you,” said the junior clerk, without waiting until the old man shut the door. “He looked as if he had died and been dug up again,” said another. “It’s some colonel who claims an arrear,” rejoined the chief scribe. “No,” interrupted the third, “it’s a superannuated porter.” “What’ll you bet that he isn’t a noble?” “I bet that he was a porter,” replied the third clerk; “none but porters are capable of wearing thread-bare great coats, covered with spots and ragged at the edges, like the Gaffer. Did you observe his boots too, with cracks to let the water in, and his cravat that simulates a shirt? He must have slept under an arch.” “He may be noble, and yet have drawn the *cordon*,”* cried the fourth clerk. “No,” resumed the principal clerk, amidst shouts of laughter; “I maintain that he was a brewer in 1789, and a colonel during the Republic.” “I’ll bet admission for all present to the theatre that he never was a soldier at all.” “Done!” cried the principal clerk. “Sir! sir!” vociferated the little clerk, opening the window. “What are you about?” asked the third. “I call to ask him whether he’s a colonel or a porter—he ought to know best.” The clerks laughed immoderately. The old man returned. “What shall we say to him?” whispered the third clerk. “Let me manage it,”

* In Paris, the porters open the gates, as well as the small admission through them, by means of a rope, and without ever quitting their lodges.

replied the first. "Sir," said he to the old incurable, who entered at the moment, timidly and with his eyes cast down, probably lest he should betray his hunger by looking at the eatables too eagerly; "will you have the goodness to give us your name, in order that M. Derville may know whether" "Chabert!" "Not the colonel who was killed at Eylau?" asked one of the clerks who had previously said nothing, but who felt anxious to contribute his share to the stock of raillery. "Yes, sir, it is even he," answered the old man, with a classic simplicity. And he withdrew. "O, hoh! the old it's strange enough though." "What theatre shall we go to?" "To the Opera!" cried the principal. "Still," continued the third clerk, "as the particular theatre was not expressed, I may take you all to the Ambigu Comique if I please; and again, how are we sure that the ancient ape hasn't been humbugging us? Notoriously the Colonel Chabert is dead, and, moreover, his wife is married to the Count Ferraud, a privy councillor—she's a client of ours." "The hearing's deferred till to-morrow," said the first clerk. "To work, gentlemen. Odds blue bags! there's nothing done here!" "If it had really been the Colonel Chabert, would he not have battered little Simonin's seat of honour with his foot when he affected to be deaf?" inquired the fourth clerk, who evidently thought this observation as much more conclusive than that of the third clerk. "As nothing is decided," resumed the head pensman, "let us go to the dress circle of the Français, to see Talma in Nero. Simonin can go to the Parterre." This said, the chief clerk sat down to his desk, all the others followed his example, and the pens recommenced creaking over the stamped paper.

Such are the pleasures which, in after life, make us say—"Those were glorious times!"

SECTION II.—*The Resuscitation.*

Towards one o'clock in the morning, the aforesaid Colonel Chabert knocked at the door of M. Derville, who was a solicitor attached to the Tribunal of First Instance of the Department of the Seine. The porter declared that M. Derville was not at home; but the veteran pleading an appointment, mounted to the study of the celebrated legist, who, notwithstanding his youth, passed for one of the longest headed law agents of that jurisdiction. On entering he was not a little surprised to see the chief clerk occupied in ranging, upon the dinner table, the dockets of those matters which were expected to be called for hearing at the next sitting. The clerk, no less astonished, bowed to him and pointed to a chair, which the suitor took. "To say truth, I thought you jested yesterday in naming so early an hour for an interview," said the old man with a forced gaiety—the mirth of a man under misfortune who compels himself to smile. "The clerks did jest, and at the same time said what was true," replied the chief clerk, continuing his previous occupation. "M. Derville, either from habit or a mania for this time of night, has chosen it for the investigation of causes, the order of argument, and the arrangements of defence. It seems that his astonishing powers only display themselves at this moment. He desires to be alone in the bosom of a profound silence. During six years you are the third example of a consultation at such an hour. He wishes his manner of getting through business to be a secret. As soon as he comes in he will discuss every thing, read every thing, pass perhaps four or five hours at work, and then ring for me to explain his intentions. During the day he listens to his clients; at night he thinks of their affairs in the midst of society, and he has told me that the brightest of his ideas occurred while conversing and laughing. Such is his life—singularly active: at the same time he makes a great deal of money." The old man remained silent, and his remarkable face had taken an expression so destitute of intelligence, that the clerk, in astonishment, ceased to take any notice after his first regard of him.

A few moments afterwards M. Derville came in. His clerk opened the door, and continued to classify the papers. The young solicitor, elegantly dressed as for a ball, remained standing for a moment in astonishment at seeing through the *chiaro 'scuro* the singular client who awaited him. Colonel Chabert was just as immovable as a wax figure in the cabinet of Curtius; but this immobility would not perhaps have seemed anything surprising, but that it completed the preternatural appearance of the individual taken as a whole. The person was thin and adust; his eyes, instead of brightness, seemed covered by a film not quite opaque; you would have compared them to discoloured mother-of-pearl, the blue rays of which shone to the light of the wax candles. The pale, livid face, sharp as a knife's edge, if it may be allowed to use this vulgar expression, seemed already dead. The neck, tightened by a shabby black silk neckcloth, and the shadows concealing the body below the brown line described by this rag, an imaginative person might have taken the whole head for a casual *silhouette*. It was an unframed picture of Rembrandt's. The brim of the hat, which covered the aged forehead, threw a dark furrow over the upper portion of the face, and this natural but singular effect heightened, by abrupt contrast, the white wrinkles, the cold sinuosities, and the discoloured muscles of this cadaverous physiognomy. In fine, the absence of all movement in the body, of all animation in the look, harmonized with a certain expression of melancholy madness, blended with the degrading symptoms which characterize the idiot—forming together an indescribable but fearful whole.

But for an observer, especially for a lawyer, there was something more in this worn and withered man; there were in this wreck of humanity the signs of a profound grief, the indications of a misery which had consumed the soul of a once handsome face, as the drops of rain disfigure, in time, some magnificent marble. A physician, an author, a magistrate, would have predicted a whole drama from the aspect of this sublime horror, the least of whose merit was to resemble the impossible imaginings fantastically drawn by artists at the edges of their lithographic plates, while they are talking to their friends.

On seeing the solicitor, the old man quivered with the convulsive movement such as poets yield to when a sudden knock in the middle of the night destroys a fruitful reverie. The unknown removed his hat quickly, and rose to make his obeisance to the young man; but his wig, having most likely adhered to the greasy leather that lined his hat, remained in it; and the colonel unconsciously exhibited a skull frightfully mutilated. A transverse wound formed a seam, originating with the occiput, and decaying at the right eye. The curls of his wig concealed this ancient wound, by the effect of which the head had been profoundly opened. Neither the solicitor or his clerk felt disposed to laugh, such was the frightful appearance of the split skull: it gave him the air of an executed criminal; for the first thought which the sight of the wound suggested was—There can be no intelligence below that! "If it be not Colonel Chabert, it's a fine old soldier at any rate," thought the principal clerk. "Whom have I the honour to speak to?" inquired M. Derville. "To Colonel Chabert, who was killed at Eylau," answered the old man. On hearing this, the two men of chicane looked at each other, as much as to say—It's a madman. "Sir," resumed the veteran, "it was my wish to confide the secret of my situation to you alone"

The intrepidity of lawyers is a matter worthy of notice. Whether it be referable to the habit of receiving a great number of people, a deep sense of legal protection, or from a confidence in their calling, they, like doctors and priests, venture every where without fear. It is civil courage.

M. Derville made a sign to his clerk, who thereupon retired. "In the day time," observed the lawyer, "I never count the minutes, but in the middle of the night they are precious to me—therefore be brief and concise; I will ask you any explanation that may be necessary upon points that appear obscure. Go on!" The young man, in motioning his singular client to be seated, took his own place at the side of the table, and looked over the titles of some papers while he listened to the colonel's recital; but he shortly abandoned his briefs.

"You may have heard, sir," said the defunct, "that I commanded a regiment of cavalry at Eylau. I contributed in some sort to the success of the charge Murat made on that occasion. This is, unhappily, an historical fact consecrated to the 'Victories and Conquests'—for there my death is fully detailed. We broke the three Russian lines, which formed again, and we were obliged to pass them a second time in the contrary direction. When we had dispersed the Russians, and were returning towards the emperor, I met a party of the enemy's cavalry. I fell upon the rash group, but two officers—two real giants—attacked me together, and split my skull. I fell from my horse—Murat attempted to succour me, and passed over my body with three thousand men. Every little helps! . . . My death was announced to the emperor. From prudence—for he was rather fond of me, the little corporal was—he wished to know whether there was any chance of saving a man to whom he owed the vigorous attack, and he sent two surgeons to look for and bring me to the ambulances, telling them, carelessly perhaps, to—'Go and see if poor Chabert was alive by any chance!' . . .

"But these d—d surgeons, knowing that I had been trampled on by a brigade of cavalry, either did or did not come to feel my pulse; they reported that I was certainly dead, and the certificate of my demise was probably completed according to the established forms of military jurisprudence."

On hearing his client express himself with such perfect lucidity, and narrate facts, strange, to say the least of them, the young lawyer placed his left elbow on the table, rested his head upon his hand, and stared at the colonel:—"Do you know, sir, that I am the solicitor of the Countess Ferraud, widow of Colonel Chabert?"

"My wife! . . . Yes, sir; and after many fruitless attempts with various lawyers, all of whom took me for a madman, I resolved to go to you . . . I will talk about my misfortunes another time . . . Let me establish the facts now, and explain them in the way I have conceived; for I am compelled by circumstances, known only to the Eternal Father, to present some of them as hypotheses. *Probably* then, sir, the wounds which I received produced a *tetanus*, or caused a crisis analogous to the state they call catalepsy: for I was stripped, according to custom, and remained as naked as a worm until the persons charged to bury the dead had covered me like the rest.

"Allow me to notice, in this place, a fact which I could only learn posterior to the event, which must necessarily be called my death At Stuttgart I met an old serjeant of my regiment, the excellent creature who alone would acknowledge me, and of whom I shall have occasion to speak again shortly. He it was who explained the phenomenon of my preservation, in telling me that I had fallen under my horse. At the moment the two Russians bled me, my charger received a cannon shot in his flank, so that the horse and rider fell together, and that from leaning towards one side or the other, I remained undermost and completely covered by the body of the poor beast.

"On coming to myself, sir, I found I was in a situation, and in an atmosphere, of which I should fail to convey a faint idea if I talked about it until to-morrow. The air I breathed was hot and mephitic. I

tried to move, and could find no space. On opening my eyes I saw nothing. The want of air was the dominant reality of which I had a perfect notion: sensible that if I could not get air I should die of suffocation. This thought prevailed over the intense pain that had awakened me . . . My ears tingled violently, and I heard, or thought I heard—for I cannot affirm any thing positively—groans from the mattress of corpses on which I lay.

“Although my memory of these moments is much clouded, and my recollections of them confused, and notwithstanding the impress of sufferings still more profound that I have sustained, to the great confusion of my ideas, there are nights in which I fancy I hear those stifled sighs again. But there was a something yet more horrible than all this—it was a silence such as I have never known since—like that which follows the cessation of an organ—the true silence of the tomb

“At length, by raising my hands and feeling the dead bodies, I ascertained that there was a space between my head and the human dung-hill above it: then I measured the interval that had been left to me by a hazard, of the cause of which I was ignorant. It seems that, thanks to the haste or carelessness with which they had heaped us *pêle mêle*, colonels and private soldiers, two bodies had been crossed over me in a way that formed the same angle that children describe with cards when they build houses with them. Seeking with an indescribable promptitude,—there was no time for groping,—I met with an arm that fortunately was unconnected with any thing else, an arm worthy of an Hercules, a noble bone to which I owed my preservation. Without this unhopèd-for aid I was lost! But with a well conditioned fury I set to disturbing the bodies that separated me from the layer of earth which had doubtless been thrown over us I say over *us*, as if there had been other living things I went on vigorously, and I know not how it was I contrived to penetrate the dome of flesh that formed a barrier between life and me. I had three arms And my lever working somewhat rudely, obtained for me the air which was between the corpses we displaced I economized my inspirations

“At last I saw the day but it was through snow! I then perceived that my head was open; though by good fortune, the wreck of it, together with some fragments of my comrades and those of my horse, had adjoined to it a natural plaster. When my scalp touched the snow, I fainted—yet the heat melted a circular aperture through which I halloed during two hours, immediately I recovered my voice. As soon as I came entirely to myself the sun rose. I raised myself by making with my feet a spring, resting upon the solid remains of others it would have been absurd to respect them at such a moment. In short, sir, there was a woman who had the courage to come and look at my head, which had scarcely grown above the surface more than a mushroom. I had the mortification, if such a word can convey a notion of my rage, to see for a long while—a very long while—the cursed Germans run away on hearing a human voice, and perceiving no one from whom it could have proceeded. I was then delivered from my grave, and carried by the woman and her husband into a wooden hut. It is probable I had another attack of *tetanus*,—excuse this expression, intended to convey a notion of a state I have no idea of, but which, according to my host’s account, must have bordered on catalepsy. During three months I remained struggling between life and death, either not speaking, or speaking deliriously. At last my hosts got me admitted into the hospital of Heilsberg. You will understand, sir, that I came from the bosom of the earth, as naked as at the instant of my birth; so that, ten months afterwards, when I remembered that I was Colonel Chabert, and desired my nurse to treat me with some little respect, all my fellow patients laughed outright. The surgeon had, how-

ever, luckily for me, undertaken my cure ; and, upon hearing me speak consistently of my former existence, he caused the spot from which I had been disinterred to be verified according to the judicial forms established in the country, and further evidence of the hour at which my benefactress and her husband had rescued me ; the nature and position of my wounds, and a description of my person were annexed to the various documents. Unfortunately I have neither of these important papers, nor the declaration I made before a notary of the town just mentioned, with a view to establish my identity. From the day I was turned out of Heilsberg, by the events of war, I have continued to wander about as a vagabond, begging my bread, and being treated as a madman wherever I told my adventure ; and I had not wherewithal to obtain the certificates in proof of my pretensions. Often have I been detained by my sufferings for three months at a time, in some small town, where they afforded succour to the expiring mendicant, but laughed in his face when he gave himself out as the Colonel Chabert. The internal rage to which I was a prey, caused me to be confined at Stuttgart as a madman, and you may judge whether there were not, in my recital, ten thousand reasons for locking a man up ! After being detained two years, I was obliged to submit, having heard my keepers say a thousand times : ‘ Here’s the poor creature who fancies himself Colonel Chabert ! ’ I became convinced of the impossibility of my adventure. I was sad, resigned, tranquil, and I would no longer consent to be Colonel Chabert, in order that I might be released from prison, and see France again—to see Paris ! O sir, it was a delirium . . . ”

At this broken phrase the colonel fell into a profound reverie, of which M. Derville respected the mystery. “ One fine spring morning they let me out with ten dollars, under the plea of my talking very sensibly upon all subjects, and that I no longer pretended to be Colonel Chabert. Indeed at that time, as on some occasions since, my name has sounded very disagreeably to me. I wished not to be myself. If my malady had deprived me of all recollection of my past existence, I should have deemed myself happy ! The consciousness of my rights kills me . . . I would have entered the service again, under some other name ; and who knows but I might have become a field-marshal ? ”

“ Sir,” interrupted the advocate, “ you confuse all my ideas. I fancy I dream when listening to you. Pray let us pause awhile.” “ You are,” said the colonel, with a melancholy air, “ the first person who has listened to me with much patience. You are *not quite* incredulous. . . . Not a lawyer I have spoken to would advance me ten Napoleons to obtain from Germany the documents necessary for the institution of my process.”

“ What process ? ” said the solicitor, who had forgotten every thing.

“ How, sir ! the Countess Ferraud is my wife, and enjoys 30,000 francs a year, which belong to me ! When I talk of this to attorneys, or to reasonable people, and propose to plead against the certificate of my death, a certificate of marriage, and a certificate of baptism . . . they laugh at me. I have been buried under the dead, *now* I am buried under the living—under law papers, under facts, under the whole mass of society, which tries to drive me under ground again. God help me ! ” “ Have the goodness to go on sir, now.” “ Have the goodness ! ” cried the unfortunate veteran, seizing the young man’s hand, “ that is the first word of ——— ”

The colonel wept . . . gratitude stifled his expression. “ Hark ye, sir,” continued the lawyer, “ I have won three hundred francs at play to-night, therefore I can well afford the half of it to make the happiness of a fellow creature. I will take the proper measures for procuring you the documents of which you speak, and until they arrive, I will allow you five francs a day ; if you really are the Colonel Chabert, you will excuse the smallness of the sum, in ascribing it to the mistrust common to lawyers . . . but proceed ! ”

The *soi-disant* colonel remained for an instant motionless and stupified. Extreme misery had destroyed his belief, and if he pursued his name, his fame, or himself, it was in obedience to the inexplicable sentiment that has its germs in every human breast, and to which we owe the researches of alchymists, the passion for glory, the discoveries of astronomy, physics, chemistry. In his own estimation his *ego* was merely a secondary object, in the same manner that vanity and the love of gain are more gratifying to the sporting man, than the amount of the wager won.

The young solicitor's words were therefore like a miracle to a man repulsed during ten years by the whole creation. To find at an attorney's, then, ten pieces of gold that had been refused to him so long, by such a number of persons, and in so many different ways! He was like the lady, who having had a fever during fifteen years, thought herself ill the day she was cured. There are felicities in which one no longer believes; they happen, and they scathe, like lightning.

Thus the poor object had too much gratitude to be able to express any. He would have appeared cold to superficial observers, but Derville discovered a whole probity in this stupor: a rogue would have found a voice. "Where was I?" said the colonel, with the simplicity of a child, or of a soldier; for there is often an infantine simplicity in the true warrior, and a good deal of the soldier in children, especially in France. "At Stuttgard; you were released from prison," answered the solicitor. "You know my wife?" "Yes," said Derville, inclining his head. "How does she look?" "Still very handsome."

The old man made a sign with his hand, and appeared to repress some secret sorrow with the solemn resignation that belongs to men who have undergone the trials of fire and steel upon the field of battle. "Sir," said he, with a sort of gaiety, for the poor colonel felt that he breathed again, that he emerged a second time from the tomb, and had just melted another stratum of snow, less soluble than that of nature: it was like inhaling the air of heaven after breathing that of a dungeon. "If I had been a handsome man, none of my misfortunes would have happened. Women believe people when they cram their sentences with professions of love; and then they trot about, and cabal, and aver, and are in a dozen places at once, playing the devil for one; but I had the face of a *requiem*, I was clothed as the Saviour was sold, and looked more like an Esquimaux than a man; yet I was one of the most celebrated exquisites in 1799! I, Colonel Chabert! At length, sir, the same day that I was turned out into the streets of Stuttgard like a dog, I met the serjeant of whom I have already spoken to you. The name of my brother soldier was Boutin, and, poor devil! he and I made the prettiest pair of broken down hacks one would wish to see. I saw him on the promenade, begging. Though I knew him, he could not guess who I was. We went together to a coffee-shop, and when I named myself, the mouth of Boutin split into a laugh like a bursted mortar. His mirth agonized me, for it showed without disguise the changes that must have taken place in me. In truth, I had more the look of a match vender than of a count of the empire. I found myself unknown before the most humble and the most grateful of my friends. I once saved the life of Boutin, but it was in requital, for I owed him as much. I will not tell you exactly how he rendered me this service. The scene of it lay in Italy, at Ravenna; and the house in which he prevented my being stabbed was not a very decent one; but at that time I was not a colonel, I was a private dragoon, like Boutin himself. Fortunately this event was bound up with details that could only be known to ourselves, and as I mentioned them, his incredulity diminished. I recounted the accidents of my eventful existence, and although he said my voice and my eyes were greatly changed, and I had lost my hair, my eyebrows, and my teeth, besides having become as

white as an Albinos, he ended by finding the colonel in the guise of a mendicant, after a thousand inquiries on his side, to which I replied triumphantly.

"He then narrated his own adventures, which were little less extraordinary than my own. He came from the confines of China, which he had tried to penetrate after escaping from Siberia. From him I learnt the disasters in Russia, and the recent abdication of Napoleon. This latter news it was that grieved me most.

"We were two curious remnants, for we had been rolled about like pebbles on the sea-shore. Being, however, more active than myself, Boutin undertook to go to Paris as quickly as possible, to tell my wife of the state in which I was. I wrote Madame Chabert a long letter, . . it was the fourth, sir! If I had had relations all this would probably have been spared me; but I am a foundling; a soldier with courage for his patrimony, in place of family and connexions—yet with hopes from the world, my country, and my God! Yet stay, I had a father . . . it was the emperor. After all, political events may justify my wife's silence. Boutin set out. He was a lucky fellow, and had two white bears with him, that were admirably drilled, and produced a livelihood . . . but I could not keep up with him . . . my infirmities made a long day's march impossible. After having walked together as long as I could, Boutin and his bears left me, and I believe I wept then. At Carlsruhe I had an attack of inflammation of the brain, and I remained for six weeks upon the straw, in an outhouse of some miserable inn. It would be too tedious to describe all the miseries of my life during its stage of mendicity. Moral sufferings certainly throw the physical ones into the shade, but they excite less compassion than these. I remember weeping at the door of a house in Strasburg, in which I had formerly given a *fête*, but I could not even get a crust of bread there then. Having decided exactly upon the road I should take, in concert with Boutin, I inquired at every post-office I came to, whether there were letters for me, but I arrived in Paris without finding any. I thought that Boutin must be dead; and I afterwards learned, accidentally, that the poor fellow had been killed at Waterloo. His negotiation with my wife had no doubt failed.

"At last I entered Paris, at the same time with the Cossacks, without covering to my feet or money in my pocket, my clothes in tatters; and having been compelled to bivouac in the wood of Claye the night previous to my arrival, I was seized by some kind of malady in crossing the Faubourg St. Martin, fell fainting against the door of an ironmonger, and awaked to consciousness in a bed at the Hotel Dieu. There I passed a tolerably pleasant month, but was soon after discharged. This brought me, without money, in good health upon the *pavé* of Paris; I quickly sought the Rue du Mont Blanc, where my wife should have occupied an hotel of mine, but my hotel was demolished; the speculators had made several new houses out of it. Not knowing that my wife had married M. Ferraud, I could gain no information. Afterwards I went to an old advocate, who had formerly been employed in my affairs, but he had given up his business, and recommended his clients to a young man, from whom I learnt, to my amazement, that letters of administration had been taken out, which was followed by the distribution of my property, the marriage of my wife, and the birth of her two children. When I said I was Colonel Chabert, he laughed at me so unaffectedly, that, recollecting my Stuttgart adventure, and not wishing to renew it at Charenton,* I resolved to act with prudence. Then, sir, having learnt where my wife lived, I directed my steps to her hotel, my heart filled with hope. . . .

* Charenton—the Bedlam and St. Luke's of Paris, from which it is distant two leagues.

Would you believe that I was not received when I gave in an assumed name, and that the door was shut in my face when I thought to be admitted to her on giving my real one?

"I have remained whole nights under the gateway to see the countess return from the theatre or from a ball. My glance penetrated the carriage, which passed like lightning before it, and I could just see the object no longer my own!

"From that day forward I have lived in the thought of vengeance," cried the old man, with a deep voice, and standing in an attitude of determination before M. Derville. "She knows I am alive; she has received two letters from me since my return; her love for me has passed. I both love and detest her. Heartless woman! she owes her fortune, her happiness to me, and *she, she!* has not even sent a five-franc piece by some other hand. But—patience." The old soldier fell into his chair again, while M. Derville remained silently contemplating his client. "The affair is serious," he said at length; "for even assuming the documents that should be at Heilsberg to be authentic, I am not convinced that we shall triumph." "O," muttered the colonel, who raised his head at the same time with an air of pride; "if I am vanquished, I shall know how to die, but—in company." Here the old man seemed to have merged in the being whose eyes sparkled with rage and desire. "It will, perhaps, be necessary to compromise," resumed the attorney. "Compromise!" repeated the colonel; "am I or am I not?" "I hope, sir, you will follow my councils. Your cause shall be my own, and you will soon be satisfied of the interest I take in your situation by an act almost without example in the annals of law practice. Meanwhile, I will give you a line to my notary,* who will pay you fifty francs every ten days, for it is not proper that you should come here for relief. If you are Colonel Chabert, you ought not to be at the mercy of any one. I will give these advances the appearance of a loan."

This latter mark of delicacy drew tears from the veteran.

M. Derville rose abruptly, and withdrew to his cabinet. Perhaps it was unprofessional for a solicitor to appear moved. Returning soon after, he handed an unsealed note to Colonel Chabert, who felt a piece of gold below the paper. "Will you specify the documents, and give me the names of the town and kingdom?"

The soldier dictated the particulars, corrected the orthography of the names of places mentioned, and then taking his hat, fixing his eye on M. Derville, and stretching out to him his other callous hand, he added in an unaffected and simple voice, "In truth, sir, next to him who taught me to write, and after the emperor, you are he to whom I owe the most. . . . You are a gallant fellow."

The solicitor took the colonel's hand, and lighted him down the stairs.

"Boucard!" cried M. Derville, "I have just heard a story that will possibly cost me five-and-twenty louis. If I am robbed, I shall not regret my money; I shall have seen the most accomplished comedian of any age."

As soon as the colonel got into the street and before a lamp, he examined the piece of gold, the first he had seen for nine years. "I shall smoke cigars again," said he.

* Notaries have much more extended functions in France than in England. In addition to the faith given to public acts executed before them, it is usual for people to leave money in their hands, and to negotiate sales and investments through them.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

POOR LAWS FOR IRELAND.

Commons' Report on the State of the Irish Poor. 1830.

His Majesty's Poor Law Commissioners' Report for England. 1833.

Poor Laws for Ireland, a Measure of Justice to England. By MONTGOMERY MARTIN. Parbury and Allen and Co. 1833.

Plan of a Poor Law for Ireland. By P. SCROPE. Ridgway. 1833.

Remarks on Expediency of Poor Rates in Ireland. By G. EVANS, M.P. Ridgway. 1833.

Poor Laws Beneficial to Landed Property in Ireland. By a Land Agent of Thirty Years' Experience in both Countries. Ridgway. 1833.

ARE the Irish never to cease appearing before England but as beggars or barbarians? Are the wheat-fed peasantry of Great Britain to be dragged down to the level of the potatoe-fed population of the sister isle? Are the disciples of Captain "Rock" to extend their devastating principles among the rural peasantry of Albion, and, under the guidance of "Swing," spread terror and desolation through the land? In fine, can two different conditions of the labouring population permanently co-exist between two countries so closely united as England and Ireland, the transit from one island to the other being as *facile* and cheap, as between Berkshire and Middlesex? Such are the first questions which press themselves on our attention when approaching an investigation of the vital question to which this article refers, and which now so necessarily engrosses a large share of public attention. In order to frame a complete and clear exposition of the subject, we must divide it into three sections:—

First,—Does England, as a matter of *justice* and *self-preservation*, require the enactment of an improved system of poor laws for Ireland?

Second,—Have the poor a natural right, as denizens of the soil, to the legislative protection of the state? What would be the result of such in Ireland, and what are the consequences of refusing that protection?

Third,—What is the actual state of the poor laws in England, when well or ill administered, and what are the objections to extending the system to Ireland?

The *first* section unfortunately requires but little argument to prove its truth. The condition of the poor in this country has been for some time deteriorating, wages have been lowered, and employment has daily become more difficult of attainment, while the middle classes of society, on whom the support of the poor principally depends, have been rapidly and progressively dragged down to a level with the poor-rate receiver, by reason of having to support the paupers of the *whole* of the United Kingdom. Every Committee of

Parliament that has examined this painful topic for the last ten years, has acknowledged that the condition of the lower orders of Great Britain will certainly become what that of the population of Ireland is, if the anomalous state of things now existing be not remedied, i. e. the compulsory assessment of provision for the poor in one country, and its absence in the other. Mr. Malthus, in his evidence before the Emigration Committee of 1826, stated, that "the effect of the continued increase of the population of Ireland upon the condition of the labouring population of England would be *most fatal to the happiness* of the working classes in England, as there will be a constant and increasing emigration from Ireland to England, which would necessarily throw a great number of the English labourers upon the poor-rates; inasmuch as if there be a redundancy of labour in any English parish, the presence of Irish labourers universally seeking employment would prevent such English labour from being absorbed, and that no permanent improvement can take place in the English poor, even if a portion of them were removed by emigration, as long as this influx of Irish labourers continued without a check." Do we not see this statement of Mr. Malthus in 1826, now in the course of fulfilment—witness the burnings, machine breaking, threatening letters, and now slow, silent, but deep disorganization, which is sapping the root of every noble and generous principle in a nation whose bold peasantry was once its finest boast?

The Commons' Emigration Report of 1827 says, that the poor of Ireland will shortly fill up every vacuum created by emigration in England or Scotland, and "reduce the labouring classes to an *uniform system of degradation and misery!*" Mr. Strickland, in his evidence before the Commons, July 1828, proved that the number of persons coming over from Ireland to England to obtain work, "has annually increased to an immense extent in the course of the last nine years." And Mr. T. L. Pain, of Cork, officially showed that the mendicity institution of Cork apportion a part of their funds for the purpose of sending the redundant poor labourers to England, agreements being made with the owners of steam-boats to take the paupers to England at reduced prices, and in small gangs of forty at a time, that their numbers might not excite suspicion; "this," says Mr. Pain, "was considered the cheapest mode of disposing of the paupers;" we may add, that it is extensively carried on up to the present moment.

A Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed in 1828, to examine into the subject of Irish and Scotch vagrants, and the following striking passage occurs in their Report:—

"The House will probably admit that there appears but little *equity* in calling upon the depressed population of England to afford to the natives of another part of the empire that relief to which they would not be entitled in Ireland The Committee cannot help expressing their decided conviction, that if the present increasing irruption of the pauper population of Ireland is to continue unchecked, the effects of its operation will inevitably be *to throw upon England, and that at no distant period, the expense of maintaining the paupers of Ireland.*"

It is time, however, that a romantic feeling of generosity, though highly laudable in itself, should give place to the instinctive duty of self-preservation;—a duty which is happily not narrowed by mere selfish views, but which, in its fulfilment, embraces the condition of the poor and destitute in Ireland as well as in England. Scarcely a parish in Great Britain but has felt the lamentable effects of the emigration of the Irish, but those of Middlesex and Lancashire have suffered most severely. In the Report of the Poor Law Commissioners in 1833, (p. 349,) we find it stated, that by means of the facility of steam navigation, masses of misery and wretchedness have been conveyed from Ireland to Liverpool, and to the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, which it is impossible to witness without feelings of compassion; and yet to administer relief indiscriminately, is duly to hold out encouragement to others, and ultimately to increase the evil. It is no exaggeration (says the Report) to say, that of the casual poor who obtain relief, two-thirds are composed of the overwhelming numbers of Irish emigrant paupers, and their wives and children.

In Manchester (says the Commissioner) the number of Irish poor has been increasing of late years, thus—

| | | One week's cases. | |
|------|-----------|-------------------|--------|
| | | English. | Irish. |
| 1827 | | 1821 | 264 |
| 1831 | | 2022 | 554 |

The amount of relief granted to the Irish poor in Manchester, without settlement, was in 1831–32, 3498*l.* 3*s.* 10*d.*! The Commissioners justly observe, that the inroad of Irish pauperism is a grievance likely to continue as long as want of employment and extreme poverty drive the natives of Ireland into a country where those evils exist in a minor degree.

Nor are the foregoing the only deplorable results of one part of the kingdom being under a system of poor laws, and the other devoid of the same—we mean the great expense on the different parishes for passing paupers to Ireland; the expense of two counties are thus given in the Commons' Report of 1828, to show how unequally even here the burthen presses :—

| Counties. | Number of Paupers passed in 1827. | Total passed in the last Five Years. | Total Cost in the Five Years. |
|--------------------|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Buckingham | 4,904 | 14,698 | £ 1,532 |
| Lincoln | 2,336 | 4,562 | 418 |

On the western coast of England the burthen falls still heavier; the number passed through Lancaster in the last five years amounted to 20,214 Irish paupers!

The following abstract is from the Parliamentary Report of 1828.

*Poor Laws for Ireland.**Irish Poor passed through Lancaster.*

| Places whence passed. | 1823 | 1824 | 1825 | 1826 | 1827 | Total. |
|----------------------------------|-------|-------|-------|--------|--------|--------|
| By Lancashire from other places | 1,137 | 2,890 | 3,053 | 7,050 | 6,084 | 20,214 |
| From within the county | 276 | 1,924 | 2,028 | 4,871 | 3,824 | 13,423 |
| From other places | 861 | 966 | 1,225 | 2,269 | 2,260 | 7,581 |
| Totals | 2,274 | 5,780 | 6,306 | 14,100 | 12,168 | 41,218 |

The expense, during the last five years, on the counties which had to transmit these paupers, was 56,120*l*!

Mr. Martin's work (page 9) shows the number of Irish paupers passed from Bristol to Ireland from 1814 to 1821; two periods of two years each will demonstrate the rate at which an expense of 1000*l*. per annum has been entailed on the parishes of Bristol.

Irish Poor passed to Ireland from Bristol.

| | Men and Women. | Children. |
|---------------------------------|----------------|-----------|
| 1814 and 1815 | 736 | 89 |
| 1820 and 1821 | 1,721 | 528 |
| Increase on Two Years | 985 | 439 |

The Commons' Report, on the state of the Irish poor, contains the number of Irish paupers passed from Middlesex and other counties through Liverpool to Ireland. The following is an abstract of the return of Mr. Williams, of the Dublin Steam Packet Company.

| Places. | 1825 | 1826 | 1827 | 1828 | 1829 | Total. |
|-------------------------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|--------|
| From Middlesex | 733 | 1,020 | 1,453 | 1,200 | 1,410 | 5,816 |
| From other Counties | 591 | 1,420 | 794 | 651 | 1,126 | 4,582 |
| | 1,324 | 2,440 | 2,247 | 1,851 | 2,536 | 10,398 |
| From Lancaster | 1,978 | 5,843 | 3,491 | 2,089 | 3,128 | 16,529 |
| Totals | 3,302 | 8,283 | 5,738 | 3,940 | 5,664 | 26,927 |

These indisputable facts (and many more might be added) demonstrate the imperious and urgent necessity of instantly checking this flood of pauperism towards England, either by entirely preventing the emigration of the Irish poor, or by giving them employment in their own country, which the lords of the soil must be compelled to look after; and this consideration brings us to the

Second section—namely, have the poor a natural right to protection from the state, and what would be the result of such protection in Ireland?

The obligation of the rich to provide for the poor is created by the very nature of civil society; every man, as the late Bishop of Cloyne justly remarked, is adopted by compulsion into the society of which his parents were citizens, entitled only to that portion of the public

wealth which accrues to him by inheritance, and precluded from all right of occupancy over any other; consequently, if his parents were so poor as to transmit no patrimony to him, he is born the inhabitant of a land, every spot of which is appropriated to some other person; he cannot seize any animal or vegetable for his food without invading *property* and incurring the penalty of the law; but as existence is the first law of nature, he offers all that his Creator has endowed him with (mental energy and bodily strength) to the hereditary proprietors or possessors of the soil, in exchange for sufficient food and raiment; and the rich (as Sir F. M. Eden clearly proves*) are, in return, bound *in justice* to allow the poor man a share of his earnings, proportioned to the benefit which they derive from his labours, and fully adequate to supply him with the necessaries of life.

If such a duty of the rich towards the poor be denied, it has aptly been asked, why do the rich in every country form themselves into the legislative body, and enact laws which compel the poor man to become a member of their society, but preclude him from any share of the land in which he was born—any use of its fruits, or any dominion over the beasts of the field, on pain of stripes, imprisonment, or death?

“How,” says the Bishop of Cloyne, “can the rich justify their exclusive property in the common heritage of mankind, unless they consent, in return, to provide for *the subsistence of the poor* who were excluded from those common rights by laws of the rich, to which the poor were never parties?”

Poor laws, in fact, are the inevitable consequence of civilization, which is proved by the circumstance of a legislative support for the poor being established in most civilized countries in Europe, in America, and in China, save and except in those nations (Spain and Portugal, and other Catholic countries) where the poor still continue to be supported by the monasteries, in the same manner as they were in England before Henry VIII. suppressed those institutions.

All writers agree as to the deplorable condition which the poor of this country presented during the interval between the confiscation of the monkish property and the 43d Elizabeth; judging from those accounts, and comparing them with the actual condition of the Irish poor at this moment, (Mr. Evans cannot reproach us, as he has done Mr. Scrope, with personal ignorance of Ireland,) the parallel is exact; the country was in a state of transition; an age of barbarism and feudalism was giving place to civilization; a middle order of society sprang into existence, and the last link in the scale was reduced to a keen perception of their situation. Robberies, murders, and incendiarism were spread over the land, and society seemed about to be resolved into its primitive chaos; but, as Mr. Martin proves, the wise and politic Elizabeth, after forty-three years reigning over the kingdom, found all expedients for quieting the country ineffectual, and a legislative provision for the poor was therefore had recourse to. The effect was almost miraculous; crime and turbulence every where decreased; the fermenting state of the community subsided, and

* State of the Poor, vol. i. p. 413.

commercial enterprise and activity spread itself over the land and over the sea, wafting the name and power of England to the remotest shores of the earth. Need we pause to ask whether the condition of these wrecks of human beings who skirt the bogs and coasts of Ireland, are deserving the protection of the state? Are beasts of burthen, and even *feræ naturæ*, under the control of the laws; but man, the noblest of God's creatures, with the countenance of the Omnipotent, and imbued with a portion of the divine essence, is he to be left to perish in the midst of plenty—

“ Unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown ?”

What pictures of misery and crime do the daily Irish Journals present us with! Helpless infancy and robust manhood—the sanguine adult and decrepit aged—the mother and her unweaned young—all cast out into the ditch to perish, or driven to assert their claims to the possession of the vindictive feelings of our natures by crimes, the bare mention of which chills the blood with horror, and freezes the genial current which in general flows around the heart!

What are *les tableaux vivans*, presented by that eminent and patriotic prelate, Dr. Doyle, to the House of Commons? the rapid, the frightful, the appalling, physical as well as moral, degeneration of the poor of his country? “At a period,” says this highly-gifted, but, we lament to say, now care-worn and exhausted pastor,* “within my recollection the labouring men of Ireland were a much more manly, much more strong, much more animated, and altogether a better race of people than they now are. I recollect, when a boy, to have seen them assemble at public sports in thousands, and to have witnessed, on such occasions, exhibitions of strength and activity which I have not witnessed for some years past; for at present the peasantry have not either the power or the disposition to practice those athletic sports and games which were frequent in our country when I was a youth. I now see persons who get married between twenty and thirty years of age; they become poor, weakly, and emaciated in their appearance; and very often if you question a man and ask him what age he is, you find him not passed fifty. We have, in short, a disorganized population, becoming by their poverty more and more immoral, and less and less capable of providing for themselves; and we have, besides that, the frightful, and awful, and terrific exhibition of human life wasted with a rapidity, and to a degree such as is not witnessed in any civilized country upon the face of the earth!” This lamentable fact is proved by Mr. Sadler's figures, but it is denied by a sect of the half-witted political economists in England, who triumphantly point to the increasing population of Ireland. Admirably has Dr. Doyle exposed this fallacy; he says, in his answer to the House of Commons Select Committee, (question 4,529,)—“I do not think that the wasting of population in the manner described is a very considerable check to

* It rejoices us, as a rigid Protestant of the North of Ireland, to have it in our power to bear testimony to the undying and comprehensive charity of this truly catholic Bishop. May the genial air of England's southern coast restore him again to his suffering country, to cheer, adorn, bless, and gladden it with his talents, piety, and unaffected benevolence.

the multiplication of the species, because when a child is taken away, or an old or a young man dies, there is room, as it were, made for another; and as we find that in countries sending their children to form colonies, that such drain, if there be no other check, instead of diminishing, augments the population of the mother country, so, in like manner, that waste of human life which takes place in Ireland, does not retard the multiplication of the people. However, the children begotten by the poor in that state of society to which the question refers, become of an inferior caste, the whole character of the people becomes gradually worse and worse, they *diminish in stature*—they are *enervated in mind*—the whole *energy and character of the people* is gradually deteriorated, till at length you have the inhabitants of one of the finest countries in the world reduced to a state of effeminacy, which makes them little better than the Lazaroni of Naples, or the Hindoos on the coast of Malabar!"

Who desires to deepen the shadows of this true and melancholy picture, the bare idea of which must strike a damp upon the soul of every human being who possesses even the cool reflective mind suited to a statesman? Are the titled aristocracy of the land, the wealthy merchants and bankers, the comfortable farmers, the opulent tradesmen—are they alone to be protected, and the children of poverty and misery to be abandoned to a state of suffering which has no parallel even in the protracted tortures of the infernal inquisition? We shudder at the idea of suffocation in a dungeon at Calcutta of one hundred persons—the poisoning of a few soldiers at Jaffa makes us start with horror—or the destruction of the Turkish prisoners in Syria chills the marrow within us; but in mercy's name, what are these revolting scenes of barbarism and cruelty to the wholesale destruction of our fellow-creatures, mental and bodily, which is going on every day, nay, every hour, every minute in Ireland?

Do those who oppose the introduction of a legislative provision for such unheard of destitution, do they think that the desolation will always be confined *within its present circle*? Fatal delusion! The labouring poor are the base of the social pyramid, which, sapped or undermined, brings toppling down in ruins the whole social edifice, confounding all ranks in one indiscriminate mass, until, from the chaotic elements of spoliation, rapine and murder, a new order of things, with a new order of beings, may arise, beautiful and harmonious as before. Who but a revolutionist can desire to witness such anarchy, when timely measures may avert it? But it may be said that laws should not be made exclusively for the benefit of the poor or the rich. Granted. Can it, however, be said that a law which provides for the comfort of the sick, maimed, and aged, and affords the hardest labour and the barest subsistence for the unemployed poor, while at the same time it secures the peace of the country, the stability of the government, and the security of the wealthy—can such a law be said to be enacted merely for the benefit of the poor? Certainly not; Ireland possesses in a pre-eminent degree the main ingredients of national wealth and social happiness, namely, an exuberantly fertile soil, and a superabundance of active and intelligent labourers, and all these capabilities only require for their extensive developement, internal

peace, and its invariable attendant, capital. There are 17,190,726 acres of land in Ireland, which, yielding on an average so low as 5*l.* worth of produce per acre, (bog land for turf is worth nearly that much,) would give an annual income of 100,000,000*l.* sterling. Let it not be said that a great quantity of this land is *bog*, and therefore useless for agriculture. The scientific Nimmo, who extensively investigated the nature of the soil in Ireland, stated before the Poor Law Committee, that "any species of bog is, by tillage and manure, capable of being converted into soil fit for the support of plants of *every description*, and with due management, perhaps, the most fertile that could be submitted to the operation of the farmer."* (*Vide* Chathross on the Liverpool and Manchester Rail Road.)

Mr. Martin shows that Ireland is capable of supporting in comfort an immense population; he calculates the number of roods of land for each individual, and finds that on the late census of 1832, there are for Leinster, nine; for Ulster, seven; for Munster, nine; and for Connaught, ten. In some counties the proportion of roods of land to each person is very great; thus, in Wicklow there are to *each mouth* (as the Chinese say,) twenty-two roods; in Kildare, fourteen; in the Queen's County, thirteen; in Kerry, sixteen; and in Galway, twelve. If every acre of land requires three persons to cultivate it, (which is not a great allowance,) and there are 17,190,000 acres in Ireland, the *soil alone*, independent of manufactories, mines, or fisheries, is capable of affording food and employment to 51,570,000 people!

To ascribe, therefore, the distress of Ireland merely to a redundant population is a monstrous fallacy. To relieve that distress, no "Coercion Bill"—no curtailment of the Protestant Church—no amendment of the Grand Jury Laws—no modification of the law of tenant and landlord—no absentee tax—no bog enclosure bills—no repeal of the Union will suffice;—the only remedy is the pacification of the country, and the introduction of capital, the identifying the interests of the rich and of the poor, by compelling those who create pauperism to support it. All intended measures for the benefit of Ireland must be subsidiary to a legislative protection for the poor, else they will as signally fail in producing tranquillity as the Roman Catholic Relief Bill. Dr. Doyle truly observes, that a legal assessment, which would take a certain quantity of money from those who now spend it in luxuries or in distant countries, and which would employ that money in the application of labour to land in Ireland, would be productive of the utmost benefit to the country at large, and redound to the advantage of the proprietors themselves; and, that when the proprietors of the soil would be assessed for the relief of the poor, they would be impelled, by a consideration of self-interest, to be watchful over the levies to be made of their property, and over the application of those levies: the necessity of so doing would induce

* Mr. O'Connell deprecates the introduction of poor laws into Ireland, and yet he used the following words recently in the House of Commons:—"Labour has no certainty, nor any reward: it does not get a bounty of 6*d.*, no, nor of 2*d.* a day, out of lands producing 4*l.* an acre on green lands, and sometimes 8*l.* an acre on potatoe lands; and yet this is all that the miserable wretch who cultivates them has to subsist on. These are the evils."—*Mr. O'Connell's Speech, March 5, 1833.*

many of those now absent, and more particularly those of moderate income, to reside in Ireland; by the employment of money thus levied in public works, or by the owners of land in useful improvements, the lands now enclosed would rise very much in value, the quality of the tillage would be considerably improved, that of agricultural produce greatly altered for the better; so that, in fact, every thing which constitutes property in Ireland would gradually become better and more valuable than it now is, or than it ever will be under the present system. Many other benefits might be enumerated, which want of space prevents our dwelling on. We cannot, however, omit observing, that the politician, the Christian, and the philanthropist, are equally called on to unite the Roman Catholic and the Protestant in the holy offices of charity, and to exhort them to join in administering to the necessities of our fellow-creatures, and to forget, in the offices of benevolence, the diversity of creeds.

Such being the want of, and the blessings to be derived from, a system of poor laws in Ireland, we now arrive at the third section, or the objections to their introduction.

The principal objections to the introduction of a system of poor laws into Ireland are based on the supposition, that in England they have materially tended to augment population, to lower wages, and to demoralize the people. In reply to the first allegation, it might be sufficient to observe that Ireland, *without poor laws*, has *doubled its population* in thirty-three years; while England, *with poor laws*, has *not* doubled its population in *one hundred and fifty years*. As to the lowering of wages, it is impossible for human labour to be cheaper in a northern clime than it is in Ireland; (in parishes in England, where the wages of labour have been lowered, it will be shown to be owing to the *abuse*, not to the existence of poor laws;) and as to the demoralization of the people being caused by a legislative protection for the poor, England's peasantry, with her progressive poverty, onerous taxation, and uncertain and severe punishment of crime, has not reached, and we trust never will, the terrible state of demoralization of the sister isle. Fortunately for the cause of truth, the opponents of poor laws for Ireland are totally at variance as to the fundamental evils which they ascribe to them. Mr. Malthus states as his objection, that they "lower the price of labour, encourage marriages, and *increase the labourers*." Lord Kaimes, on the contrary, maintains that they "*depopulate* the country, and raise the price of labour." Mr. McCulloch, after hovering between both assertions for some time, became, as he says, "too much imbued with the opinions of Malthus," and advocated for some time his doctrines; but before the Poor Law Committee of 1825, he candidly observed that he "had looked too exclusively at the operation of the system upon the poor, and did not make sufficient allowance for the *checks* that it naturally brings with it; but that additional study and reflection upon the accounts given by writers and others, thoroughly acquainted with the *practical* operation of the poor laws in England as to their real working and effects, led him to alter his opinion." To come to statistics, however, as a correct mode of arriving at the truth, we find the following table given in by the late Mr. A. Nimmo to parliament, in 1830, which exhibits the striking fact, that notwithstanding

the increasing poverty of the people by means of oppressive taxation, and the abuses in the system, the ratio which the paupers bear to the population has not increased, up to this day, beyond what it was in 1784 or 1688!

Table of Comparative Number of Persons relieved by Poor Rates in England.

| Years. | Relieved in Work-houses. | Out of Work-houses (exclusive of Children.) | Children of Ditto. | Relieved occasionally. | Total Relieved. | Population. | Ratio. |
|--------|--------------------------|---|--------------------|------------------------|-----------------|-------------|--------|
| 1688 | — | — | — | — | 563,964 | 5,300,000 | 9.4 |
| 1766 | — | — | — | — | 695,177 | 7,728,000 | 11.3 |
| 1784 | — | — | — | — | 818,151 | 8,016,000 | 9.8 |
| 1792 | — | — | — | — | 955,326 | 8,695,000 | 9.7 |
| 1801 | — | — | — | — | — | 8,872,980 | — |
| 1803 | 83,468 | 336,199 | 315,150 | 305,899 | 1,040,716 | 9,168,000 | 8.8 |
| 1811 | — | — | — | — | — | 10,791,115 | — |
| 1813 | 97,223 | 434,441 | 400,000 | 440,249 | 1,361,903 | 11,028,425 | 8.0 |
| 1814 | 94,085 | 430,140 | 400,000 | 429,770 | 1,353,995 | 11,147,080 | 8.2 |
| 1815 | 88,116 | 406,887 | 380,000 | 400,971 | 1,275,974 | 11,265,735 | 8.8 |
| 1821 | — | — | — | — | — | 11,977,663 | 9.3 |
| 1831 | — | — | — | — | 1,275,974 | 12,300,000 | 9.6 |

This table is conclusive as to the increase of paupers not being greater in proportion to the population since the introduction of poor laws; and let it be remembered that a great part of the augmentation since 1800 has been owing to the influx of Irish labourers.

We now come to the sums expended for the maintenance of the poor in England and Wales during the last eighteen years, being the only returns before us.

Poor Rates of England.

| | | | |
|---------|-------------|---------|-------------|
| 1812-13 | £6,656,106 | 1821-22 | £6,358,704 |
| 1813-14 | 6,294,581 | 1822-23 | 5,772,962 |
| 1814-15 | 5,418,846 | 1823-24 | 5,736,900 |
| 1815-16 | 5,724,839 | 1824-25 | 5,786,989 |
| 1816-17 | 6,910,925 | 1825-26 | 5,928,505 |
| 1817-18 | 7,870,801 | 1826-27 | 6,441,089 |
| 1818-19 | 7,516,704 | 1827-28 | 6,298,003 |
| 1819-20 | 7,330,254 | 1828-29 | 6,332,411 |
| 1820-21 | 6,959,251 | 1829-30 | 6,829,042 |
| Total | £60,682,307 | Total | £55,484,605 |

Here we see a decrease on the latter five years of nearly 5,000,000*l*. The Committee of 1815 justly observe, that the most rapid increase of expenditure of what are called poor-rates, was under the head of church rate, highway rate, and county rate, being in 1815 no less than one-fourth of the *whole* money raised, and doubling itself more than four times since the year 1776; in proceeding, therefore, to examine whether pauperism, and the sums expended on the poor, have increased in an undue proportion, as respects the income, revenue, and rental of the country, we find in Mr. Martin's work (p. 30) the following table, derived from the documents before parliament, on the subject.

PROPORTION OF REVENUE, RENTAL, and INCOME, to POOR RATES, since 1601.

| Period. | Money expended on the Poor. | Revenue. | Proportion of Revenue to Poor Rate. | Rental. | Proportion of Rental to Poor Rate. | Estimated National Income. | Proportion of Income to Poor Rate. | Exports. | Population. |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|------------|-------------------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------------------|----------------------------|------------------------------------|------------|-------------|
| 1601 | £ 200,000 | £ 600,000 | 3. 0 | — | — | £ — | — | £ — | 3,000,000 |
| Charles II.'s reign ¹ | 716,111 | 1,800,000 | 2. 5 | — | — | — | — | 2,043,443 | 4,000,000 |
| 1668 | 858,055 | 2,001,856 | 2. 3 | — | — | 43,500,000 ² | 50. 6 | 4,086,087 | 5,300,000 |
| Anne's Reign ¹ | 1,000,000 | 5,691,803 | 5. 69 | — | — | — | — | 5,913,357 | 5,475,000 |
| 1750 | 689,971 | — | — | — | — | — | — | 12,599,112 | 6,467,000 |
| 1776 | 1,521,732 | 10,265,405 | 6. 7 | — | — | — | — | 14,755,699 | 7,743,000 |
| 1784 | 1,912,241 | 15,096,112 | 7. 8 | — | — | — | — | 16,300,725 | 8,016,000 |
| 1792 | 2,000,000 | — | — | 16,000,000 | 8. | — | — | — | — |
| 1803 | 4,077,891 | 37,996,088 | 9. 3 | 34,000,000 ² | 8. 5 | 222,000,000 ⁴ | 54. 4 | 34,953,000 | 9,168,000 |
| 1812 | 6,656,005 | — | — | — | — | 360,000,000 ⁴ | 54. 0 | — | — |
| 1814 | 6,129,844 | 69,684,192 | 11. 3 | 51,898,000 ² | 8. 4 | — | — | 56,591,000 | 11,147,080 |
| 1822 | 6,000,000 | 54,000,000 | 9. 0 | 45,000,000 | 7. 5 | 300,000,000 ⁵ | 50. | 56,445,000 | 11,977,663 |

¹ Average of the several estimates collected by Sir T. Eden, vol. i. p. 196, &c.

² Returns of the Property Tax Report.

³ Per Gregory King.

⁴ Per Colquhoun.

⁵ Ditto.

Thus we see, that with increasing sums of money expended on the poor, there were increasing sums of money everywhere else, and pauperism has not, to use Mr. Nimmo's words, augmented faster than any other expenses of the public. It now remains to be shown that the evils ascribed to the poor laws have arisen from mal-administration: this is proved by numerous statements laid before parliament of parishes, where a rigid system of management was put in execution, and attended with the happiest effects. The grand evil has been what is termed the "allowance system," i. e. the unemployed labourer, when driven to seek support from his parish, is compelled by an overseer to work for the neighbouring farmer at a reduced rate of wages; thus not only driving the labourer from the market who has not heretofore resorted to the parish, but also making it the direct interest of the farmer to increase the number of parish workmen, and by so doing, reduce the price of labour to its lowest possible scale. The system adopted in several parishes is, that no able-bodied labourer receive relief except on condition that he reside in the workhouse, and conform to the discipline of the establishment, and no person supported by the poor-rate is permitted on any account to work for private individuals; thus, on a man becoming a pauper, he does not create another pauper by lowering the rate of wages: every additional out-door pauper augmenting the ratio until the whole parish becomes pauperized.

Bare facts are worth a thousand theories, and happily we have abundance to bear us out in the assertion, that where the poor laws have been properly administered, they have been productive of the most beneficial consequences. On an extended scale, we give the following abstract from the Lords' Report for 1831, of the expenditure for the poor in eight northern counties where the baneful system of *making up wages* to the labourers has *not* been adopted, and eight southern counties where it has:—

| GOOD SYSTEM. NORTHERN COUNTIES. | | | BAD SYSTEM. SOUTHERN COUNTIES. | | |
|------------------------------------|---|-------------------|-----------------------------------|---|--------------------|
| Durham | } | Population, | Kent | } | |
| Lincoln | | 2,070,366. | Sussex | | Population, |
| Westmorland | | — | Surrey | | 2,037,693. |
| Cumberland | | — | Oxford | | — |
| Northumberland | } | Poor Rates, | Wilts | } | Poor Rates, |
| York, E. R. | | £754,500. | Berks | | £1,511,699. |
| — N. R. | | — | Norfolk | | — |
| — W. R. | | 6s. 6d. per head. | Dorset | | 16s. 6d. per head. |

Mr. Slaney adds to this important statement, that the condition of the poor in the southern counties, under such an enormous excess of expenditure, is *much worse* than in the northern counties, (witness the burnings, &c. in Kent, Surrey, &c.)

The parish of Maidenhead is a striking instance of the benefits of a rigid management; the able-bodied poor were employed at hard labour by the piece, and received in return the lowest possible rate of sustenance; they were taught to feel that the parish was the *hardest* taskmaster and the *lowest* paymaster; *nothing was given in aid of wages, rent, or rates*; the paupers in the workhouse were

divided into two classes;—first, the idle, vicious, and improvident;—second, the old, infirm, and impotent: the latter had an ample supply of good butcher's meat and other suitable food; the former nothing but bread and cheese; the consequence was, an improvement in everything. During the late disturbances there were no riotings, no threatening letters, no incendiarism; wages were kept up, no redundancy of labour felt, and, above all, the morals of the people improved; the expense of the parish under the *old* and vicious system, and under the new and rigid system, will be thus seen:—

| VICIOUS SYSTEM. | | | RIGID SYSTEM. | | |
|-----------------|--------------|-------------------------------------|---------------|--------------|-------------------------------------|
| Years. | Money spent. | Number of Pecks of Loaves consumed. | Years. | Money spent. | Number of Pecks of Loaves consumed. |
| | £ | | | £ | |
| 1816 | 3,303 | 13,684 | 1824 | 1,907 | 4,329 |
| 1817 | 3,800 | 12,220 | 1825 | 996 | 3,765 |
| 1818 | 3,136 | 13,432 | 1826 | 1,162 | 4,977 |
| 1819 | 3,123 | 15,978 | 1827 | 1,039 | 4,180 |
| 1820 | 2,416 | 11,875 | 1828 | 1,155 | 4,928 |
| 1821 | 2,608 | 16,027 | 1829 | 1,155 | 4,341 |
| Total | 18,386 | 83,216 | Total | 6,604 | 26,430 |

| | MONEY SPENT. | PECKS OF LOAVES. |
|----------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| Vicious system . . . | £18,386 | No. 83,216 |
| Rigid system . . . | 6,604 | 26,430 |
| Saving | £11,782 | No. 56,786 |

Let this table be well reflected on by the opponents of poor laws. In the parish of White Waltham, the results of expenditure, independent of social improvement, has been as follows:

| OLD SYSTEM. | | NEW SYSTEM. | |
|-------------|--------|-------------|------|
| 1816 . . . | £696 | 1824 . . . | £183 |
| 1817 . . . | 525 | 1825 . . . | 130 |
| 1818 . . . | 584 | 1826 . . . | 132 |
| Total . . . | £1,805 | Total . . . | £445 |

A saving on three years of nearly 1400*l*.*

Mr. Day shows the result of the good system in a parish in Sussex, thus—

| OLD SYSTEM. | NEW SYSTEM. |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1823, 24, and 25 . . . £15,101 | 1828, 29, and 30 . . . £9,893. |

A saving in expenditure, on three years, of upwards of 5000*l*., and in addition, a great amelioration in the condition of the labouring class. In the parish of Hatfield, by the new system of sending all to the workhouse, the expenditure was reduced from 1000*l*. to below 300*l*., (Lords, p. 338.) At Southwell, also, the rates were reduced from 12*s*. to 2*s*. in the pound. The High Sheriff of Essex followed Mr. Becher's plan, and reduced the rates from 4*l*. to 2*l*. each person.

In Bingham, Notts, (Commissioners' Report of 1833,) the old and new system stands thus—

* In two years the Editor reduced the poor rates in his own parish from 5*s*. to 2*s*. 3*d*. in the pound, by following up the rigid system.

| OLD SYSTEM. | | NEW SYSTEM. | |
|--------------|--------|--------------|------|
| 1816, 1817 . | £2,437 | 1830, 1831 . | £819 |

A saving in two years of 1,618*l*. The Commissioner reports that the most wonderful change for the better took place in the habits and morals of the people; we refer to the work for the detail of these gratifying facts, (p. 390,) which, with many others, are completely kept back by Mr. Evans and Mr. O'Connell. In St. Werbergh's, Derby, (Commissioners' Report of 1833, p. 189,) under the good system, the rates decreased from 3,500*l*. per annum from 1821 to 1826, down to 1800*l*. per annum from 1826 to 1831, although the population rapidly increased.

In Rugby, Warwickshire, the good effects of the workhouse system are thus seen—

| | | |
|---------------------------|--------|-------------|
| 1819, 1820 . . . | £2,359 | Bad system. |
| 1831, 1832 . . . | 745 | New ditto. |
| Saving on two years . . . | | £1,614 |

In Stratford-upon-Avon, the rates decreased from 1,829*l*. in 1820, to 911*l*. in 1830, wages high and no riots.

In Stanford Rivers, Essex, the rates were reduced from 834*l*. in 1825 to 196*l*. in 1828:—"Labourers improved in their habits and comforts," (Report of 1833, p. 38.) But it is unnecessary to quote any more facts, and space and time press; we must therefore refer to the works quoted, and conclude with the following remarks.*

The objection to a legislative provision for the poor of Ireland, on the ground that it would tend to check the kindlier feelings of our nature, is one of the most flimsy and superficial nature. The English and the Dutch are the oldest nations possessed of poor laws (except China,) but there are no people on the face of the earth more charitable; in general, the benevolence of their hearts far outstrips the ability of their purses, and the English continuing so long voluntarily to support the Irish poor, is a practical refutation to the pseudo-philanthropy of Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Evans. But do not, as philosophically expressed by Dr. Doyle, the feelings of affection whenever displayed, bear always a very intimate proportion to the degree of the distress or misery which excites those feelings? and as at present the sufferings of the poor are intense, it is but reasonable that the feelings of persons witnessing such, should also be very great; but instead of thinking that to be a desirable state for men to live in, the state of society would be much better if exceeding sympathy or excessive feeling were not so frequently called into action; for where the hearts of men are moved greatly even to good, they are liable also to be easily moved to evil, so that the extreme feeling now manifested in Ireland is among the causes why the people have less of a settled character than when society is established on a better frame. Would

* The residence of clergymen, who would do their duty, and, by residing in the parish, be acquainted with the merits of every inhabitant, can never be more strongly enforced than by this article on the poor rates. It is the *abuse* of them which has made them so destructive. Farmers are chosen as overseers, who have quite sufficient to do to look after their own concerns, and frequently, to our knowledge, pay rather than lose their time, or otherwise make the rates a source of advantage. A clergyman, as he has now the money formerly allowed to the poor, ought at least to do his duty. In this respect Church reform is very necessary.—EDITOR.

it not be a great advantage to remove the causes which produce this excess of feeling? Any plan which would give more comfort to the people, would not deaden the feelings, it would only moderate and subject them to the rule of reason.

Under the present unhappy state of things, the burthen of supporting the poor falls exclusively on the middle classes of society, instead of on the rich; there are 500,000 farm-houses in Ireland, and it is calculated that each farmer gives away annually one ton of potatoes, which at 2*l.* per ton, makes a tax on their benevolence and industry to the extent of 1,000,000*l.*; this sum is in its distribution equally injurious to landlord and tenant, for it is capital, and if not thus expended, would be devoted to the improvement of land.

One more observation. Crime and pauperism go hand in hand. Mr. Livingston, the American statesman, justly remarks in his eloquent introduction to the penal code of Louisiana, "Political society owes perfect protection to all its members in their persons, reputation, and property; and it also owes *necessary subsistence* to all who cannot procure it for themselves. Penal laws to suppress offences are the consequences of the first obligation; those for the relief of pauperism are the second; these two are closely connected, and when poverty is relieved and idleness punished, whenever it assumes the garb of necessity, and presses on the fund that is destined for its relief, the property and persons of the more fortunate class will be found to have acquired a security that in the present state of things cannot exist."

Reserving to ourselves another opportunity for detailing the outline of a system of poor laws, we cannot help observing, that those who will not be convinced by the facts which we have developed, of the absolute want of just grounds for resisting the application of a legislative provision for the poor in Ireland, will, we fear, remain impenetrable to any arguments that can be adduced. As the evidence before parliament, quoted by Mr. Montgomery Martin, (p. 41,) fully shews, "we wish to hasten the investment of capital in Ireland, we must produce a better organization of society than exists now, which organization no coercive bill and standing army will effect, and which can only be accomplished by a system of poor laws. In order that men may be encouraged to invest capital, it is necessary that the state of society should be regulated so as to produce more social order than exists now, or than is likely to exist should the present system continue." A wise man viewing the matter as it now stands before the public, would say that the establishment of a compulsory rate would tend to pacify the country—to organize the people—to give security to property—to insure peace and comfort to individuals—to increase and to improve the tillage of land—and to enhance the value of property of every kind. Leave Ireland much longer without poor laws, and England will be reduced to the state in which Ireland now is; an Agrarian law will take place—physical force will be arrayed against property—intelligence will guide the application of that irresistible earthly power—the monarchy, the aristocracy, and constitution will be annihilated, and in its place will be found What? Let those who can penetrate into futurity answer!

CHIT CHAT.

Editor's Room. Editor writing. Enter Captain O'Sullivan and Dr. Punever.

Captain O'Sullivan. The top of the morning to you, Mr. Editor. If you are not over busy we'll just have a little talk. What do you think of the Whigs now?

Editor. I think of them with disgust and abhorrence; but as Buonaparte used to say, "it's their destiny——"

O'S. To what?

Ed. Ruin their country by their folly and imbecility. Would to God their acts were only written in pencil, that a piece of India rubber might efface them all. Unfortunately, they are indelibly in print, to their country's astonishment, and their eternal disgrace.

O'S. Talking about India rubber, you may remember that one of the great financial efforts of the Right Honourable President of the Board of Trade was to reduce the duty on it ninety per cent, because, as he said, we should feel the immense importance of it. Last night I was thinking very deeply on one or two subjects, and after my sixteenth glass of meditation——

Dr. Punever. What the devil's that?

O'S. Brandy and water, to be sure. I never think without it.

Doctor. Instead of thinking deeply, it was drinking deeply.

O'S. It's all the same thing, they go together in rhyme. Think and drink—thought and drought—and they go together in reason also. Don't put me out any more, if you please, Dr. Punever. As I was saying, Mr. Editor, I sketched out on paper what I flatter myself may be of some use to the nation. None of your scheming plans, introduced by theoretical Jackanapes, but as rational and sober as might be expected after so much *meditation*, especially as I formed myself into a committee.

Doctor. How the deuce did you manage that?

Enter Twist, M. P.

Twist. And as I heard you, coming up stairs, I repeat the doctor's question. How did you manage that, Captain O'Sullivan.

O'S. Asy, Mr. Member—I'll explain. I say, I formed myself into a committee for the improvement of affairs in general, by way of narrowing the question as much as possible. That is, myself and my etceteras composed the committee, of which I was the chairman.

Twist. And pray, now that you have explained away the singular, will you favour us with your plural of etceteras?

O'S. With pleasure, Mr. Twist; they were about as queer a set as you have at present in the House of Commons. First and foremost there was the brandy bottle, a very great friend of mine, who generally supports me to the last, and then sometimes when I go too far, plays me a trick, by kicking up my heels, just as we come to an adjournment; then there was the tumbler, a chap I generally have a

good hold of, and who bows to what passes my lips. And then there was the segar, who, though a mighty agreeable fellow, and all on fire when he throws out his rounded periods, it must be acknowledged that his matter will not please you quite so much when you examine it the next morning. And, lastly, there was the water-bottle, who listens with as much patience as the Lord Chancellor to the affidavits, and softens down the vehemence of the brandy-bottle, who expresses himself rather too strongly when left to himself. So you perceive, altogether, there were five of us, and a very competent committee for deciding upon affairs in general.

Twist. How do you prove that, Captain O'Sullivan?

O'S. Why, not to mention the tumbler—who was only called in for the sake of the odd vote—did not we four represent the four elements, and therefore the whole earth, let alone the boroughs and counties of old England? Brandy was fire, water was water, segar was smoke or air, and I myself was earth, acted upon as the earth is by the other elements, and thus made fertile in conception. Now, Mr. Twist, are you satisfied?

Twist. Perfectly; so let's have the resolutions.

O'S. I will directly, Mr. M.P., only you'll observe that I must take my time, as the writing is not quite so legible as I could wish. My eyes generally fail me a little about three o'clock in the morning; no wonder, poor little dears, considering the use that I make of them. Now, then, for the preamble, which always trots before.

First. Whereas it is highly necessary to illuminate the minds of the poorer classes; and whereas our stupid ancestors were so insensible to enlightened and liberal principles, as to allow ploughmen to cultivate the earth without having the slightest notion of cosmography, geography, geology, mineralogy, or even the laws relating to corporeal hereditaments, with which his occupation is so closely connected; and, whereas, even the higher classes were, and still are, so bigotted to old customs, as to persist in the dull, tedious, troublesome, disagreeable method of enlightening the understanding by means of schools, schoolmasters, books, and birch rods; and whereas by the success of the Big Microscope in Bond Street, (and which proves that we swallow whole legions of wild beasts in every drop of water we drink,) it is clearly manifest that there is no light so efficient as that given by hydro-oxygen gas and lime, it is hereby resolved to take steps for establishing an oxy-hydrogenated calcareous society for the speedy and effectual purpose of illuminating the minds of the lower classes by means of hydro-oxygen gas, and for the abolition of schools, schoolmasters, books, and birch rods, and all established customs relating thereto.

What do you think of that resolution, Doctor?

Doctor. You have thrown a *strong light* upon the subject.

Twist. Give me a copy, Captain O'Sullivan; I know William Brougham, and he'll submit it to the Lord Chancellor.

O'S. I'll be hanged if I trust him. A man who will deceive his constituents, will not blush at robbing any man of his resolutions. Now for the second.

Second. Whereas it has been discovered by Joseph Hume, Esq. M.P., after an experience of many years, either that the "tottle of the whole" of the members are too big for the House, or the House too small for the

"tottle of the whole" of the members ; and whereas it has been discovered by the poor law commissioners, and assistant poor law commissioners, that there is a tendency in the natures of young men and young women among the labouring classes to marry, and that such marriages have a tendency to increase population to an indefinite extent ; and whereas it is clear and manifest, that if population continues in this manner to increase, the houses will not be big enough to hold the people, nor the world big enough to hold the houses ; and whereas wonderful discoveries have lately been made in the science of *Caoutchoucology*, by which we have Indian-rubber cloaks, Indian-rubber boots, Indian-rubber shoes, Indian-rubber girths, Indian-rubber balls, and many other Indian-rubber things, "*quæ nunc prescribere longum est*," to say nothing of the *Indian-rubber* discussion now before the House of Commons—it appears to this Society that the cotemporaneous discoveries of Joseph Hume, of the poor law commissioners, and the Caoutchoucologists, evidently show that Nature intended the latter as a remedy for the former—Resolved therefore, that steps be taken to establish a Caoutchouc, Elastic Gum, or Indian-Rubber Society, for the purpose of building a new Indian-rubber House of Commons, that will in future expand according to the swelling imaginations of the honourable members ; also for the purpose of building Indian-rubber cottages for the poorer classes to be stretched in due form of law, as the population shall increase, according to the prophecies of the said poor law commissioners ; and finally, to saturate the world with Indian-rubber, that its surface may extend or contract, according to the provisions of such acts as the legislators may pass for the check or increase of population.

Now, that's what I call a stretch of imagination.

Doctor. An *expansive* idea certainly.

Twist. Give me a copy of that also, Captain O'Sullivan. I know Dr. Bowring, and he shall forward it to Poulett Thomson. He will be delighted with his own foresight in reducing the duty on an article which will be called into such general use.

O'S. I have one little resolution for the benefit of my own country. No one knows what to do with Ireland ; but I'll show you how it will be made peaceable and quiet in no time.

Ed. A difficult question, Captain O'Sullivan.

O'S. Not at all, Mr. Editor, when you think deeply. I was then at my nineteenth glass of meditation.

Third. Whereas the state of Ireland is in the highest degree unsatisfactory to this Society ; and whereas the population consists of a lord lieutenant and other government officers, clergy, landlords, and tenants, Orangemen, Catholics, Whitefeet, and Black-legs, and divers other sorts of men, women, and children ; and whereas they are all either killing each other, or starving to death, or doing other unlawful and disreputable acts ; and whereas lord lieutenants, and other government authorities, are very tyrannical and disagreeable to Mr. O'Connell, and clergymen have been discovered by Lord King to be of no use, and the payment of tithes is very unpleasant to farmers ; and whereas landlords ought to be abolished for grinding their tenants, and tenants ought to be hanged for not *starving quietly* ; and whereas both Catholics and Orangemen are too intolerant and bigoted to live in this liberal age ; and whereas both Black-legs and Whitefeet ought to be instantly annihilated ; and whereas Irishmen in general are only a tax upon Englishmen ;—it is resolved by this Society to adopt measures for the general abolition of all the male inhabitants of Ireland. And whereas there appears

to be a superabundant degree of peace and quiet in New South Wales, for want of a due proportion of the female sex; and it appears that the worthy inhabitants of that colony are anxious to make more noise in the world; and whereas the Irish fair are eminently qualified to assist them in that laudable desire,—it is further resolved that this Society do take steps for transporting the whole of the female population of Ireland to New South Wales. But as it is, nevertheless, the opinion of this Society, that the manufactures and agriculture of Ireland ought not to be discontinued, it is finally resolved to establish a board of commissioners for inquiring into the best method of carrying on the government, manufactures, commerce, and agriculture of Ireland by steam, and that the said commissioners shall be designated “His Majesty’s Commissioners of Irish Steam Inquiry.”

I shall have a *large seal* with those words engraved thereon. Now, you’ll observe, that by getting rid of all the women, there’ll be nothing to fight about, and nothing worth living for, to boot—so the men will all lie down and die peaceably.

Doctor. But it appears to me, that you increase the evil of absenteeism.

O’S. Only turn a curse into a blessing, my dear doctor.

Twist. Give me a copy, and I’ll hand it over to the Secretary for Ireland—Mr. Lyttleton.

O’S. And now you shall have my last, upon the momentous question of the Colonies.

Fourth. Whereas the members of this Society are enthusiastically interested in the welfare of their black brethren in the West Indies, and are clearly and unanimously of opinion, that according to the true intent and meaning of the “rights of persons,” no man ought to be condemned to be continually black, while others enjoy the privilege of being white,—resolved that the Gold Medal of this Society, and a reward of Twenty Guineas be offered for the most effectual bleaching liquid for the purpose of turning the negro population of the West Indies into white persons, which will also have the never-to-be-ceased-to-be-wished-for effect of making them free, by the very laws of the colonists themselves, and that too without compensation.

There you perceive, that as soon as the stuff is invented, there will be no more trouble.

Doctor. No, not after it is invented; but some trouble in finding it out.

Twist. Quite as good as Stanley’s plan, at all events.

O’S. And what is to be done without trouble, Dr. Puneever? Didn’t Mr. Stanley sham the Influenza as soon as he had taken the colonies, on purpose that he might weigh the question? Didn’t he wade through a whole mountain of information, and only bring forth a mouse after all?

Ed. Mr. Stanley has certainly lost his reputation by the unfair and ridiculous measure which he has brought forward. He appears, from close contact, to have caught the Whig epidemic—imbecility.

O’S. Now, Dr. Puneever, can you cure that disease?

Doctor. Many suffer under it, no doubt; but as they never think themselves ill, the faculty have no patients. I wish they did; so *many* patients suffering under an *incurable* disease would make our fortunes.

Twist. But, Captain O'Sullivan, you never told us how the committee broke up.

O'S. Why, I think it was after the twenty-second glass, that we four elements became so jumbled together, that *chaos* came again. I 'woke up the next morning as Adam did at his creation, wondering where the devil I was, and how I came there. Now, doctor, I see you have something to bring forward in that piece of paper you are twisting in your hand.

Doctor. Why, yes, I have a small trifle, if the Editor will please to take my prescription.

Ed. That's as much as to hint that you expect a fee.

Doctor. Allow me to observe, Mr. Editor, that in these cases I only practise as an amateur.

Ed. Your amateur prescribers are generally the most expensive. Whenever a man sinks his demand into "What you please—I leave it entirely to you," I feel sure that he means to cheat me. However, doctor, you'll oblige me by reading it.

Doctor. Captain O'Sullivan, I call it an expostulatory ode to an inveterate smoker; but I mean nothing personal, I assure you.

O'S. I accept your apology, Dr. Punever, and now I'll listen to your ode.

(Dr. Punever reads—)

Expostulatory Ode to an Inveterate Smoker.

Why, Thomas Thompson, do you always spend
Morn, noon, and night in smoke, like Ali Pacha;
Sure Nature never meant you to depend
Like a bad boxer, solely on your BACKER.

Why are you constantly at some Divan,
Lolling with hookah fixed within your gripe, sir?
Is it because you've read in Tooke, that Pan
Enraptured half the muses with his PIPE, sir?

You should have lived some thousand years ago,
When, with a skill that rivall'd Madame Sacchi,
Tall, lusty Bacchanalians in a row,
Danced to the dithyrambic—"IO BACKEY."

Hal Colburn wishes you beyond the line,
And Jerdan swears he'll treat you to a cuffing;
The reason why, perhaps, you can't divine,
I'll tell you then: you've beat them both at PUFFING.!

Yet it affords me happiness to find
That with reforming zeal your bosom burns,
And that like Grey, you dedicate both mind
And money, to securing "PURE RETURNS."

Thus ends my ODE, and happy shall I be,
If, whilst enjoying your segars and soda,
You stumble on these verses, and agree
With George, in dubbing me a PLEASANT ODER.

I trust, Mr. Editor, that it meets your approbation.

Ed. Why, really, Dr. Punever, it has all the merit of that style of

writing; but the public is fastidious, and some people abominate puns; at all events, they are always considered as *gratis* contributions.

O'S. Exactly so, because they're not worth paying for.

Doctor. Captain O'Sullivan, you appear to confound puns with Irish bulls; and allow me to tell you, there is great difference——

O'S. I know that, my little doctor; the first are made unintentionally, and the last by mistake. Don't put yourself in a passion.

Doctor. (*Very angry.*) I do not put myself in a passion, but I do think that, considering—I won't say what,—that I am not fairly treated by you, Mr. Editor, and I wish you a good morning.

[*Exit Punever, in a rage.*]

O'S. Poor little doctor—what a pet he is in! That's a very true proverb—"Little pots boil the soonest." By-the-bye, where is the Don?

Ed. I expect him every minute; I had a letter from him yesterday; he is amusing himself with the St. Simonians.

Twist. Pray, Mr. Editor, what think you of that bill with which Sir A. Agnew wished to cloud with a fanatical gloom, the bright and cheerful day of rest and relaxation, and which the senate house so properly repudiated?

Ed. Simply this—that it is a proof that this island is still to be afflicted with the leprosy of cant and humbug. You cannot force people to be religious by act of parliament.

O'S. That's true, as it is that you may lead a horse to the water, but can't make him drink.

Ed. The bill could not have been effective, nor was it just. It was not just, because it would have legislated for the poor, and curtailed their comforts, leaving the rich man to do as he thought proper. Now, we will just take one single point, and see how it would have operated. The journeymen bakers, in number say a thousand, are obliged to attend the ovens during Sundays, and they request emancipation. At present, allowing fifty dinners to be baked in each oven, there are fifty thousand families who are thus enabled to attend to their religious duties, if they please; but if you prohibit Sunday bakings, the consequence will be, that fifty thousand fires must be lighted and attended to for the cooking of their dinners. One of the family must attend to the cooking, so that fifty thousand persons must remain away from church, that a thousand journeymen bakers may have a holiday.

Twist. Which would not be dedicated to religious duties by the major part of them.

Ed. In all probability not. Among other reforms of the church, I do not know one so necessary as that of the church service. We have not churches sufficient for our population, and the nation is continually put to a heavy expense, when by a slight alteration we should not only have sufficient room for every body, but it would induce many to attend divine service who now do not. The fact is, our service is much too long. It ought not to be considered so, I grant; two hours is but a small portion of time out of a week to dedicate to the offering up of thanks to the Almighty for the benefits we daily receive. But we must take men as they are, and it is a well-known fact that the

majority will not keep up their attention for that space of time. One hour would be quite long enough, and the morning and evening services should be each divided into two. We then should have four services—say one at nine and one at eleven in the morning, one at three and one at five in the afternoon. By thus shortening and multiplying the services instead of multiplying the churches, there would be sufficient room for every one to go to church, and they would be able to select the service which would interfere least with their other necessary arrangements. It is well known that the fervency of our prayers does not depend upon the length of them, and our Saviour, when he condemned the Pharisee, justified the publican who threw himself on his knees and cried, no more than, "God, be merciful to me a sinner."

Twist. I suspect the Pharisees of the present age will decidedly class you among the Publicans.

Ed. They are welcome. God forbid they should class me as one of their own sect. I detest hypocrisy and cant. I never see the giant form and broad brimmed hat of Fowel Buxton, without thinking of the devil.

O'S. A nice broad-shouldered sort of gentleman, and no doubt a very great addition to a love feast.

Enter Mr. Volage.

Vol. Good morning, gentlemen; I have just come from my usual round, of seeing what is worthy of remark; and as usual, dropped into the Adelaide Street Exhibition.

Ed. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon that repository of what is useful and entertaining. Is there any thing new?

Vol. Yes; there are several new inventions; and there is one in your way—a plan for raising foundered vessels. Several naval men were there, and approved of the idea, although objections were started.

Ed. That will always be the case, and the objections, in all probability, if made by naval men, were well founded; but nothing is brought to any degree of perfection at once, and these objections may be overcome.

Vol. That was the general opinion of the officers who were examining it. You have seen Mr. Watson's plan for preventing ships foundering at sea. They were examining that also, and the remark which was made, is in my opinion, just.

Ed. Which was—

Vol. That the government steam-boats should be fitted with the apparatus.

Ed. I agree with them; there are few greater condensations of power than there is in a steam-boat; and I suspect, that should another war break out, they will, to a certain degree, affect our naval warfare. Yet still, how utterly helpless is a steam vessel if any accident happen! Her means of locomotion destroyed, there she is a wreck, and must sink, if a shot strikes her under water, in the spot where she lies.

O'S. Very true. You remember the loss of the Irish steamer the other day? How many poor devils perished! Had Watson's tubes

been supplied to her, she would have floated until they could have been taken off. By-the-bye, might not they also give them to the *ten-gun brigs*; I perceive there is another missing.

Ed. They ought to be called *Peake's Patent Coffins*. That reminds me of Sir H. Hotham's death. How very unexpected—a fine, healthy man, not much above fifty! He was a good officer, and is a loss to the service.

O'S. He was, Mr. Editor; but death has been very busy with our admirals lately, and occasionally snaps up a general or a colonel, as he did my friend Colonel Peebles, the other day.

Ed. Peebles was one of the best-hearted, and most amusing members of our club. How admirably he told a story!

O'S. He was a perfect gentleman, and universal favourite. Peace be with him! By the powers, but Sir James Graham *came* it rather strong the other night in the House of Commons, when he declared that he had not made any officer out of *favour and affection*.

Ed. He did, indeed; but you may say anything about the navy in the House of Commons, without much fear of being contradicted. Sir James Graham, instead of having promoted too many officers, has not promoted half so many as he ought. The error will be discovered when their services are required. It is, however, whispered that there is some plan in agitation by which naval officers may receive some compensation, without adding to the burthens of the country. I have not heard the particulars, but I know that most of the Lords of the Admiralty are in favour of a *naval brevet*.

O'S. It would be an excellent plan. What says Sir James Graham?

Ed. He will not, of course, advise such a step without deliberation; but I have heard it said that he is not adverse to it.

O'S. He is a steady clever man. I wish he had not been crippled in his wishes by his Whig colleagues. Sir James is no Whig in the present sense of the term; he is a liberal man in his opinions, and so he ought to be; but he is not a man who, of his own accord, would bow to a mob or a political union.

Ed. Or a national convention you may say. I hate a Tory, detest a Whig, but, above all, I abhor a *mob*.

Vol. Then pray, Mr. Editor, what do you call yourself?

Ed. A question often put and easily answered. I am a reformer, to preserve the constitution, and not to destroy it; I look to measures and not to men. If the measure is advantageous to the country, I am indifferent whether it be brought forward or advocated by Whig, Tory, or Radical.

Vol. The Whigs have pretty well decided upon some important questions. Witness the Colonies, the Bank Charter——

O'S. Oblige me, Mr. Editor, by explaining that matter of the Bank Charter and return to cash payments; for to tell you the real truth, cash payments bother me not a little, and although I understand nothing about the matter, I am decidedly averse to them when my bills are sent in.

Ed. I have no doubt of it. The argument lies in few words. The return to cash payments increased the value of money, and was therefore an act of fraud and injustice to the majority of the com-

munity, increasing the difficulties of the debtor, the tenant, and the landlord, to the precise extent that money rose in value. A more sweeping act of spoliation was never carried into effect without bloodshed and revolution.

Twist. But will not a return to a paper currency have a similar effect upon those who have lent money and entered into contracts subsequent to the return to cash payments?

Ed. Most assuredly; it would be a second act of spoliation, although not so extensive as the former. It proves the danger of tampering with the currency, and on that account alone I should prefer leaving things as they are, were it not that the interests of the country imperatively demand a more extensive circulating medium.

O'S. Now it appears to me just as easy as possible to settle all this matter. Mr. Peel, you say, has cheated one half of the community; the half to which I have the honour to belong.

Vol. Pray, Captain O'Sullivan, is it as tenant, landlord, or debtor, that you class yourself?

O'S. Why, the truth is, I was just at that moment thinking of my agent's account, where the balance is very much against the ancient house of O'Sullivan, but never mind. As I was saying, Mr. Peel having cheated one half, let Lord Althorp cheat the other half, and the two halves will make one whole act of justice.

Twist. That's a *non sequitur*.

O'S. What ship's that?

Ed. Never mind; only tell us how Lord Althorp is to proceed.

O'S. Why if the fundholders have, by the return to cash payments, gained at the expense of all others, then tax the funds. I see no reason why, as the landowners pay the land tax and poor rates, amounting to millions, that the funds should go scot free.

Ed. I am afraid that your plan would not answer. National credit is of vital importance, and the evils we suffer would not be remedied.

O'S. Then I give it up. Mr. Peel should have remembered the old proverb, "cheating never thrives." A very pretty state of profound peace we are in just now—every man fighting for his bread and butter.

Twist. Do you mean to assert, Mr. Editor, that we should return to our former state of currency?

Ed. No; but to a *limited* currency. There is nothing perfect in this world; and any benefit may, from excess, be turned into an evil. Commerce in general renders the community prosperous, while speculation is the ruin of many; but that is no reason for crippling the commerce of the country. The Bank of England will never be able to supply the wants of the nation. The fact is, that people have strangely misunderstood the real merits of the Bank of England. As a great public reservoir, it is most important and useful to the nation; and by extending or withdrawing its issues, it prevents the fluctuation of the exchanges with foreign countries from being so great as to affect commercial engagements. But as far as credit is concerned, it affords little relief beyond the precincts of the metropolis. It has occasionally been of great service in upholding commercial credit during a panic, I grant; but I do not exactly consider that requiring

a deposit before you advance money, can justly be termed giving credit.

O'S. To be sure not. Why *my uncle* will give as much credit as that any day in the week, and thank you too.

Ed. The other banks in London give much more credit; that is, lend money upon less security, and therefore are more useful. But the banks which really did give *credit*, were the country banks. It is the loss of these issues which the country so deeply feels. They did give real credit; and on the small circumferences of which they were the centre, were the causes of prosperity and wealth. The proprietors of country banks were acquainted with the means, the *character*, and the conduct of every person around them: they were aware if a man was a steady manufacturer or a good farmer, attentive to his business or neglecting it, and leading a wild and dissolute life; and upon this knowledge they acted, and lent their money upon *personal responsibility* and *character* alone. That was giving credit; and many were those whose good character saved them from indigence, from their being assisted under critical circumstances.

Twist. I grant all this: but recollect the consequence of these unlimited issues, when the panic took place.

Ed. Have you read "Quin's Evidence?"

Twist. No.

Ed. Read it, then. It is a most admirable digest, remarkably well got up. You will there find that out of, I believe, two hundred and eighty country banks that failed, the average dividend was seventeen shillings in the pound. Now I grant that, in some few cases, particularly in that of Sir W. Elford's bank at Plymouth, the capital was almost nominal; but, on the whole, this dividend proves that the country banks were actually solvent: for had they been allowed to have wound up their own affairs, it is but fair to presume that they would have paid the twenty shillings. All we require now is, that good security should be given to the amount of two-thirds of their issues, and then the sooner that they re-issue their one pound-notes, the better for the country.

O'S. But I cannot understand why there should be so much difference in the issue of one-pound and five-pound notes. Why cannot they lend money in the five-pound notes which they issue at present?

Ed. A little reflection will point out the reason. A banker's profits are derived from the circulation of his notes—a one-pound note represented a sovereign, and was taken as such; passing from one to another, it might remain out for years without being returned to the bank; but a five-pound note requires to be supported in exchange from one to the other by four sovereigns and odd silver; and is constantly returned to the banker, who is obliged to be ready with five sovereigns to take it up. The obligation of having a large sum of gold in readiness, yet lying idle, diminishes their profits, and prevents them from extending their issues so as to be serviceable, from the dread of not being prepared to meet them.

O'S. Now, Mr. Editor, you have made it all as clear as mud. I'm very obliged to you, and shall be still more so for something to drink, for it was rather a dry subject.

Ed. (*Rings the bell.*) You shall have your choice—sherry, or brandy and water.

Enter Bill.

Ed. Bring some sherry and brandy, with glasses.

O'S. I say, my friend Bill, do you know any thing about the Bank?

Bill. I only know the outside just now, but I hope to know the inside soon.

O'S. What do you mean?

Bill. Hope to be at the storming of it.

O'S. Why you are a Radical, you dog.

Bill. Yes, father brought me up one. [*Exit Bill.*]

Twist. Did you read Peel's speech on the Currency question?

Ed. I did; ingenious, but not convincing. He, what I call blinked the question, and threw dust into the eyes of his opponents. It requires to be a very brave man to acknowledge a political error, but still it must eventually be done.

O'S. And then all will go right again, and I shall have some chance of receiving my rents.

Vol. Rents! Why, Captain O'Sullivan, I understood you just now that you were not a landowner.

O'S. Why, not exactly; but still, although somehow or another the dirty acres round it have parted company, I have the old family castle, which covers a very pretty bit of ground.

Twist. Which of course is let to a very respectable family?

Enter Bill with the needful.

O'S. Can't exactly say that; but at all events I've plenty of tenants. Bill, my boy, I shall have the pleasure of drinking your good health.

Bill. I'd rather drink yours, sir. [*Exit Bill.*]

Vol. But are not your tenants responsible people?

O'S. Why, yes, you may say that, they are so far responsible that they are never at a loss for *gab*. It's all jaw with them, and nothing else. Devil a bit do they ever pay.

Twist. Why don't you seize?

O'S. Because I can't. To tell you the truth, I've been humbugging you. The only tenants of my old castle are jackdaws, and as I can prove no written agreement, I'm afraid I've no resource.

Vol. Except the Irish one—shooting them.

O'S. Mr. Volage, no reflections upon my unfortunate country; there's plenty of shooting going on in this country. Witness the policemen the other day.

Twist. That was stabbing, Captain O'Sullivan.

O'S. All one and the same thing, and I won't retract my words—I say shooting.

Twist. Give us one proof.

O'S. Pray, Mr. Twist, how many people are their every day who shoot London Bridge?

Ed. Really, O'Sullivan, you've a happy knack of getting out of

your scrapes. Pray, Volage, what is there doing in the publishing way? I don't refer to novel writing.

Vol. I was at Murray's yesterday. He has in the press a "Life of Sir John Moore," written, I believe, by Sir John's brother.

Ed. That will be interesting.

Vol. And also a "Life of Crabbe," the part written by his son. In early life Crabbe came up to London in great penury. His sufferings were great, and he kept a journal of his life, which he sent down to his wife. When at the brink of despair, he wrote a letter to Mr. Burke; the beauty of the composition so astonished Burke that he sent for Crabbe, and this letter was the foundation of Crabbe's subsequent good fortune, and the independence which he left to his children.

Ed. I shall be most anxious to see it. I perceive by the newspapers that one of your cloth is in a scrape. A verdict has been given, deciding that Captain Chamier was a partner with Cochrane, the bookseller, who failed last year.

Twist. Do you think he was?

Ed. I am positive that he was not, although, at one time, he had an idea of it; but very slight evidence is required to prove partnership, and it appears that the jury considered that Captain Chamier had identified himself with the concern. I am very sorry for it, knowing as I do the characters of all the parties.

O'S. If such slight evidence is necessary, I wish you would inform me how I can prove myself a partner in Coutts's banking-house?

Twist. The *onus probandi* lies with the other parties.

O'S. That's another three-decker of yours, Mr. Twist. Pray, Mr. Editor, when will it be convenient for you to receive half a dozen of us to *haul the maintop bowling*?

Ed. Any evening you please.

THE WIDOW'S RESOLUTION.

"The prose of her practice accords not with the poetry of her profession."
C. LAMB, Esq.

DEAR friend, to oblige *you* alone,
I have cast off my sable array,
My weeds have quite dear to me grown,
I have worn them a year and a day;
You have decked me in satin and gold,
But your labour is really in vain,
For you oft by myself have been told,
That I never shall marry again!

It befits not a mourner to wear
This hat, looped with feathers and pearls,
(Though I own I am pleased that my hair
Has not *quite* forgotten its curls.)
There is style in this robe I confess,
But I wish it were somewhat more plain;
What to me are the follies of dress?
I'm resolv'd not to marry again!

The Widow's Resolution.

I've received fifty cards at the least,
 The season begins to be gay,
 How lucky the dear, dear deceased
 Went off in the middle of May!
 'Twas just like him—how long will my mind
 His considerate kindness retain;
 Oh! why did he leave me behind?
 I'm resolved not to marry again!

Is the Opera filled? can it boast
 That with stars it is thickly beset?
 Whose cadence enraptures the most?
 And whose is the best pirouette?
 May I hope Taglioni to see,
 Or does wedlock her boundings restrain?
 But alas! what is wedlock to me?
 I'm resolved not to marry again!

Some belles must have faded, I fear——
 Have new ones appear'd in their room?
 Don't you think that this last quiet year
 Has done much for *my* plumpness and bloom?
 Oh! how my return will annoy
 My rival, that prim Lady Jane;
 Poor thing! she will welcome with joy,
 My resolve not to marry again.

Do the beaux whom my eyes used to pierce,
 Remember, and talk of me oft?
 Are the Colonel's mustachios as fierce,
 And the smiles of the Viscount as soft?
 Does Lord William, my pet cavalier,
 Expect me with joy or with pain?
 Does he mention with hope or with fear,
 The chance of my wedding again?

Hark, the carriage has come to the door,
 Now remember, I deem it but right
 To insist you'll not take me to more
 Than *two* quiet parties to night:
 I have really no spirits to roam,
 You'll a sombre companion obtain,
 But take notice, *you* forc'd me from home,—
 I intend not to marry again!

To-morrow, precisely at four,
 Pray call at my house without fail,
 I'll drive in the Park for an hour,
 Wrapt up in a Chantilly veil;
 It is painful to quit my retreat,
 But a dignified grief I'll maintain;
 And though thousands should die at my feet,
 I'm resolved not to marry again!

M. A.

THE SPANISH BARBER.¹

BY DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA.

CHAPTER III.

Rosita's Death—Inheritance—Projects—A Friend—Departure from Xerez—A Lesson in the most important Science—My horror—Arrival at Seville—Musings at a Church Door—The Mendicants—My first Master—Description of his Residence and Character—My first feat as a Barber—Shaving for the love of God—Temple of Famine—Mortality of Birds—My Discontent, and new Plans—A Sally—Mendrugo's rage—Picturesque group.

"I HAVE now, Don Felix, to relate a melancholy event; one, indeed, that affected me most deeply at the time, and of which I still preserve a mournful impression."

"And what may that be?"

"The death of my beloved mother. Alas! the last stage of poor Rosita's earthly career was strikingly contrasted with her splendid entry into the world. In the spring of life she had been a fondly-cherished flower—how bleak—how dreary—how full of neglect the autumn! She who had been the envy of her sex and the admiration of the men, died neglected, abandoned by the whole world, save—her son, the only being who clung to her till she breathed her last; and this being, this fond son, was the more tenderly attached to his mother, because he hated the tyrannical and repulsive author of his days. The conduct of Father Gregorio Cascabel on this afflicting occasion was truly disgusting. During my poor mother's illness he offered her no further comforts than perplexing and frightening her weak mind with awful images of a vindictive Providence, and urging her, in no kind terms, to repent sincerely for the sins and irregularities of her life. Sins, indeed, the most unpardonable of which were those in which the reverend bore the principal part. The last portion of my mother's existence was very wretched; she had grown too zealous a devotee to enjoy any tranquillity of mind; besides, the far more extolled and acceptable piety of the baker's widow contributed also to embitter poor Rosita's disposition, and destroy her happiness. Stretched sorrowfully on the bed of sickness, and feeling a presentiment of her approaching end, she called me one morning to her bedside, and in a tone of voice, weakened by disease and pain, she addressed me in the following words:—'My dear Gil, I feel that the hand of death is upon me. I have but few days, alas! perhaps hours, to linger in this world, and put a term to a career, which with shame and remorse I confess has been one of much guilt and unprofitable folly. My poor son, you yourself are the offspring of sin, and the idea that in the days of trial and distress which must encompass your life, you will heap reproaches, perhaps pronounce a curse, on thy unfortunate mother, is one of the severest retributions of my offence, as well as the

¹ Continued from p. 55.

most corroding pangs of my last moments. O my child ! do not, treat too harshly the memory of thy mother ; recollect that in the midst of her faults, she loved you with all the fondness of which a mother's heart is capable.'

" I endeavoured to soothe my dying parent with all the endearing words which filial tenderness could suggest. She acquired a sufficient composure to proceed, and then reverted to a topic which was not devoid of interest. I was never of a mercenary disposition, but still, without feeling any great attachment to money, I apprehend one is seldom displeased to receive it.

" ' My dear child,' resumed my mother, " had I been more provident I might leave you sheltered from want, and, consequently, the difficulties, sorrow, vexation, and, alas ! often guilt, which it necessarily entails. But I will not trouble you now with words of unavailing regret ; take this key, and in yonder trunk you will perceive a small box ; it contains three thousand *reales*—a small legacy, but still it will serve you for the present, and enable you with greater ease to make a future provision for life.'

" My mother gave me the key, and insisted on my getting possession of the money immediately. In this, indeed, she showed not only her affection, but much prudence, as it was more than probable that were I to neglect her instructions, another far more active and grasping personage would take possession of my inheritance. My mother gave me also a valuable ring and an embroidered kerchief, the gifts of her first lover, the Marquis, and the only remains of her former finery which had escaped the vigilance of her two most grasping friends, the captain of banditti and the very reverend Father Gregorio Cascabel, my honoured sire. But to return to my poor mother ; she expired on the following day, affording every symptom of repentance and contrition. Her fervent prayers, and those of her disconsolate son could not, I am sure, be unheard at the court of mercy. I felt inconsolable for the loss of my mother : alas ! she was the only mortal being who had evinced any affection for me. Accustomed to blows, ill-usage, and contempt from my earliest infancy, it was not strange that my heart should revert with redoubled fondness towards my only friend and protector. When, therefore, she descended into the tomb, I felt an isolation of soul, which it would be impossible to describe. It would have been not merely foolish, but wrong to yield myself up to unreasonable sorrow and unavailing despair, the necessity for exertion came fortunately to divert my mind from its present sombre mood. As soon as I had paid the last mournful duties to my mother's mortal remains, I called my thoughts to council as to my future plans of life. The sum of three thousand *reales* I considered vast wealth, and no wonder ; until now I never had owned greater riches than a few copper coins. I was not a little perplexed what use to make of my money, so as to turn it to the best advantage."

" Ah ! Master Gil, you began to feel anxiety, the curse of worldly riches."

" I did, Don Felix ; and the worst of it was that I had not a friend on earth to apply to for advice."

"Why not consult Father Gregorio—ha! ha! ha!—he would have eased you of your cares?"

"Yes, sir; but I was not anxious to forego *those cares*. But now listen to what follows. I was wrong in supposing that I had no friend in the world—I had a true one, in the person of a nobleman's *valet*, a shrewd young fellow, my senior by some half-dozen years; this friend, Paco Zurdo, was now out of employment, having lately quitted his master's service. Public rumour would have it that he had been dismissed because he could not satisfactorily account for the *absence* of certain silver spoons; but Paco swore by his conscience that he had left himself, *propio motu*, the nobleman's house, because certain services were required of him with which his honesty and feelings could not conform. Simply, his master, a married man, wanted to make him subservient to his love intrigues, and he scorned to be the pimp of any man, noble, gentle, or plebeian."

"Fine sentiments these, eh?"

"Very fine. O Señor, Paco Zurdo had a most persuasive tongue, as the sequel will demonstrate. He found little difficulty in persuading me that his version of the story was the true one. I admired his noble notions, and found myself insensibly attached to him. The possession of too kind and easy a temper has been the bane of my life: alas! this defect has been roughly cured by the lessons of the world; but is it not a melancholy fact, that the experience of others should never be of the least benefit when applied to our own individual cases? I should like some one to explain what is the use of all that has been said and written concerning the snares of the world, and the wickedness of man—who was ever in the smallest degree illumined, or convinced, until he had received a few knocks on his own skull! But, perchance this moralizing fatigues you?"

"Rather, Master Barber, for I am anxious to learn the results of your predilection for the worthy valet, Paco Zurdo."

"Well, sir; this Paco won gradually my confidence; he was really my friend; I could perceive it in his words, his looks, his acts. In one or two quarrels he magnanimously took my defence, and on a certain occasion he thrashed vigorously a tall strapping muleteer, who had taken a singular fancy to tweak me by the nose. By such kind offices he acquired a great ascendancy over my mind, and I thought he was the very man I should consult in any case of difficulty. I acquainted him accordingly with the amount of my inheritance, and the perplexity in which I found myself as to the use to be made of my wealth.

"'Three thousand *reales*!' exclaimed Paco, crossing himself; 'three thousand *reales*. *Valgame Dios!* Why, Gil, you are a rich man.'

"'So I think,' said I complacently, and swelling myself into importance; 'three thousand *reales* is no trifle; and yet my mother was mortified she could bequeath me no more.'

"'And you have not yet determined with respect to your future plans?'

"'No; I want your advice on this important subject.'

most corroding pangs of my last moments. O my child ! do not, treat too harshly the memory of thy mother ; recollect that in the midst of her faults, she loved you with all the fondness of which a mother's heart is capable.'

" I endeavoured to soothe my dying parent with all the endearing words which filial tenderness could suggest. She acquired a sufficient composure to proceed, and then reverted to a topic which was not devoid of interest. I was never of a mercenary disposition, but still, without feeling any great attachment to money, I apprehend one is seldom displeased to receive it.

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"'And you have not yet determined with respect to your future plans?'

"'No; I want your advice on this important subject.'

" ' You don't intend to remain in Xerez ?' "

" ' I can't say there is any thing to induce me to stay in such a place, certainly, no family considerations ought to detain me. Besides, like a dutiful son, from mere respect to my father, I wish to keep at a considerable distance from him.' "

" ' Most prudently resolved,' said Paco ; ' God knows what might become of the three thousand *reales* if he came to know of their existence. Alas ! my good Gil, you are not yet acquainted with the snares of the world. No sooner is a poor kind soul in possession of money than a thousand plots are laid against him by crafty and designing men. Yes, yes, you must quit Xerez by all means, and proceed forthwith to Seville, where there are a thousand resources for a fellow who possesses any money. I have a scheme myself, which will render us comfortable and independent, in the course of a few years. I have a thousand *reales*, and, moreover, an uncle who lives in Seville, would not scruple to advance me two thousand more if he found I wished to employ them in a respectable and profitable manner. Now, listen—supposing we should make a common fund with *these* six thousand *reales*, and open a shop ?' "

" I liked the idea, and agreed to the proposal. The next difficulty was, to what branch of trade we should dedicate ourselves. A public-house, although a thriving concern, we discarded, on account of the broils which it engenders, and the indifferent characters by which such a place is often frequented. Here the moral notions of Paco Zurdo became strikingly displayed. After much consultation, we determined on a grocer's shop, and full of this plan we resolved to set out for Seville the very next day. We did so with light hearts, and minds teeming with golden visions of future prosperity. Men of our importance could not travel on foot, and, accordingly, we had made an arrangement with some muleteers who were carrying some bales of goods from Xerez to Seville. How my heart expanded as we proceeded on our journey ! No conqueror, borne in a triumphant procession, could feel more proud and elated than I, seated on the crupper of a lame mule ; the martial strains of clarions and of drums could not produce a more exhilarating effect on a towering and ambitious mind, than did the tingling of the muleteers' bells on my young aspiring soul.

" Well, sir, the day passed off most agreeably ; night followed of course—a beautiful night, but I will spare you the description. We arrived at a *meson* on the road ; a copious, if not a delicate supper was served ; an excellent appetite made us consider the viands, and a bottle of bad wine, as a repast fit for the Archbishop of Toledo.

" ' Well, Gil, you feel happy my boy ?' quoth Paco.

" ' Very much so, indeed. I am forming a thousand golden plans of future greatness.' "

" ' *Vaga !* ' answered he, with a good-natured smile, ' and well you may, for before much time has elapsed you will see what an industrious associate you have in your kind friend Paco.' "

" ' I rely greatly on your talents and experience of the world. I'm confident I shall learn much useful knowledge from you.' "

" ' Rely upon that,' returned Paco, with his seraphic smile. ' I

trust you will not easily forget my lessons; they will be of great utility for the management of your future career.'

"Benevolent, profound, and philosophic Paco! Friend, whose transcendent merits I shall never sufficiently extol, how anxious must you have felt for my improvement, when you resolved to give me a first and most important lesson at the very outset of my career in life. Oh! I shall never forget your solicitude for my instruction, and I will repay your benefits whenever the occasion may offer. After this touching apostrophe, no doubt, Don Felix, you expect some affecting example of friendship, and well you may. Paco had often told me to distrust mankind, to be excessively cautious, and to beware specially of men who were too prodigal in the use of fair words and professions. To demonstrate how sincere and just were his statements, Paco set immediately to corroborate the truth of the precept by the force of fact. I went to bed, slept, and dreamt of a shop—a plentiful stock of grocery—immense consumption—flourishing trade and enormous profits. I awoke, and wished to tell my dream to my friend; but, alas! there was *no* friend to listen to the interesting narrative! Paco! Paco! where are you? 'Paco! Paco!' echo replied; but I did not want such an officious interference on its part. I wished my friend to answer. 'Where is Paco?' demanded I of a muleteer?

" 'I don't know,' said he calmly.

" 'Where is Paco?' asked I in a more earnest tone of a second muleteer.

" 'How should I know?' answered the second muleteer, with a provoking grin; 'do you suppose I've got him in my pocket?'

"The word *pocket* acted as a powerful spell; it drew my fingers instinctively to mine own. *Virgen Santissima!* Can this be possible? the three thousand *reales* were gone! I remained for a moment lost in a sort of stupified amazement! a cold, harrowing thrill of horror pervaded all my frame. A few seconds passed in mute deadly suspense; these seconds were followed by a tremendous explosion of agony—'Where are my three thousand *reales*?' exclaimed I, in all the bitterness of my despair.

"The muleteers gazed on me calmly, and then laughed in a most uncharitable manner. I suppose my performance of grief and despair must have been unique, since it afforded the spectators so much amusement. One of them, after a prolonged indulgence of heartfelt, expansive, and boisterous merriment, exclaimed—

" '*Pobrecito! que poco sabe de mundo!*'*

" 'He'll know better as he goes on,' said another.

" 'This lesson will do him good,' observed a third.

" 'Do me good, *senores*, how can that be? am I not a ruined man? Oh! my three thousand *reales*! Who would suspect my friend Paco of such baseness?'

" 'I could,' returned quickly a muleteer.

" 'And so could I,' added a second muleteer.

" 'I saw it from the first,' said a third; 'there could be no mistaking the man and his designs.'

* Poor youngster, how little he knows of life!

“ ‘Then why not put me on my guard?’ exclaimed I bitterly.

“ ‘It was nothing to us,’ answered the last speaker; ‘you should have kept a strict watch on every one’s fingers.’

“The word *fingers* acted as a second powerful spell. It drew my eyes instinctively to my hand. Oh! horror! the ring—the precious ring! my dear mother’s dear ring! the ring given by the young marquis, by her first and truest love. Alas! the precious gage was also missing. This second act of the drama afforded as much merriment as the first.”

“Ha! ha! Well, Gil,” interposed Don Felix, “I fancy that the embroidered handkerchief was also gone.”

“No, Señor, there you are out. By what miraculous process this precious article escaped the fate of my other riches, I cannot tell; except that the benevolent Paco had forgotten the existence of such a superb handkerchief. The possession of this valuable and beloved token afforded some consolation in the midst of my distress. I pressed the handsome *tissue* to my heart, and bestowed a fervent kiss on its gorgeous surface—this part of my performance entertained the muleteers in an equal degree with the former. But notwithstanding their laughing, the muleteers I found were not deficient in compassion, for they charitably offered to take me *gratis* to Seville, provided I signed a paper acknowledging the debt, and promising to discharge it with the first money that should come into my power. This was but just; I signed the paper, and we continued our journey to Seville, where we arrived without any further mishap.”

“Bless me!” exclaimed Don Felix, in surprise, “how did you contrive to preserve the dear handkerchief from the fate of the ring and the three thousand reales?”

“Ay! simply by not sleeping a wink, but walking to and fro by the light of the moon, in a very romantic lover-like manner. Well, sir, we arrived at Seville—that eighth wonder of the world, as it is called; and I then agreed to the saying—

“Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
No ha visto maravilla.”*

My eyes gazed in amazement, and in the fulness of my admiration I almost forgot the state of destitution to which I had been reduced by my treacherous friend. We entered by the gate of Carmona, and the muleteer put up at a Meson in the Calle of —; there the journey, our companionship, and their charity were to end.

“ ‘What am I to do now!’ exclaimed I, with a most piteous accent.

“ ‘You must trust to Providence,’ said a muleteer.

“I did not consider the scheme altogether efficient for the procuring me the necessaries of life; but the generous donor of the advice added another favour more substantial, in the shape of *dos reales*.† ‘Take this,’ said he, in a benevolent tone of voice; ‘it will

* “He who hath not seen Seville,
Hath not seen a wonder.”

† A coin of the value of about five-pence.

serve to support you in a princely style for a couple of days, and in the meantime you can do something to help yourself.

"I bestowed a heartfelt blessing on my benefactor, and we separated. And here I might launch into a copious train of reflections on the peculiar misery of my situation, were I not afraid of trespassing on your patience. Here was I, in Seville, a solitary outcast, without one single friend in the world, and wishing, as a supreme blessing, to forget the very existence of the author of my days! I wandered disconsolate through the crowded streets of the flourishing city, till, worn out with fatigue, I sat down on the steps of the porch of the convent of St. Francis; there I held a serious consultation with my own thoughts, as to the manner in which I was to provide for my future existence. I was the owner of *two reales*, and a superb handkerchief, 'tis true; but on the latter I had resolved not to lay a profane hand, until compelled by the most direful necessity—nay, actual starvation; for indeed, Don Felix, I had loved my poor mother sincerely, and was anxious to preserve a token that would bring her constantly to my memory; and yet I was obliged to adopt some immediate plan, for the *two reales* of the benevolent muleteer would only afford me lodging and supper for one night, notwithstanding the opinion of the giver that the sum would keep me in a princely style for a couple of days. In this perplexing mood, I perceived that the pious Christians of the good city of Seville were coming out of church, where a *novena** was then being performed. I examined with a curious eye and an observant spirit, the faithful as they issued from the church, humming and murmuring like so many drones from a bee-hive. I don't know, Don Felix, how far you will think the simile poetical and just; but the latter I'm sure it is, to a certain degree, when I tell you that not a few clergymen, pensioners, and *cofrades* were included in the number. Women are more prone to devotion than men; at least so I should conclude from the majority of numbers which female devotees generally exhibit at all religious assemblages. Well, sir, the *beatas* edified me exceedingly—how enrapt in mental prayer did the good souls appear! with what fervour of devotion did the enormous *rosary* shake in their devout fingers! then the humble, ascetic, severe, penitent, serene, austere, collected, impressive, and seraphic expression of their countenances—for piety assumes an extraordinary variety of character. Oh! I felt much refreshed by the sight! And now about a score of mendicants, who lined both sides of the church door, sent forth a very lugubrious concert in sundry tones of alms-demanding; a score of shabby, greasy remnants of hats were held out to receive the pious donations, and a score of lean, hungry, dirty, miserable-looking dogs fixed their piteous looks on the pious, to second the supplicating eloquence of their masters. *Quartos* and *ochavos*† fell gradually into one or other of the shabby receptacles for alms, a '*Dios se lo pague*,' pronounced in a drowsy melancholy tone, would acknowledge the gift, and an almost undistinguished growl from

* Prayers addressed to the Virgin, or a saint, regularly for the space of nine days.

† Small copper coins: a *quarto* about half a farthing, an *ochavo* the fourth of a farthing.

one of the lean dogs would bear witness to the charity. But I will not, Don Felix, expatiate at present on the subject, as I shall have again to describe such pictures, in the course of my adventurous and eventful career. As I had been thinking on the choice of a profession, an idea flashed across my mind whether I should not act prudently in adopting that of a mendicant. I considered the pursuit rather a tranquil and easy one; but then I was uncertain of possessing the requisites for following such an avocation with success. My clothes were yet too good—so was my hat; my looks were full of animation and life—I possessed a most provoking expression of health and activity—then I was so young, and apparently so well adapted for work—besides I was totally ignorant of the very first rudiments in the art of begging—I had not the requisite nasal twang which study and practice alone could bestow—I was also deficient in the eloquence of pious exclamation, ejaculation, and interjection. The long catalogue of devotional phrases—the devout modulation of voice—the pathetic apostrophe—the turning of the eye—the humble looks—the eager clasping of hands—with the long *etcetera* of this arduous science, had never formed part of my education; consequently a moment's reflection told me I was totally unfit (at least for the present) to embrace the career of an accomplished pauper.

“Whilst I was gazing on all that passed, a tall, meagre, elderly man approached, and fixed a look upon me. ‘What, are you a mendicant, too?’ said he, in a morose tone of voice. ‘Are you not ashamed to beg?—a strong-looking youth! *Valgame Dios!*’

“‘Sir,’ interposed I, indignantly, ‘you are mistaken; I am not a pauper.’

“‘Why don’t you endeavour to get an honest livelihood by industry and labour.’

“‘I wish I could. The happiness of my life would be to help myself by honest and industrious means.’

“‘Ah! and what can you do?’

“‘Anything you please.’

“‘That is a vague answer,’ quoth the stranger, shaking his head. ‘Every thing is—nothing.’

“I did not comprehend the solidity of this latter piece of logic. After a pause, he continued. ‘What have you been accustomed to do hitherto, boy?’

“‘Go on errands—sweep a sacristy—serve mass—draw water from a well—clean knives—sing the litanies—light the tapers—dust the altars—put holy water into the basin—help to dress the holy Virgin—wash the convent dog—carry the basket for the blessed souls in purgatory—and receive beatings.’

“My questioner exhibited a serious face and a puzzled look, as I enumerated the list of my accomplishments; he seemed evidently surprised, but yet my multifarious merits did not appear to suit him, for after a moment's reflection, he demanded, ‘And pray have you never been employed in anything else?’

“‘Oh yes, sir,’ answered I, quickly. ‘I was once called to personate the guardian angel in the procession of Maundy Thursday; but my performance must have been inefficient, as it procured me the

most unmerciful thrashing with which my carcass has yet been made acquainted.'

"Whether my vivacity of tone and manner pleased the stranger, or whether it were mere necessity that prompted his determination, he offered me a situation in his establishment. 'Will you follow me to my house?'

" 'I will, *Senor*, with pleasure.'

" 'Can you be faithful?'

" 'Si, *Senor*.'

" 'I shall require very little of you, and you will lead a very pleasant life; indeed, it will be your own fault if you are not happy. Come along.'

"I obeyed, and followed the stranger. What a fortunate youth was I to have found employment so soon! One thing alone displeased me, that was the external appearance of my new master. His thin, skinny, cadaverous aspect—his sunken eye—and his more than ordinarily shabby attire, gave no favourable indication of wealth and comfort. We at length arrived at his residence. I had not been mistaken in my unpleasant forebodings. His shop—for my new master kept one—was situated in a retired, poor, and dirty street in the *Barrio de Triana*, which, as you know, Don Felix, is not the most creditable parish in Seville, either for the rank, wealth, or respectability of its inhabitants. One half of a tin shaver's basin, hung out from a crooked red stick, gave at once the signal for stopping and of acquainting me with the pursuits of my master. He was indeed a barber; but alas! not a barber such as my imagination had conceived. Where was the gaiety, whim, and pleasantry which I had connected with the tonsorial profession?—where was the anecdote, the joyous laugh, the light guitar! Ah! *Senor*, Anton Mendrugo, was the very antipodes of a regular thorough-bred and accomplished barber. His appearance, austere looks, and stiff lugubrious deportment, would have befitted him much better for acting as a familiar of the holy office. I entered the narrow and filthy shop—my heart fell within me; awful symptoms of want and wretchedness struck most unpleasantly my eyes. Two invalid wooden chairs, a dirty napkin, three-quarters of a tarnished old-fashioned looking-glass, a villainous print of the holy family, with a very robber-like St. Joseph on the foreground, and a heavy lubberly huge angel supposed to be performing some cumbrous evolutions on the air—a shelf containing the requisites for the barber's avocations, and an empty bird-cage, formed the whole furniture and appendages of the uncomfortable tenement.

" 'And what's the use of that cage?' inquired I.

" 'My last goldfinch died yesterday,' answered the barber, in a lugubrious tone. 'A pretty creature, although it did not sing half as well as the other.'

" 'What other?'

" 'The *pobrecito* bird—the incomparable goldfinch that died three weeks ago.'

" 'Oh! you had another goldfinch? You are partial to goldfinches.'

" 'Why I cannot say but I prefer a *thrush*; but then thrushes are

such expensive creatures! My last thrush was really too greedy and ravenous, and so——'

" 'You let it go?'

" 'It died about six weeks since. Really, I don't know how it is, but I cannot keep a bird longer than a month or two at the very utmost. Indeed, my favourite canary only lived a week! There is a fatality in the air of this street, I should imagine.'

"I opened my eyes wide, and my mouth also, involuntarily, at this curious intelligence. This mortality of birds was far from being of a consolatory nature to beings of a different species. Alas! a lean, miserable-looking dog, with scarcely strength enough to move, raised his disconsolate eyes as we entered, and fixed a most imploring look on its master.

" 'Ah, Valiente!' exclaimed Anton, addressing the starving canine guardian of his shop, 'there you are, as usual, on the look-out for some bit to pamper your gluttony. Well, there take that and feast, greedy thing.' Saying this, he threw at the starving wretch a half-rotten apple, which he had picked up in the street as we were going along.

"Anton Mendrugo's residence was the very temple of famine—the favourite shrine of starvation; though neither a glutton nor a sensualist, I cannot say that a purely ascetic system of feeding, much less a rigorous course of fasting, was ever to my liking, nor indeed did it agree at all with my constitution; then judge, O Don Felix, what must have been my feelings when the dreary prospect of the barber's penury flashed in lucid colours before my active imagination! I, who had been brought up in a *convent*, was not a likely person to approve of, much less be pleased with, such an extraordinary course of abstinence. Well, sir, I observed in silence, making nevertheless a prudent vow to quit my master's service as soon as I should find other accommodation; for I was not yet so tired of life as to wish to follow the example of the lugubrious shaver's goldfinches and thrushes. You may suppose, Don Felix, that I am prone to exaggeration, but I can assure you, on the most sacred and solemn vows, that what the ingenious Don Francisco de Quevedo says of the celebrated pedagogue Cabra,* was nothing in comparison to what I saw in my master's house. 'Now, boy,' said the barber, when we were fairly installed in the shop, 'I shall not require much; you are only to take care of the shop, sweep dust, &c., go on errands, and help me to shave. I will teach you the art of shaving *gratis*, and you shall have your victuals besides. In the course of two years, when you are fully competent to shave the chin of a gentleman intrusted to your care, we shall talk of wages. But, indeed, before this period arrives—before you can shave a customer that pays well, you must undergo an assiduous course of study—you must practice daily, and watch the dexterity of my hand.'

" 'But how am I to acquire this practice of which you speak?'

" '*Jesus, que simple!*' croaked the barber, with a wistful smile; 'I see you are totally ignorant of the ways and means of our profession.'

* See vida del Gran Tacano.

“Hereupon Anton Mendrugo initiated me into the mysteries of his calling. The information afforded was, forsooth, excessively curious and amusing. I was to acquire skill in the tonsorial art by operating on plebeian chins, and about half-a-dozen predestined visages per day. Being naturally of a kind disposition, I felt an inward pang in anticipation, for the poor victims that were doomed to come under the power of my murderous razor, and pay in purse or in *person* for my instruction in the shaver’s art. I shall never forget my first lesson and achievement: it was *on* a poor, barefooted, Franciscan friar. You know, Don Felix, that friars and mendicants are in the habit of asking to be shaved for charity; the usual way of asking this boon is by exclaiming in a nasal tone, ‘Pray, brother, shave me for *the love of God*.’ However pious barbers may be, and I should imagine that my master was as pious as any of his class, I cannot really swear that the repeated visits of this kind of customers were productive of any extraordinary degree of pleasure. Notwithstanding the sanctity of the appeal, I have observed that the most determined sinners, who bounced into the shop with an oath and a purse, were invariably better attended and better shaved than the devout persons who walked gently in, backed by such strong recommendation as the love of God. There must be some strange anomaly in all this; my master never missed mass, nor did he neglect any of his religious duties. He spoke in high terms of praise of friars and other devout personages, and he told his rosary twice a day. Yet, by some very singular contradiction, he happened to be far more expert in his art for the love of money, than the love of God. Well, Don Felix, the morning after my arrival, a sturdy friar, with a most stubborn and rebellious superfluity of hair on his chin, dropped into the shop with the usual demand—‘*Hermano quiere afeytame por el amor de Dios?*’* My master thought this an excellent opportunity for my commencing my practical studies in the tonsorial art. Mendrugo invited the friar to sit down in that real stool of penitence, and bade me make ready to operate on the chin of the holy man. The most villainous razor of the whole collection was put into my hand—the razor which was set apart for such customers as wished to be shaved for the love of God, and I, with some misgivings as to the degree of guilt I was about to incur in torturing a fellow-creature from whom I had received no offence, prepared reluctantly for the cruel undertaking. Mendrugo, with admirable coolness, witnessed all the while one of the most iniquitous and murderous examples of tonsorial atrocity ever recorded in the annals of shaving. Only conceive, sir, that I had never held razor in my hand before; conceive also, that my *patient* possessed one of the most stiff, rebellious, and abundant beards that ever clouded a chin; conceive, besides, if you please, that no soap, no razor, had come in contact with that unfortunate chin for the space of a week or so, and when you have conceived all this, you may draw your just conclusions at leisure. I enveloped the predestined visage in a profusion of suds. Ah! what a moment! I felt like an executioner on the point of fulfilling his odious task! My victim, unconscious of the

* Brother, will you shave me for the love of God?

forthcoming torture, sat in mute silence and with contented look. Probably he had never been shaved for the love of God before, or at least not by a tonsor of my calibre. Perhaps, too, he was inured to the process, and indeed the length of his beard indicated that he was willing to undergo the infliction only once a week. However, be this as it may, there is no doubt that the memorable day in which he became acquainted with me can never be obliterated from the tablets of his memory.

"Well, sir, with a mental and fervent prayer for the remission of the cruel sin I was about to commit, I began the sanguinary operation, inflicting two or three small preliminary scratches by way of a sample of what was further to be expected from my abilities. I hemmed in a very barber-like fashion, and then passed the razor, or rather a small rusty saw, on the palm of my hand, in the most perfect safety. Then I seized the patient by the nasal organ, and began to scrape in admirable style. A sigh was first heard, and then a groan—then another, and a deeper groan—and then a pathetic remonstrance.

"'Brother, what are you about—for heaven's sake take care!'

"My master answered for me. 'Be easy, *padre*, the boy knows his duty well enough—be easy!'

"'Then the razor don't cut.'

"Now, how the friar dared say this, having received such practical demonstration to the contrary, was indeed very singular.

"'A sweet razor that,' quoth master Mendrugo; 'may the blessed St. Joseph abandon me if 'tis not the best in the shop—an excellent razor indeed—fit to shave a bishop himself.'

"I continued my operation, lacerating and scarifying the unfortunate Franciscan's face in the most awful manner. Blood and suds in mingled fraternity disfigured the lower part of a visage, which was covered in its upper regions by copious perspiration and tears, wrenched forth by excruciating pain.

"At this terrible moment a cat chanced to mew in a most piteous manner. 'What can be the matter with that cat?' exclaimed Mendrugo.

"'I suppose they are shaving him for the love of God,' answered the friar, in a dolorous tone, starting at the same time from his seat of torture. He did not wait for the task to be finished, but in a mood of mixed pain and indignation suddenly quitted the shop, mumbling something between his teeth, which I flatter myself was a blessing for the service I had just done him—a *Dios se lo pague*.*

"When the Franciscan was gone, my master calmly said, 'Well, Gil, considering 'tis your first lesson, you've acquitted yourself in a tolerable way. You will do better as you proceed. Certainly, you had a most unfavourable beard to commence with, and therefore I am not surprised that the friar should have got more than the average share of gashes, cuts, and scratches, which is usual on these occasions.'

"The praise of Master Anton Mendrugo did not make me vain—I could not reconcile it to my conscience to torture unoffending men day after day in this barbarous manner. Part of the victim's suffer-

* May God render it back to you.

ings might have been spared, if the old curmudgeon had allowed me to operate with a tolerable razor; but upon my remonstrating on the subject, he very coolly replied—

“ ‘Master Gil, you are a marvellously generous and charitable man! Who ever heard the like! Am I to be ruined in razors, merely to spare a little pain to persons who only pay me with a *Dios se lo pague*. The fact is, that I cannot afford to lose so much even as I do in mere charity—*vaya!* as you don’t pay for it, you no doubt think that razors, soap, water, &c. &c., are to be had in Seville for the asking, that literally you may pick them up in the streets.’

“ ‘I had scarcely been a week in Mendrugo’s house, when I longed to quit his service. Independent of the butcheries which I was called upon to perpetrate every day, I could not accustom myself to the spare diet to which the whole establishment, *id est*, my master, the dog, and myself were subjected. I was dying by inches, so was the dog, and so was a chaffinch, which entered that place of woe and starvation the day after my arrival. However the fate of the feathered sufferer I most humanely averted, by letting it fly whilst my master was absent.

“ ‘Hollao! where’s the chaffinch? what! already *dead*?’ said he.

“ ‘Yes, sir,’ answered I, quietly.

“ ‘Tis very strange, this one has *lasted* less time than the others; and what have you done with its mortal remains?’

“ ‘Oh! I—I—gave them to the dog—he looked for them so imploringly.’

“ ‘Ah! this *maldito perro!** I never saw such a ravenous brute! he will eat anything. Bless me! I wonder it don’t thrive better!’

“ ‘Saying this, he bestowed a kick on the innocent animal; the dog gave us each a growl and a look of indignation for the calumny I had invented to his prejudice, and the unwelcome favour it called from the barber. My master was more anxious to keep me in his employment than I felt to remain in his den of misery. I was useful—I knew it—and resolved to enhance the value of my services. He began to talk about wages. One month more, and I should have a share in the profits; he magnanimously promised me an *ochavo* for every beard I shaved—excepting of course those that came under the denomination of the love of God, and were paid for in blessings. Of these he allowed me the complete monopoly; but such a distribution was not at all to my liking. I soon perceived that my master kept to himself all the money-bestowing chins, whilst I had nothing but the blessing-giving customers for my lot. I remonstrated, [and desired a more equitable sharing of coins and blessings. He gave fair promises, and my patience became almost exhausted. Then the system of starvation was persevered in, and I could not hold out much longer. The moment of my rupture with Mendrugo at length arrived. One morning as my master was shaving a stranger, the dog, to divert the thoughts of horrible hunger, was twisting and jumping, and looking up to the said stranger’s face. The miserable, thoroughly starved

* Accursed dog.

animal was so pertinacious in his looks and gambols, that he drew the attention of the man.

“ ‘What’s the matter with this dog—what can he want?’ asked he.

“ ‘O Señor,’ answered I very coolly, ‘he is only waiting a little anxiously for the *parings* that are to fall.’

“ This sally disconcerted the stranger, and afforded no manner of gratification to master Mendrugo. Indeed, he was far from being a good operator on chins; besides, the starved appearance of the dog was a strong corroboration of my statement. The stranger, like the Franciscan, left the shop only half shaved, or rather scarified, and vowing never to enter again such an abominable place. My master fixed a look of anger upon me.

“ ‘*Maldito de Dios!*’ is this your gratitude? So you are a wit, and you think I am a fair butt for your jokes! Supposing I was to crack one on your villainous skull!’

“ So saying, he sprung to seize a stick. I was equally prompt in taking possession of one of the two chairs—the dog looked in anxious suspense on the impending combat. We stood collected, and ready to strike. Mendrugo looked fiercely on me, and I looked fiercely on Mendrugo—the dog looked on both—it was a picturesque group. Alas! I am sorry to spoil the effect of the scene by a sudden interruption, but ’tis past eleven, Don Felix, and I must be off to the Marquess of San Justo—good morning!”

(*To be continued.*)

MIRIAM LA BALLERINA.

"Now by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jewess."

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

"No, no," cried the Jew Levi, while he struck violently with his clenched fist the table at which he had just supped, one Sabbath evening. "No, no, my daughter shall never go upon the stage, to amuse by her pirouettes the idlers of Palermo. What! Miriam la Ballerina a dancer—holy Father Abraham, my daughter an opera dancer! and that too, when our young neighbour Aaron is ready to marry her; when she may be to-morrow the bride of the richest merchant in the city; when——"

"I do not wish to vex or contradict you, love," interrupted his wife; "but, however, Miriam anxiously longs to appear at the theatre. She feels opera-dancing to be her vocation, and she may make a large fortune by that means, and honestly too—though all dancing girls have not the best reputations."

"Hold your foolish tongue, woman," continued her husband; "you know, or ought to know, that dancing girls are no better than so many incarnate Babylonians. I would rather, like our great Patriarch, sacrifice her with my own hands, than have her a public gazing-stock for fools, and the common object of gossiping scandal. Ichabod! Ichabod! a daughter of the tribe of Judah a public dancer!"

"But still, love," said his wife, in a soothing tone, "David has danced before the ark."

"Aye," answered with solemnity the old Jew; "but that dance did not in anywise resemble the one which Miriam is so fond of practising; it was a grave, a measured movement, to the slow sound of cymbals and psaltries."

"That, my dear," answered the old lady, "you cannot know positively. The book of Samuel, which the Christians call the book of Kings, makes no more mention of one description of dance, than of another."

"Tongue of Satan," shouted the Jew, worked into frenzy by this petticoat opposition, "would you destroy our child here, and hereafter?"

This complimentary interrogatory effectually stopped the old Jewess's mouth; she removed the remains of their supper, and spoke no more to her husband on that evening, except to remind him that the clock of San Cypriano had sounded the usual hour of retiring to rest.

Three months after this scene, the great Opera House of Palermo was more crowded than it had been for years. The pit, the boxes, the galleries, the orchestra, were all crammed almost to suffocation; and in one of the private boxes sat the Ambassador of England, and his Secretary of Legation, chatting about the young debutante, who had excited so great an interest and attracted so large an audience. "There is something in the circumstances of this debüt," said the secretary, "which renders la Signorina Miriam both piquante and romanesque; her father is a Jew, who, forsooth, piques himself upon his Hebrew morality, and wishes to marry his daughter to a fellow of a merchant, instead of allowing her to become the Terpsichore of Sicily. Such a destiny for a girl, whose steps express the very poetry of motion, would be too shocking! The gentle Jessica herself has had soul enough to spurn the dull monotony of a bourgeois life; she has quarrelled with all her family, cut her commercial

Corydon, and appears to-night in search at once of celebrity and a protector."

"Diavolo!" answered, or rather soliloquized the ambassador, arranging at the same time the curls of an admirably built wig. "The girl must have spirit; I should like to introduce her to an English audience, provided she would accept of me as her *compagnon du voyage*. There would be something quite oriental, patriarchal, in being loved by a gentle Jewess, and of the poetical name of Miriam, too! But see, the curtain rises, and the ballet begins." And the ballet did begin, with its pastoral scenes and canvass vineyards, and in came the shepherds and shepherdesses with their crooks and garlands of flowers, (the only ruralities in their composition,) and danced, and grimaced, and made love, after the most approved and orthodox theatrical fashion; and at the third scene in came the long expected Miriam, a tall, dark-haired damsel, "*en bergere*," with the grace of Taglioni, and the figure of Heberle. She glided forward in the most seducing *pas seul*, which quite overcame the diplomatic susceptibility of the English ambassador. The applauses were rapturous, when, just at the moment as the young dancing divinity had finished a concluding *pirouette* of extreme difficulty and exquisite grace, and remained motionless, with a half timid, half confiding air, as if to woo the admiration of her enraptured beholders—just at that very moment, an old man, with a long beard and broad-leaved hat, not in the least degree rural or Arcadian, rushed from the side scenes to Miriam, and seized her delicate gauze dress, which he frantically crushed and tore. "Wretched girl," shouted he, "could nothing prevent your exposing yourself in these butterfly gauds to the gaze of all Palermo? Well, then, before all Palermo, I curse you bitterly with a father's curse, and pray heaven that you may end your days in rags and wretchedness! I curse you!" repeated he, gnashing his teeth with fury; and although Levi was not in the least degree an actor, perhaps there never was uttered upon the stage an imprecation which produced a greater theatrical effect.

At this terrible apparition Miriam fainted, and her father was apprehended and carried off as a disturber of the public peace, by two police officers. The audience were electrified by this unexpected *coup de theatre*, and the manager was in utter astonishment at the anger of Levi, as his daughter had obtained a more advantageous engagement by ten zecchini a night, than any dancer since the days of La Voltapiedi. The male part of the audience were unanimous in stigmatizing the Jew's conduct as brutal and uncalled for, towards a daughter possessed of such faultless angles; while the ladies, with that impartiality which a woman always exercises towards her own sex, allowed that Miriam's figure was tolerable, but declared that she must be a very abandoned girl indeed, to occasion so much grief to so respectable a parent. As for the people in the pit, at first they appeared affected by the incident; but when they recovered from their momentary emotion, and the manager came forward to excuse the disappearance of Miriam, on the ground of her indisposition, hisses and cries of disapprobation were heard on all sides, demanding the restitution of the entrance money, as the Jew father was not mentioned in the play-bill, and as they had come to see a pastoral ballet, and not a domestic drama. However, the tumult, like all other tumults in this best of possible worlds, whether political, religious, or dramatic, was at last stilled; and the ballet ended, without the re-appearance of either father or daughter.

When the Jew and Miriam returned to their respective habitations, they both were attacked by violent fevers, caused by the harassing emotions which they had experienced. The old age of the father sunk under the disease, but the youthful strength of the Jewess triumphed over its malignity, and that day month saw them both fulfilling their several

destinies under very different auspices. Levi was carried, with all the funeral solemnities of his tribe, to the Jewish burial-ground outside the city gates, upon the road to Messina; and along that very road, upon the self-same day, in the travelling carriage of the English ambassador, sat Miriam as the *compagnon du voyage* of his admiring excellency. She had heard of her father's death, and notwithstanding the excitement of the journey, the compliments of the ambassador, and the more delicate diplomatic attentions of the secretary of legation, as the carriage drove by the old burial-ground, its rows of cypresses, and gloomy array of tombstones, with their half-effaced Hebrew inscriptions, she could not refrain from thinking of the old man who had once so tenderly loved her, and whose dying curse was yet unrepented and unrecalled. There is a strange influence in a father's curse; it is not a force, a moving power, as the mathematicians say—it is not a body, a substance tangible or material; there is nothing more unreal or unsubstantial than the words, "*I curse you*;" and yet there are few persons loaded with the parental anathema who have shaken off its effects, or borne it lightly or harmlessly through life. As for Miriam, the gloomy recollection weighed on her mind for the first few leagues of her journey; but long before she had reached Messina, it was effaced by the rapidity and luxury with which she travelled, and by glowing anticipations of the glories which awaited her in London—that paradise of pretty opera girls, where pirouetting holds now the same rank in public estimation, which agitation does in Ireland. Her prophetic fancy fondly pictured her approaching honours; and she proudly supported upon her shoulder the sleeping head of the English ambassador, weighed down as it was by politics and a meat breakfast. From time to time, the large dark eyes of the Ballerina met the saucy blue ones of the secretary of legation, who reclined in the opposite corner of the barouche, and who had no objection whatever to play the first part in amatory diplomacy during the repose of his principal. But alas! "*nulla rosa senza spina*," no pleasure is given to us poor mortals in this transitory vale of tears, without a corresponding proportion of sorrow and grief. The Sicilian post-horses had the astonishing presumption to run away with the equipage of the ambassador of England! The carriage was dashed to pieces, his excellency escaped with a broken leg, the secretary of legation's teeth were smashed in a manner to render him utterly incapable for ever either of saying or sighing soft things; and Miriam, bruised, crushed, without a vestige of her former beauty, was carried senseless to a neighbouring villiage. Her fever returned, that night she became delirious, raved of her father's curse, the secretary of legation, and the opera-house, and died happy in the imaginary execution of an inimitable *pas seul*. On the morrow, earth was given to earth, Miriam was consigned to her coffin, and the worms rioted over their destined prey.

So much for the punishments which befel the fair Jewess in this life—it only remains for us to state the calamities "*quæ manent culpas etiam sub Orco*," which await dancing and flirtation in the infernal regions. The spirit of Miriam was immediately whirled, by the genii of Death, through the appalling solitude of infinite space, and in five minutes arrived before the judgment-seat of Radamanthus, who presided in the Court of Pluto's Bench, with a dull leaden dignity, and verbose magniloquence, not at all resembling that of the Hibernian Baron *Fusster*.

"Feminine Spirit," quoth Radamanthus, "whence comest thou?"

"From the Opera Reale of Palermo, please your lordship," answered poor Miriam, with the ghost of a curtesy, which would have ravished the soul of any earthly judge; but Radamanthus was stern, unbending, and inflexible—glared through his spectacles at this violation of the grave decorum of his court, and in a voice of thunder continued, "Daughter of Judah, hast thou obeyed thy father?"

Here the shade of poor Miriam was agitated like a leaf under the blast, or a bishop told to put his house in order.

"Miriam," continued the judge, "hast thou not incurred the paternal malediction, by superfluous saltations and Terpsichorean trifling?—hast thou not deviated from the duties of maidenhood and femininity, as laid down in the Koran, chap. v. verse 2? Daughter of Sin, I condemn thee to eternal punishment in the infernal regions."

"Alas!" sobbed the shade of the Jewess, "damnation for dancing!—so great a punishment for so small an offence! I was only a poor Ballerina."

"Miriam," responded the judge, "thy culpability admits of classification *ad infinitum*; but the sum of the infinite series is resolvable into amativeness towards ambassadors, and disobedience in dancing. And now, Cerberus, call the next case."

The canine crier growled out, "The United States *v.* Mrs. Trollope!" and Miriam was hurried off by angels of darkness, who shrieked with satanic satisfaction at the task, to undergo all the horrors of her judicial doom.

Millions and millions of miles, as meted by earthly measurement, was the poor *danseuse* forced to traverse with a rapidity which would have infallibly produced a pulmonary consumption, had her lungs been of any earthly organization; but Radamanthus, with an exquisite refinement of cruelty, had endowed her with invincible strength to undergo her eternal torments. At last her guard stopped at the entrance of an immense edifice, ornamented by sentry boxes, coloured gas-lamps, and insufferably bad *bassi relievi*—in short, it was the Italian Opera of hell; here she was consigned to the manager, Mr. Tartarus Laporte, a tall thin figure, with red eyes and a tight black silk dress, who received her with a polite sneer, which gave him a devilish resemblance to Goethe's Mephistophiles. This amiable individual, gracefully raising his hat from his horns, informed her that it would be her duty that evening, and from thenceforth evermore, until further notice, to enact the prima Ballerina in the last new ballet of "*Le Diable et la Bayadere*." Two assistant dressing devils, who in better times had been feminine, but who now belonged to the unobtrusive gender, were ordered by M. Laporte to attend Miriam in the important mysteries of the toilet, and she was soon arrayed in a robe more sylph-like, more ærial, and more redolent of fairy land, than had ever adorned her person in its brightest days of earthly beauty. The manager then pompously taking his tail under one arm, and Miriam under the other, ushered her into the green-room, where, to her bitter mortification, she was received with tittering sneers, mocking grins, and ironical compliments, by all the diabolic actors and actresses present; and—unkindest cut of all—not one of the *rouè* nobility of hell, neither the Earl of Erebus, the Marquis Gehenna, nor the young Duke of Tophet, took the least notice of the new comer, while they fluttered admiringly round the other she-devils, and praised the beauty of their little hoofs, and the graceful budding of their horns! Cruel pangs of mortified envy darted again and again through Miriam's breast; for the sneers of the females she had been prepared, and would have even taken them as compliments, extorted from their jealousy of her beauty; but to be neglected by the men—that, indeed, was a pang which gnawed her to the quick, a mortification too grievous for the ghost of a woman to bear; but she consoled herself with the idea that the curtain would soon draw up, and the public at large prove better discriminators of her charms and talents than the flirting loiterers of the green-room. Well, the curtain at last drew up, the ballet commenced, and many of the young she-devils, who in general dance delightfully, were rapturously and loudly applauded. At last Miriam's turn arrived; "Now," thought the Ballerina,

"the moment of my triumph is come." She glided in her most fascinating manner upon the stage, and all the rank, fashion, and beauty of Pluto's kingdom, as the "Infernal Morning Post" elegantly expressed it, were there assembled to witness her *débüt*. Pluto himself, in full dress, as Lord High Admiral of the Styx, graced the stage-box, looking remarkably well; and Proserpine, in *gigot* sleeves, and an immense *toque*, (the infernals are always a generation behind mortals in matters of taste,) sat by his side, scowling upon her undutiful subjects, with whom she had become unpopular, from her opposition to reform in the great Parliament of Orcus. However, their majesties had been tolerably well received, except that a radical in the gallery, upon their entrance, called for the grand anthem of "Giove Onnipotente," which Pluto very naturally resented, as a personal insult to his own infernal omnipotence. The boxes and the pit were crowded to excess with devils, and their wives and families, in their usual flame-coloured dominos, worn to conceal the diabolic appendages of hoofs and tail; while the gallery contained only a small number of liberals, who gloried in the seditious and celestial appellation of gods! Before this high and mighty audience did Miriam glance gracefully forward, with her most seducing smile and insinuating pirouette, and paused, as she had been wont on earth, for the applause of her beholders—but she paused in vain. Pluto, after looking an instant through his *lorgnette*, coldly murmured "*Pas grande chose.*" The courtiers nodded their horns respectfully and responsively, while Proserpine, and the she-devils in general, declared that her *bibi* hat and tight sleeves were *du plus mauvais ton*. Poor Miriam! how all is changed since yon gay night! no rapturous shouts of applause, no repeated bravas and encores, not a single voice raised, not one solitary hoof clapped in admiration of her efforts! No; she is received with cold cutting indifference, with the most perfect infernal *nonchalance*, which paralyse all her exertions, and transform that which had been a labour of love, into weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. *And this is Miriam's punishment!* the bitterest that could be devised by the mind of the Satanic judge for a woman, and an actress,—that she should eternally witness the triumph of her rivals, and eternally remain herself unnoticed, neglected, and unknown!

T.

PETER SIMPLE.¹

THE next day the captain came on board with sealed orders, with directions not to open them until off Ushant. In the afternoon we weighed and made sail. It was a fine northerly wind, and the Bay of Biscay was smooth. We bore up, set all the studding sails, and ran along at the rate of eleven miles an hour. As I could not appear on the quarter-deck, I was put down on the sick list. Captain Savage, who was very particular, asked what was the matter with me. The surgeon replied, "An inflamed eye." The captain asked no more questions; and I took care to keep out of his way. I walked in the evening on the fore-castle, when I renewed my intimacy with Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, to whom I gave a full narrative of all my adventures in France. "I have been ruminating, Mr. Simple," said he, "how such a stripling as you could have gone through so much fatigue, and I know not how it is. It is *blood*, Mr. Simple, all blood—you are descended from good blood: and there's as much difference between nobility and the lower classes, as there is between a race and a cart-horse."

"I cannot agree with you, Mr. Chucks. Common people are quite as brave as those who are well born. You do not mean to say that you are not brave—that the seamen on board this ship are not brave?"

"No, no, Mr. Simple; but as I observed about myself, my mother was a woman who could not be trusted, and there is no saying who was my father; and she was a very pretty woman to boot, which levels all distinctions for the moment. As for the seamen, God knows I should do them an injustice if I did not acknowledge that they were as brave as lions. But there are two kinds of bravery, Mr. Simple—the bravery of the moment, and the courage of bearing up for a long while. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do; but still do not agree with you. Who will bear more fatigue than our sailors?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Simple, that is because they are *endured* to it from their hard life; but if the common sailors were all such little thread-papers as you, and had been brought up so carefully, they would not have gone through all you have. That's my opinion, Mr. Simple—there's nothing like *blood*."

"I think, Mr. Chucks, you carry your ideas on that subject too far."

"I do not, Mr. Simple; and I think, moreover, that he who has more to lose than another will always strive more. Now a common man only fights for his own credit; but when a man is descended from a long line of people famous in history, and has a coat *in arms*, cress-crossed, and stuck all over with lions and unicorns, to support the dignity of—why has he not to fight for the credit of all his ancestors, whose names would be disgraced if he didn't behave well?"

"I agree with you, Mr. Chucks, in the latter remark to a certain extent."

¹ Continued from p. 95.

"Ah, Mr. Simple! we never know the value of good descent when we have it, but it's when we cannot get it, that we can *preciate* it. I wish I had been born a nobleman—I do, by heavens!" and Mr. Chucks slapped his fist against the funnel, so as to make it ring again. "Well, Mr. Simple," continued he, after a pause, "it is, however, a great comfort to me, that I have parted company with that fool Mr. Doball, with his twenty-six thousand and odd years, and that old woman Despart, the gunner. You don't know how those two men used to fret me; it was very silly, but I couldn't help it. Now the warrant officers of this ship appear to be very respectable, quiet men, who know their duty and attend to it, and not too familiar, which I hate and detest. You went home to your friends of course, when you arrived in England?"

"I did, Mr. Chucks, and spent some days with my grandfather, Lord Privilege, whom you say you once met at dinner."

"Well, and how was the old gentleman?" inquired the boatswain, with a sigh.

"Very well, considering his age."

"Now do pray, Mr. Simple, tell me all about it; from the time that the servants met you at the door until you went away. Describe to me the house and all the rooms, for I like to hear of all these things, although I can never see them again."

To please Mr. Chucks, I entered into a full detail, which he listened to very attentively until it was late, and then with difficulty would he permit me to leave off, and go down to my hammock.

The next day, rather a singular circumstance occurred. One of the midshipmen was mast-headed by the second lieutenant, for not waiting on deck until he was relieved. He was down below when he was sent for, and expecting to be punished from what the quartermaster told him, he thrust the first book into his jacket pocket which he could lay his hand on, to amuse himself at the mast-head, and then ran on deck. As he surmised, he was immediately ordered aloft. He had not been there more than five minutes, when a sudden squall carried away the maintop-gallant mast, and away he went flying away to leeward, (for the wind had shifted, and the yards were now braced up.) Had he gone overboard, as he could not swim, he would in all probability have been drowned; but the book in his pocket brought him up in the jaws of the fore-brace block, where he hung until taken out by the maintop men. Now it so happened, that it was a prayer-book which he had laid hold of in his hurry, and those who were superstitious declared it was all owing to his having taken a religious book with him. I did not think so, as any other book would have answered the purpose quite as well; still the midshipman himself thought so, and it was productive of good, as he was a sad scamp, and behaved much better afterwards.

But I had nearly forgotten to mention a circumstance which occurred on the day of our sailing, which will be eventually found to have had a great influence upon my after life. It was this. I received a letter from my father, evidently written in great vexation and annoyance, informing me that my uncle, whose wife I have already mentioned had two daughters, and was again expected to be confined, had sud-

denly broken up his housekeeping, discharged every servant, and proceeded to Ireland under an assumed name. No reason had been given for this unwarrantable proceeding; and not even my grandfather, or any of the members of the family, had had notice of his intention. Indeed, it was by mere accident that his departure was discovered about a fortnight after it had taken place. My father had taken a great deal of pains to find out where he was residing; but although my uncle was traced to Cork, from that town all clue was lost, although it was supposed, from inquiries, that he was not very far from thence. "Now," observed my father, in his letter, "I cannot help surmising that my brother, in his anxiety to retain the advantages of the title to his own family, has resolved to produce to the world a spurious child as his own, by some contrivance or another. His wife's health is very bad, and she is not likely to have a large family. Should the one now expected prove a daughter, there is little chance of his ever having another; and I have no hesitation in declaring it my conviction, that the measure has been taken with a view of defrauding you of your chance of eventually being called to the House of Lords."

I showed this letter to O'Brien, who, after reading it over two or three times, gave his opinion that my father was right in his conjectures. "Depend upon it, Peter, there's foul play intended, that is, if foul play is rendered necessary."

"But, O'Brien, I cannot imagine why, if my uncle has no son of his own, he should prefer acknowledging a son of any other person's, instead of his own nephew."

"But I can, Peter; your uncle is not a man likely to live very long, as you know. The doctors say that with his short neck, his life is not worth two years' purchase. Now if he had a son, consider that his daughters would be much better off, and much more likely to get married; besides there are many reasons which I won't talk about now, because it's no use making you think your uncle to be a scoundrel. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go down to my cabin directly, and write to Father M'Grath, telling him the whole affair, and desiring him to ferret him out, and watch him narrowly, and I'll bet you a dozen of claret that in less than a week he'll find him out, and will dog him to the last. He'll get hold of his Irish servants, and you little know the power that a priest has in our country. Now give the description as well as you can of your uncle's appearance, also of his wife, and the number of the family, and their ages. Father M'Grath must have all particulars, and then let him alone for doing what is needful."

I complied with O'Brien's directions as well as I could, and he wrote a very long letter to Father M'Grath, which was sent on shore by a careful hand. I answered my father's letter, and then thought no more about the matter.

Our sealed orders were opened, and proved our destination to be the West Indies, as we expected. We touched at Madeira to take in some wine for the ship's company; but as we only remained one day, we were not permitted to go on shore. Fortunate indeed would it have been if we had never gone there; for the day after, our captain, who had dined with the consul, was taken alarmingly ill. From the symp-

toms, the surgeon dreaded that he had been poisoned by something which he had eaten, and which most probably had been cooked in a copper vessel not properly tinned. We were all very anxious that he should recover; but, on the contrary, he appeared to grow worse and worse every day, wasting away, and dying, as they say, by inches. At last he was put in his cot, and never rose from it again. This melancholy circumstance, added to the knowledge that we were proceeding to an unhealthy climate, caused a gloom throughout the ship; and although the trade wind carried us along, bounding over the bright blue sea—although the weather was now warm, yet not too warm—although the sun rose in splendour, and all was beautiful and cheering, the state of the captain's health was a check to all mirth. Every one trod the deck softly, and spoke in a low voice, that he might not be disturbed; all were anxious to have the morning report of the surgeon, and our conversation was generally upon the sickly climate, the yellow fever, the palisades where they buried us, and death. Swinburne, the quarter-master, was in my watch, and as he had been long in the West Indies, I used to obtain all the information from him that I could.

The old fellow had a secret pleasure in frightening me as much as he could. "Really, Mr. Simple, you ax so many questions," he would say, as I accosted him while he was at his station at the *conn*, "I wish you wouldn't ax so many questions, and make yourself uncomfortable—'steady so'—'steady it is;' with regard to Yellow Jack, as we calls the yellow fever, it's a devil incarnate, that's sartain—you're well and able to take your allowance in the morning, and dead as a herring 'fore night. First comes a bit of a headache—you goes to the doctor, who bleeds you like a pig—then you go out of your senses—then up comes the black vomit, and then its all over with you, and you go to the land crabs, who pick your bones as clean and as white as a sea elephant's tooth. But there be one thing to be said in favour of Yellow Jack, a'ter all. You dies *straight*, like a gentleman—not cribbled up like a snow-fish, chucked out on the ice of the river St. Lawrence, with your knees up to your nose, or your toes stuck into your arm-pits, as does take place in some of your foreign complaints; but straight, quite straight, and limber like a *gentleman*. Still Jack is a little mischievous, that's sartain. In the Euridiscy we had as fine a ship's company as was ever piped aloft.—'Steady, starboard, my man, you're half a pint off your course;'—we dropped our anchor in Port Royal, and we thought that there was mischief brewing, for thirty-eight sharks followed the ship into the harbour, and played about us day and night. I used to watch them during the night-watch, as their fins, above water, skimmed along, leaving a trail of light behind them; and the second night I said to the sentry abaft, as I was looking at them, smelling under the counter—Soldier, says I, them sharks are mustering under the orders of Yellow Jack, and I no sooner mentioned Yellow Jack, than the sharks gave a frisky plunge, every one of them, as much as to say, 'Yes, so we are, d—n your eyes.' The soldier was so frightened that he would have fallen overboard, if I hadn't caught him by the scruff of the neck, for he was standing on the top of the taffrail. As it was, he dropped his musket

over the stern, which the sharks dashed at from every quarter, making the sea look like fire—and he had it charged to his wages, 1*l.* 16*s.* I think. However, the fate of his musket gave him an idea of what would have happened to him if he had fallen instead of it—and he never got on the taffrail again. ‘Steady, port—mind your helm, Smith—you can listen to my yarn all the same.’ Well, Mr. Simple, Yellow Jack came, sure enough. First the purser was called to account for all his roguery. We didn’t care much about the land crabs eating him, who had made so many poor dead men chew tobacco, cheating their wives and relations, or Greenwich Hospital, as it might happen. Then went two of the middies, just about your age, Mr. Simple; they, poor fellows, went off in a sad hurry; then went the master—and so it went on, till at last we had no more nor sixty men left in the ship. The captain died last, and then Yellow Jack had filled his maw, and left the rest of us alone. As soon as the captain died, all the sharks left the ship, and we never saw any more of them.”

Such were the yarns told to me and the other midshipmen during the night watches; and I can assure the reader, that they gave us no small alarm. Every day that we worked our day’s work, and found ourselves so much nearer to the islands, did we feel as if we were so much nearer to our graves. I once spoke to O’Brien about it, and he laughed. “Peter,” says he, “fear kills more people than the yellow fever, or any other complaints in the West Indies. Swinburne is an old rogue, and only laughing at you. The devil’s not half so black as he’s painted—nor the yellow fever half so yellow, I presume.” We were now fast nearing the island of Barbadoes, the weather was beautiful, the wind always fair; the flying fish rose in shoals, startled by the foaming seas, which rolled away, and roared from the bows as our swift frigate cleaved through the water; the porpoises played about us in thousands—the bonetas and dolphins at one time chased the flying fish, and at others appeared to be delighted in keeping company with the rapid vessel. Every thing was beautiful, and we all should have been happy, had it not been from the state of Captain Savage, in the first place, who daily became worse and worse, and from the dread of the hell which we were about to enter through such a watery paradise. Mr. Falcon, who was in command, was grave and thoughtful; he appeared indeed to be quite miserable at the chances which would ensure his own promotion. In every attention, and every care that could be taken to ensure quiet and afford relief to the captain, he was unremitting: the offence of making a noise was now, with him, a greater crime than drunkenness, or even mutiny. When within three days’ sail of Barbadoes, it fell almost calm, and the captain became much worse; and now for the first time did we behold the great white shark of the Atlantic. There are several kinds of sharks, but the most dangerous are the great white shark and the ground shark. The former grows to an enormous length, the latter is seldom very long, not more than twelve feet, but spreads to a great breadth. We could not hook the sharks as they played around us, for Mr. Falcon would not permit it, lest the noise of hauling them on board should disturb the captain. A breeze again sprung up. In

two days we were close to the island, and the men were desired to look out for the land. The next morning, having hove-to part of the night, land was discovered on the bow, and was reported by the mast-head man at the same moment that the surgeon came up and announced the death of our noble captain. Although it had been expected for the last two or three days, the intelligence created a heavy gloom throughout the ship; the men worked in silence, and spoke to one another in whispers. Mr. Falcon was deeply affected, and so were we all. In the course of the morning, we ran into the island, and unhappy as I was, I never can forget the sensation of admiration which I felt on closing with Needham Point to enter Carlisle Bay. The beach of such a pure dazzling white, backed by the tall green cocoa-nut trees waving their spreading heads to the fresh breeze, the dark blue of the sky, and the deeper blue of the transparent sea, occasionally varied into green as we passed by the coral rocks which threw their branches out from the bottom—the town opening to our view by degrees, houses after houses so neat, with their green jalousies dotting the landscape, the fort with the colours flying, troops of officers riding down, a busy population of all colours, relieved by the whiteness of their dress. Altogether the scene realized my first ideas of fairy land, for I thought I had never witnessed any thing so beautiful. “And can this be such a dreadful place as it is described?” thought I. The sails were clewed up, the anchor was dropped to the bottom, and a salute from the ship, answered by the forts, added to the effect of the scene. The sails were furled, the boats lowered down, the boatswain squared the yards from the jolly boat a-head. Mr. Falcon dressed, and his boat being manned, went on shore with the dispatches. Then, as soon as the work was over, a new scene of delight presented itself to the sight of midshipmen who had been so long upon his majesty’s allowance. These were the boats which crowded round the ship, loaded with baskets of bananas, oranges, shaddocks, soursops, and every other kind of tropical fruit, fried flying fish, eggs, fowls, milk, and every thing which could tempt a poor boy after a long sea voyage. The watch being called, down we all hastened into the boats, and returned loaded with treasures, which we soon contrived to make disappear. After stowing away as much fruit as would have sufficed for a dessert to a dinner given to twenty people in England, I returned on deck.

There was no other man-of-war in the bay; but my attention was directed to a beautiful little vessel, a schooner, whose fairy form contrasted strongly with a West India trader which lay close to her. All of a sudden, as I was looking at her beautiful outline, a yell rose from her which quite startled me, and immediately afterwards her deck was covered with nearly two hundred naked figures with woolly heads, chattering and grinning at each other. She was a Spanish slaver, which had been captured, and had arrived the evening before. The slaves were still on board waiting the orders of the governor. They had been on deck about ten minutes, when three or four men with large panama straw hats on their heads, and long rattans in their hands, jumped upon the gunnel, and in a few seconds drove them all down below. I then turned round, and observed a black woman who

had just climbed up the side of the frigate. O'Brien was on deck, and she walked up to him in a most consequential manner.

"How do you do, sar? Very happy you com back again," said she to O'Brien.

"I'm very well, I thank you, ma'am," replied O'Brien, "and I hope to go back the same; but never having put my foot into this bay before, you have the advantage of me."

"Nebber here before, so help me Gad! me tink I know you—me tink I recollect your handsome face—I Lady Rodney, sar. Ah, piccaniny buccra! how you do?" said she, turning round to me. "Me hope to hab the honour to wash for you, sar," curtsying to O'Brien.

"What do you charge in this place?"

"All the same price, one bit a piece."

"What do you call a bit?" inquired I.

"A bit, lilly massa?—what you call um *bit*? Dem four *sharp shins* to a pictareen."

Our deck was now enlivened by several army officers, besides several gentlemen residents, who came off to hear the news. Invitations to the mess, and to the houses of the gentlemen followed; and as they departed Mr. Falcon returned on board. He told O'Brien and the other officers, that the admiral and squadron were expected in a few days, and that we were to remain in Carlisle Bay and refit immediately.

But although the fright about the yellow fever had considerably subsided in our breasts, the remembrance that our poor captain was lying dead in the cabin was constantly obtruding. All that night the carpenters were up making his coffin, for he was to be buried the next day. The body is never allowed to remain many hours unburied in the tropical climates, where putrefaction is so rapid. The following morning the men were up at daylight, washing the decks and putting the ship in order; they worked willingly, and yet with a silent decorum, which showed what their feelings were. Never were the decks better cleaned, never were the ropes more carefully *flemished* down; the hammocks were stowed in their white cloths, the yards carefully squared, and the ropes hauled taught. At eight o'clock the colours and pennant were hoisted half-mast high. The men were then ordered down to breakfast, and to clean themselves. During the time that the men were at breakfast, all the officers went into the cabin to take a last farewell look at our gallant captain. He appeared to have died without pain, and there was a beautiful tranquillity in his face; but even already a change had taken place, and we perceived the necessity of his being buried so soon. We saw him placed in his coffin, and then quitted the cabin without speaking to each other. When the coffin was nailed down, it was brought up by the barge's crew to the quarter-deck, and laid upon the gratings amidships, covered over with the Union Jack. The men came up from below without waiting for the pipe, and a solemnity appeared to pervade every motion. Order and quiet were universal, out of respect to the deceased. When the boats were ordered to be manned, the men almost appeared to steal into them. The barge received the coffin,

which was placed in the stern sheets. The other boats then hauled up, and received the officers, marines, and sailors, who were to follow the procession. When all was ready, the barge was shoved off by the bowmen, the crew dropped their oars into the water without a splash, and pulled the *minute stroke*; the other boats followed, and as soon as they were clear of the ship, the minute guns boomed along the smooth surface of the bay from the opposite side of the ship, while the yards were topped to starboard and to port, the ropes were slackened and hung in bights, so as to give the idea of distress and neglect. At the same time, a dozen or more of the men who had been ready, dropped over the sides of the ship in different parts, and with their cans of paint and brushes in a few minutes effaced the whole of the broad white riband which marked the beautiful run of the frigate, and left her all black and in deep mourning. The guns from the forts now responded to our own. The merchant ships lowered their colours, and the men stood up respectfully with their hats off, as the procession moved slowly to the landing-place. The coffin was borne to the burial-ground by the crew of the barge, followed by Mr. Falcon as chief mourner, all the officers of the ship which could be spared, one hundred of the seamen walking two and two, and the marines with their arms reversed. The *cortége* was joined by the army officers, while the troops lined the streets and the bands played the dead march. The service was read, the vollies were fired over the grave, and with oppressed feelings we returned to the boats, and pulled on board.

It then appeared to me, and to a certain degree I was correct, that as soon as we had paid our last respect to his remains, we had also forgot our grief. The yards were again squared, the ropes hauled straight, working dresses resumed, and all was activity and bustle. The fact is, that sailors and soldiers have no time for lamentation, and running as they do from clime to clime, so does scene follow scene in the same variety and quickness. In a day or two the captain appeared to be, although he was not, forgotten. Our first business was to *water* the ship by rafting and towing off the casks. I was in charge of the boat again, with Swinburne as coxswain. As we pulled in, there was a number of negroes bathing in the surf, bobbing their woolly heads under it, as it rolled into the beach. "Now, Mr. Simple," said Swinburne, "see how I'll make them *niggers* scamper." He then stood up in the stern sheets, and pointing with his finger, roared out, "A shark! a shark!" Away started all the bathers for the beach, puffing and blowing, from their dreaded enemy; nor did they stop to look for him until they were high and dry out of his reach. Then, when we all laughed, they called us "*all the hangman teifs*," and every other opprobrious name which they could select from their vocabulary. I was very much amused with this scene, and as much afterwards with the negroes who crowded round us when we landed. They appeared such merry fellows, always laughing, chattering, singing, and showing their white teeth. One fellow danced round us, snapping his fingers, and singing songs without beginning or end. "Eh! massa, what you say now? Me no slave—true Barbadian born, sir. Eh!"

"Nebba see de day
Dat Rodney run away,
Nebba see um night
Dat Rodney cannot fight.

"Massa, me free man, sar. Suppose you give me pictareen, drink massa health.

"Nebba see the day, boy,
Pompey lickum de Caesar.

"Eh! and you nebba see de day dat de Grasshopper he run on de Warrington."

"Out of the way, you nigger," cried one of the men who was rolling down a cask.

"Eh! who you call nigger? Me free man, and true Barbadian born. Go along you man-of-war man.

"Man-of-war, buccra,
Man-of-war, buccra,
He de boy for me ;
Sodger buccra,
Sodger buccra,
Nebba, nebba do,
Nebba, nebba do for me ;
Sodger give me one shilling,
Sailor give me two.

"Massa, now suppose you give me only one pictareen now. You really handsom young gentleman."

"Now, just walk off," said Swinburne, lifting up a stick he found on the beach.

"Eh! walk off.

"Nebba see the day, boy,
Badian run away, boy.

"Go, do your work, sar. Why you talk to me? Go, work, sar. I free man, and real Barbadian born."

"Negro on de shore
See de ship come in,
De buccra come on shore,
Wid de hand up to the chin ;
Man-of-war, buccra,
Man-of-war, buccra,
He de boy for me,
Man-of-war, buccra,
Man-of-war, buccra,
Gib pictareen to me."

At this moment my attention was directed to another negro, who lay on the beach rolling and foaming at the mouth, apparently in a fit. "What's the matter with that fellow?" said I to the same negro who continued close to me, notwithstanding Swinburne's stick. "Eh! call him Sam Slask, massa. He ab um *tic tic* fit." And such was apparently the case. "Stop, me cure him;" and he snatched the stick out of Swinburne's hand, and running up to the man, who continued to roll on the beach, commenced belabouring him without mercy. "Eh, Sambo!" cried he at last, quite out of breath, "you no better yet—try again." He recommenced, until at last the man got

up and ran away as fast as he could. Now, whether the man was shamming, or whether it was real *tic tic*, or epileptic fit, I know not ; but I never heard of such a cure for it before. I threw the fellow half a pictareen, as much for the amusement he had afforded me as to get rid of him. "Tanky, massa, now man-of-war man, here de tick for you again to keep off all de dam niggers." So saying, he handed the stick to Swinburne, made a polite bow, and departed. We were, however, soon surrounded by others, particularly some dingy ladies with baskets of fruit, and who, as they said, "sell ebery ting." I perceived that my sailors were very fond of cocoa-nut milk, which being a harmless beverage, I did not object to their purchasing from these ladies, who had chiefly cocoa-nuts in their baskets. As I had never tasted it, I asked them what it was, and bought a cocoa-nut. I selected the largest. "No, massa, dat not good for you. Better one for buccra officer." I then selected another, but the same objection was made. "No, massa, dis very fine milk. Very good for de tomac." I drank off the milk from the holes on the top of the cocoa-nut, and found it very refreshing. As for the sailors, they appeared very fond of it indeed. But I very soon found that if good for de tomac, it was not very good for the head, as my men, instead of rolling the casks, began to roll themselves in all directions, and when it was time to go off to dinner, most of them were dead drunk at the bottom of the boat. They insisted that it was the *sun* which affected them. Very hot it certainly was, and I believed them at first when they were only giddy ; but I was convinced to the contrary when I found that they became insensible ; yet how they had procured the liquor was to me a mystery. When I came on board, Mr. Falcon, who, although acting captain, continued his duties as first lieutenant almost as punctually as before, asked how it was that I had allowed my men to get so tipsy. I assured him that I could not tell, that I had never allowed one to leave the watering place, or to buy any liquor : the only thing that they had to drink was a little cocoa-nut milk, which, as it was so very hot, I thought there could be no objection to. Mr. Falcon smiled and said, "Mr. Simple, I am an old stager in the West Indies, and I'll let you into a secret. Do you know what '*sucking the monkey*' means?" "No, sir." "Well, then, I'll tell you ; it is a term used among seamen for drinking *rum* out of *cocoa-nuts*, the milk having been poured out, and the liquor substituted. Now, do you comprehend why your men are tipsy?" I stared with all my eyes, for it never would have entered into my head ; and I then perceived why it was that the black woman would not give me the first cocoa-nuts which I selected. I told Mr. Falcon of this circumstance, who replied, "Well, it was not your fault, only you must not forget it another time."

It was my first watch that night, and Swinburne was quartermaster on deck. "Swinburne," said I, "you have often been in the West Indies before, why did you not tell me that the men were '*sucking the monkey*,' when I thought that they were only drinking cocoa-nut milk?"

Swinburne chuckled, and answered, "Why, Mr. Simple, d'ye see, it didn't become me as a shipmate to peach. It's but seldom that a

poor fellow has an opportunity of making himself a 'little happy,' and it would not be fair to take away the chance. I suppose you'll never let them have cocoa-nut milk again?"

"No, that I will not; but I cannot imagine what pleasure they can find in getting so tipsy."

"It's merely because they are not allowed to be so, sir. That's the whole story in few words."

"Well, I think I could cure them, if I were permitted to try."

"I should like to hear how you'd manage that, Mr. Simple."

"Why, I would oblige a man to drink off a half pint of liquor, and then put him by himself. I would not allow him companions to make merry with, so as to make a pleasure of intoxication. I would then wait until next morning when he was sober, and leave him alone with a racking headache until the evening, when I would give him another dose, and so on, forcing him to get drunk until he hated the smell of liquor."

"Well, Mr. Simple, it might do with some, but many of our chaps would require the dose you mention to be repeated pretty often before it would effect a cure; and what's more, they'd be very willing patients, and make no wry faces at their physic."

"Well, that might be, but it would cure them at last. But tell me, Swinburne, were you ever in a hurricane?"

"I've been in every thing, Mr. Simple, I believe, except a school, and I never had no time to go there. Do you see that battery at Needham Point? Well, in the hurricane of '82, them same guns were whirled away by the wind right over to this point here on the opposite side, the sentries in their sentry-boxes after them. Some of the soldiers who faced the wind had their teeth blown down their throats like broken 'baccy pipes, others had their heads turned round like dog vanes, 'cause they waited for orders to the '*right about face*,' and the whole air was full of young *niggers* blowing about like peelings of *ingins*."

"You don't suppose I believe all this, Swinburne."

"That's as may be, Mr. Simple, but I've told the story so often, that I believe it myself."

"What ship were you in?"

"In the *Blanche*, Captain Faulkner, who was as fine a fellow as poor Captain Savage, who we buried yesterday; there could not be a finer than either of them. I was at the taking of the *Pique*, and carried him down below after he had received his mortal wound. We did a pretty thing out here when we took Fort Royal by a *coup-de-main*, which means, boarding from the *main-yard* of the frigate, and dropping from it into the fort. But what's that under the moon?—there's a sail in the offing."

Swinburne fetched the glass and directed it to the spot. "One, two, three, four. It's the admiral, sir, and the squadron hove-to for the night. One's a line-of-battle-ship, I'll swear." I examined the vessels, and agreeing with Swinburne, reported them to Mr. Falcon. My watch was then over, and as soon as I was released I went to my hammock.

The next morning, at daylight, we exchanged numbers, and saluted

the flag, and by eight o'clock they all anchored. Mr. Falcon went on board the admiral's ship with dispatches, and to report the death of Captain Savage. In about an hour he returned, and we were glad to perceive, with a smile upon his face, from which we argued that he would receive his acting order as commander, which was a question of some doubt, as the admiral had the power to give the vacancy to whom he pleased, although it would not have been fair if he had not given it to Mr. Falcon; not that Mr. Falcon would not have received his commission, as Captain Savage dying when the ship was under no admiral's command, he *made himself*; but still the admiral might have sent him home, and not have given him a ship. But this he did, the captain of the *Minerve* being appointed to the *Sangler*, the captain of the *Opossum* to the *Minerve*, and Captain Falcon taking the command of the *Opossum*. He received his commission that evening, and the next day the exchanges were made. Captain Falcon would have taken me with him, and offered so to do; but I could not leave O'Brien, so I preferred remaining in the *Sangler*.

We were all anxious to know what sort of a person our new captain was, whose name was Kearney; but we had no time to ask the midshipmen, except when they came in charge of the boats which brought his luggage: they replied generally, that he was a very good sort of fellow, and there was no harm in him. But when I had the night-watch with Swinburne, he came up to me, and said, "Well, Mr. Simple, so we have a new captain. I sailed with him for two years in a brig."

"And pray, Swinburne, what sort of a person is he?"

"Why, I'll tell you, Mr. Simple; he's a good-tempered, kind fellow enough, but——"

"But what?"

"Such a *bouncer*!!"

"How do you mean? He's not a very stout man."

"Bless you, Mr. Simple, why you don't understand English. I mean that he's the greatest liar that ever walked a deck. Now, Mr. Simple, you know I can spin a yarn occasionally."

"Yes, that you can, witness the hurricane the other night."

"Well, Mr. Simple, I cannot *hold a candle* to him. It a'n't that I might stretch now and then just for fun as far as he can, but d——n it he's always on the stretch. In fact, Mr. Simple, he never tells the truth except *by mistake*. He's as poor as a rat, and has nothing but his pay; yet, to believe him, he is worth at least as much as Greenwich Hospital. But you'll soon find him out, and he'll sarve to laugh at behind his back you know, Mr. Simple, for that's *no go* before his face."

Captain Kearney made his appearance on board the next day. The men were mustered to receive him, and all the officers were on the quarter-deck. "You've a fine set of marines here, Captain Falcon," observed he: "those I left on board of the *Minerve* were only fit to be *hung*; and you've a good show of reefers too—those I left in the *Minerve* were not *worth hanging*. If you please, I'll read my commission, if you'll order the men aft." His commission was read, all hands with their hats off from respect to the authority from which

it proceeded. "Now, my lads," said Captain Kearney, addressing the ship's company, "I've but few words to say to you. I am appointed to command this ship, and you appear to have a very good character from your late first lieutenant. All I request of you is this. Be smart, keep sober, and always *tell the truth*—that's enough. Pipe down. Gentlemen," continued he, addressing the officers, "I trust that we shall be good friends; and I see no reason that it should be otherwise." He then turned away with a bow, and called his coxswain. "Williams, you'll go on board and tell my steward that I have promised to dine with the governor to-day, and that he must come to dress me; and, coxswain, recollect to put the sheepskin mat on the stern gratings of my gig—not the one I used to have when I was on shore in my *carriage*, but the blue one which was used for the *chariot*—you know which I mean." I happened to look Swinburne in the face, who cocked his eye at me, as much as to say—"There he goes." We afterwards met the officers of the *Minerve*, who corroborated all that Swinburne had said, although it was quite unnecessary, as we had the captain's own words every minute to satisfy us of the fact.

Dinner parties were now very numerous, and the hospitality of the island is but too well known. The invitations extended to the midshipmen, and many was the good dinner and kind reception which I had during my stay. There was, however, one thing I had heard so much of, that I was anxious to witness it, which was a *dignity ball*. But I must enter a little into explanation, or my readers will not understand me. The coloured people of Barbadoes, for reasons best known to themselves, are immoderately proud, and look upon all the negroes who are born on other islands as *niggers*; they have also an extraordinary idea of their own bravery, although I never heard that it has ever been put to the proof. The free Barbadians are, most of them, very rich, and hold up their heads as they walk with an air quite ridiculous. They ape the manners of the Europeans, at the same time that they appear to consider them as almost their inferiors. Now, a *dignity ball* is a ball given by the most consequential of their coloured people, and from the amusement, and various other reasons, is generally well attended by the officers both on shore and afloat. The price of the tickets of admission was high—I think they were half a joe, or eight dollars each.

The governor sent out cards for a grand ball and supper for the ensuing week, and Miss Betsy Austin, a quadroon woman, ascertaining the fact, sent out her cards for the same evening. This was not altogether in *rivalry*, but for another reason, which was, that she was aware that most of the officers and midshipmen of the ships would obtain permission to go to the governor's ball, and preferring her's, would slip away and join the party, by which means she ensured a full attendance.

On the day of invitation our captain came on board, and told our new first lieutenant (of whom I shall say more hereafter) that the governor insisted that all *his* officers should go—that he would take no denial, and therefore he presumed go they must—that the fact was, that the governor was a *relation* of his wife, and under some

trifling obligations to him in obtaining for him his present command. He certainly had spoken to the *prime minister*, and he thought it not impossible, considering the intimate terms which the minister and he had been on from childhood, that his solicitation might have had some effect; at all events, it was pleasant to find that there was some little gratitude left in this world. After this, of course every officer went, with the exception of the master, who said that he'd as soon have two round turns in his hawse, as go to see people kick their legs about like fools, and that he'd take care of the ship.

The governor's ball was very splendid, but the ladies were rather fallow, from the effects of the climate. However, there were exceptions, and on the whole it was a very gay affair; but we were all anxious to go to the *dignity* ball of Miss Betsy Austin. I slipped away with three other midshipmen, and we soon arrived there. A crowd of negroes were outside of the house, but the ball had not yet commenced, from the want of gentlemen, the ball being very correct, nothing under mulatto in colour being admitted. Perhaps I ought to say here, that the progeny of a white and a negro is a mulatto, or half and half, of a white and mulatto, a *quadroon*, or one quarter black, and of this class the company were chiefly composed. I believe a quadroon and white makes the *mustee* or one-eighth black, and the mustee and white, the *mustafina*, or one-sixteenth black. After that they are *white washed*, and considered as Europeans. The pride of colour is very great in the West Indies, and they have as many quarterings as a German prince in his coat of arms: a quadroon looks down upon a mulatto, while a mulatto looks down upon a *sambo*, that is, half mulatto half negro, while a sambo in his turn looks down upon a *nigger*. The quadroons are certainly the handsomest race of the whole, some of the women are really beautiful: their hair is long and perfectly straight, their eyes large and black, their figures perfection, and you can see the colour mantle in their cheeks quite as plainly and with as much effect as in those of a European. We found the door of Miss Austin's house open, and ornamented with orange branches, and on our presenting ourselves were accosted by a mulatto gentleman, who was, we presumed, "usher of the black rod." His head was well powdered, he was dressed in white jean trowsers, a waistcoat not six inches long, and an half-worn post-captain's coat on, as a livery. With a low bow, he "took the liberty to trouble de gentlemen for de card for de ball," which being produced, we were ushered on by him to the ball-room, at the door of which Miss Austin was waiting to receive her company. She made us a low curtsy, observing, "She really happy to see de *gentlemen* of de ship, but hoped to see the *officers* also at her *dignity*."

This remark touched our *dignity*, and one of my companions replied "that we midshipmen considered ourselves officers, and no *small* ones either, and that if she waited for the lieutenants she must wait until they were tired of the governor's ball, we having given the preference to her's."

This remark set all to rights, sangaree was handed about, and I looked around at the company. I must acknowledge, at the risk of losing the good opinion of my fair countrywomen, that I never saw before

so many pretty figures and faces. The *officers* not having yet arrived, we received all the attention, and I was successively presented to Miss Eurydice, Miss Minerva, Miss Sylvia, Miss Aspasia, Miss Euterpe, and many others, evidently borrowed from the different men-of-war which had been on the station. All these young ladies gave themselves all the airs of Almack's. Their dresses I cannot pretend to describe—jewels of value were not wanting, but their drapery was slight; they appeared neither to wear or to require stays, and on the whole, their figures were so perfect that they could only be ill-dressed by having on too much dress. A few more midshipmen and some lieutenants (O'Brien among the number) having made their appearance, Miss Austin directed that the ball should commence. I requested the honour of Miss Eurydice's hand in a cotillion which was to open the ball. At this moment stepped forth the premier violin, master of the ceremonies and ballet-master, Massa Johnson, really a very smart man, who gave lessons in dancing to all the "Badian ladies." He was a dark quadroon, his hair slightly powdered, dressed in a light blue coat thrown well back, to show his lily-white waistcoat, only one button of which he could afford to button to make full room for the pride of his heart, the frill of his shirt, which was inclined *au Jabot superb*, four inches wide, and extending from his collar to the waistband of his nankeen tights, which were finished off at his knees with huge bunches of ribbon; his legs were encased in silk stockings, which, however, was not very good taste on his part, as they showed the manifest advantage which an European has over a coloured man in the formation of the leg: instead of being straight, his shins curved like a cheese-knife, and, moreover, his leg was planted into his foot like the handle into a broom or scrubbing-brush, there being quite as much of the foot on the heel side as on the toe side. Such was the appearance of Mr. Apollo Johnson, whom the ladies considered as the *ne plus ultra* of fashion and the *arbiter elegantiarum*. His *bow-tick*, or fiddle-stick, was his wand, whose magic rap on the fiddle produced immediate obedience to his mandates. "Ladies and gentlemen, take your seats." All started up. "Miss Eurydice, you open de ball." Miss Eurydice had but a sorry partner, but she undertook to instruct me. O'Brien was our *vis-a-vis* with Miss Euterpe. The other gentlemen were officers from the ships, and we stood up, twelve chequered brown and white, like a chess-board. All eyes were fixed upon Mr. Apollo Johnson, who first looked at the couples, then at his fiddle, and, lastly, at the other musicians, to see if all was right, and then with a wave of his *bow-tick* the music began. "Massa lieutenant," cried Apollo to O'Brien, "cross over to apposite lady, right hand and left, den figure to Miss Eurydice—dat right; now four hand round. You lilly midshipmen, set your partner, sir; den twist her round; dat do, now stop. First figure all over." At this time I thought I might venture to talk a little with my partner, and I ventured a remark; to my surprise she answered very sharply, "I come here for dance, sar, and not for chatter; look, Massa Johnson, he tap um bow-tick." The second figure commenced, and I made a sad bungle; so I did of the third, and fourth, and fifth, for I never had danced a

cotillion. When I handed my partner to her place, who certainly was the prettiest girl in the room, she looked rather contemptuously at me, and observed to a neighbour, "I really pity de gentlemen as come from England, dat no know how to dance nor nothing at all, until em hab instruction at Barbadoes." A country dance was now called for, which was more acceptable to all parties, as none of Mr. Apollo Johnson's pupils were very perfect in their cotillion, and none of the officers, except O'Brien, knew any thing about them. O'Brien's superior education on this point, added to his lieutenant's epaulet and handsome person, made him much courted; but he took up with Miss Eurydice after I had left her, and remained with her the whole evening, thereby exciting the jealousy of Mr. Apollo Johnson, who it appears was amorous in that direction. Our party increased every minute; all the officers of the garrison, and, finally, as soon as they could get away, the governor's aid-de-camps, all dressed in *mufti* (i. e. plain clothes.) The dancing continued until three o'clock in the morning, when it was quite a squeeze, from the constant arrival of fresh recruits from all the houses in Barbadoes. I must say that a few bottles of Eau de Cologne thrown about the room would have improved the atmosphere. By this time the heat was terrible, and the *mopping* of the ladies' faces everlasting. I would recommend a DIGNITY ball to all stout gentlemen who wish to be reduced a stone or two. Supper was now announced, and having danced the last country dance with Miss Minerva, I of course had the pleasure of handing her into the supper room. It was my fate to sit opposite to a fine turkey, and I asked my partner if I should have the pleasure of helping her to a piece of the breast. She looked at me very indignantly, and said, "Curse your impudence, sar, I wonder where you larn manners. Sar, I take a lilly turkey *bosom*, if you please. Talk of *breast* to lady, sar; really quite *horrid*." I made two or three more barbarous mistakes before the supper was finished. At last the eating was over, and I must say a better supper I never sat down to. "Silence, gentlemen and ladies," cried Mr. Apollo Johnson, "wid de permission of our amiable hostess, I will purpose a toast. Gentlemen and ladies—You all know, and if be so you don't, I say that there no place in de world like Barbadoes. All de world fight against England, but England nebber fear; King George nebber fear, while *Barbadoes tand tiff*. Badian fight for King George to last drop of him blood. Nebber see the day Badian run away; you all know dem Frenchmans at San Lucee, give up Morne Fortunée, when he hear de Badian volunteer come against him. I hope no 'fence present company, but um sorry to say English come here too jealous of Badians. Gentlemen and lady—Barbadian born ab only one fault—he *really too brave*. I purpose health of 'Island of Barbadoes.'" Acclamations from all quarters followed this truly moderate speech, and the toast was drank with rapture; the ladies were delighted with Mr. Apollo's eloquence, and the lead which he took in the company.

O'Brien then rose and addressed the company as follows:—"Ladies and Gentlemen—Mr. Poll has spoken better than the best parrot I ever met with in this country, but as he has thought proper

to drink the 'Island of Barbadoes,' I mean to be a little more particular. I wish, with him, all good health to the island, but there is a charm without which the island would be a desert—that is, the society of the lovely girls which now surround us, and take our hearts by storm,—(here O'Brien put his arm gently round Miss Eurydice's waist, and Mr. Apollo ground his teeth so as to be heard at the furthest end of the room.)—therefore, gentlemen, with your permission, I will propose the health of the 'Badian Ladies.'" This speech of O'Brien's was declared, by the females at least, to be infinitely superior to Mr. Apollo Johnson's. Miss Eurydice was even more gracious, and the other ladies were more envious.

Many other toasts and much more wine was drank, until the male part of the company appeared to be rather riotous. Mr. Apollo, however, had to regain his superiority, and after some hems and hahs, begged permission to give a sentiment. "Gentlemen and ladies, I beg then to say—

"Here's to the cock who make lub to de hen,
Flutters him wing and make lub again."

This *sentiment* was received with rapture, and after silence was obtained, Miss Betsy Austin rose and said—"Unaccustomed as she was to public 'peaking, she must not set 'till and not tank de gentleman for his very fine toast, and in de name of de ladies she begged leave to propose anoder sentimen, which was—

"Here to de hen what nebber refuses,
Let cock make lub whenebber he chooses."

If the first toast was received with applause, this was with enthusiasm; but we received a damper after it was subsided, by the lady of the house getting up and saying—"Now, gentlemen and ladies, me tink it right to say dat it time to go home; I nebber allow people get drunk or kick up bobbery in my house, so now I tink we better take parting glass, and very much obliged to you for your company."

As O'Brien said, this was a broad hint to be off, so we all now took our parting glass, in compliance with her request, and our own wishes, and proceeded to escort our partners on their way home. While I was assisting Miss Minerva to her red crape shawl, a storm was brewing in another quarter, to wit, between Mr. Apollo Johnson and O'Brien. O'Brien was assiduously attending to Miss Eurydice, whispering what he called soft Blarney in her ear, when Mr. Apollo, who was above spirit boiling-heat with jealousy, came up, and told Miss Eurydice that he would have the honour of escorting her home.

"You may save yourself the trouble, you dingy gut-scraper," replied O'Brien, "the lady is under my protection, so take your ugly black face out of the way, or I'll show you how I treat a 'Badian who is really too brave.'"

"So elp me God, Massa Lieutenant, 'pose you put a finger on me, I show you what Badian can do."

Apollo then attempted to insert himself between O'Brien and his lady, upon which O'Brien shoved him back with great violence, and continued his course towards the door. They were in the passage

when I came up, for hearing O'Brien's voice in anger, I left Miss Minerva to shift for herself.

Miss Eurydice had now left O'Brien's arm, at his request, and he and Mr. Apollo were standing in the passage, O'Brien close to the door, which was shut, and Apollo swaggering up to him. O'Brien, who knew the tender part of a black, saluted Apollo with a kick on the shins, which would have broken my leg. Massa Johnson roared with pain, and recoiled two or three paces, parting the crowd away behind him. The blacks never fight with fists, but butt with their heads like rams, and with quite as much force. When Mr. Apollo had retreated he gave his shin one more rub, uttered a loud yell, and started at O'Brien, with his head aimed at O'Brien's chest, like a battering ram. O'Brien, who was aware of this plan of fighting, stepped dexterously on one side, and allowed Mr. Apollo to pass by him, which he did with such force, that his head went clean through the panel of the door behind O'Brien, and there he stuck as fast as if in a pillory, squealing like a pig for assistance, and foaming with rage. After some difficulty he was released, and presented a very melancholy figure. His face was much cut, and his superb Jabot all in tatters; he appeared, however, to have had quite enough of it, as he retreated to the supper room, followed by some of his admirers, without asking or looking after O'Brien.

But if Mr. Apollo had had enough of it, his friends were too indignant to allow us to go off scot-free. A large mob was collected in the street, vowing vengeance on us for our treatment of their flash man, and a row was to be expected. Miss Eurydice had escaped, so that O'Brien had his hands free. "Cam out, you hangman teifs, cam out; only wish had rock stones, to mash your heads with," cried the mob of negroes. The officers now sallied out in a body, and were saluted with every variety of missile, such as rotten oranges, cabbage-stalks, mud, and cocoa-nut shells. We fought our way manfully, but as we neared the beach the mob increased to hundreds, and at last we could proceed no further, being completely jammed up by the niggers, upon whose heads we could make no more impression than upon blocks of marble. "We must draw our swords," observed an officer. "No, no," replied O'Brien, "that will not do; if once we shed blood, they will never let us get on board with our lives. The boat's crew by this time must be aware that there is a row." O'Brien was right. He had hardly spoken, before a lane was observed to be made through the crowd at the distance, which in two minutes was open to us. Swinburne appeared in the middle of it, followed by the rest of the boats' crew, armed with the boats' stretchers, which they did not aim at the *heads* of the blacks, but swept them like scythes against their *shins*. This they continued to do, right and left of us, as we walked through and went down to the boats, the seamen closing up the rear with their stretchers, with which they ever and anon made a sweep at the black fellows, if they approached too near. It was now broad day-light, and in a few minutes we were again safely on board the frigate. Thus ended the first and last dignity ball that I attended.

ON THE EDUCATION OF THE POOR.

BY THE REV. HOBART CAUNTER, B.D.

"I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance."—ADDISON.

Is it not strange that it should remain still a problem, whether the education of the poor is a national advantage? It will appear no longer strange if we consider how many, in discussing this popular question, appeal rather to their passions or their prejudices than to their reason. They trench themselves within the narrow circle of self-love, as if afraid to project their view beyond the contracted sphere by which their moral perceptions are circumscribed, lest they should behold a partial sacrifice of their own interests to the general good. They fear that general good cannot be purchased but at the price of much partial evil, and that they, among the few, may be sufferers in advancing the interests of the many. This we really believe to be the ground of those arguments which are advanced against an object so obviously beneficial, in a national point of view, as the education of the poor, since the drift of all the arguments which have been raised against it only tend to show how it operates to the disadvantage of the rich. Its opposers seem to apprehend, with a feverish anxiety, that it will have too great a tendency to equalize the different classes, and thus neutralize those civil distinctions which nevertheless will exist in every well-regulated community, in spite of the intellectual exaltation of the lower orders; for every thing that is essential to the well-being of society will be established upon a firmer basis, in proportion as its members are rendered capable of appreciating the advantages of those laws by which it is governed and kept together.

When we direct our views to the mental sterility of the middle ages, we cannot but be struck with the deplorable effects of ignorance upon the minds of men. "Darkness did" indeed "cover the earth, and gross darkness the people." They were in the very nadir of intellectual degeneracy. And what were the consequences? A besotted superstition every where prevailed, and society was convulsed by a furious bigotry, which was pampered into vigorous vitality by the selfish policy of an ignorant but ambitious priesthood, who persecuted and butchered their Christian brethren in the name of God, and perilled their own souls to do Him honour—this, at least, was their pretence. We see through the long lapse of centuries the whole face of the civilized world overspread with those various disorders which vice, unchecked by the reforming influences of knowledge, is ever sure to propagate. We find the vast bulk of the Christian community disgraced by an inept and barbarous ignorance, every where "perishing for lack of knowledge, for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose to fear the Lord." The highest classes in society were scarcely better instructed than their vassals, and these feudatories were as ignorant as the serfs who performed the offices of a most odious servitude; while the little learning which displayed itself for generations was confined to the cloister, where, like the feeble lamp within the sepulchre, it only cast around a dim religious light, which ex-

tended not beyond the cell of the devoted monk, or at furthest, beyond the walls of the abbey in which he was immured. A few learned men, indeed, arose at distant intervals, and diffused a partial glory over those ages of darkness and superstition, but they were like the incidental irradiations of sunshine in a storm, which only serve to show more perceptibly the surrounding devastation.

It was, however, the learning which had been pent up in the cloister, and just kept alive by those religious fraternities, whose lives, professedly at least, were dedicated to their God, that finally kindled the torch of knowledge, which has, especially within the last three centuries, scattered the radiance of its glories over the whole civilized world. By the marvellous light which it has emitted, subsequent generations have at length discovered that "wisdom exalteth her children; that they who seek her shall be filled with joy, and wheresoever she entereth the Lord will bless."

However we may be startled at the ignorance of the Christian priesthood, as well as of the secular community, during the dark ages, the former nevertheless prevented that spark from becoming extinct, from which we have at once derived our light and our wisdom. They alone were the depositaries of those inspired records from which the most salutary knowledge is derived, and which in their convents were preserved from the sacrilegious hands of barbarian invaders. Here were jealously cherished those vigorous shoots from the parent tree, which were put forth by the early fathers, who transfused the light of the gospel through ten thousand channels, and made its voice heard to the ends of the earth. The works of these primitive Christians, from Saint Ignatius down to Saint Chrysostom, who did so much to abridge the reign of error, were kept inviolate within the penetralia of those religious sanctuaries, which, however desecrated by the licentiousness of their cenobite community, were nevertheless the "brazen lamps" which at once contained "the oil of gladness" and the light of knowledge.

If we only trace the means by which the great intellectual revolution was effected, which has exalted this country to such a distinguished elevation among the nations of the earth, we shall discover it to have originated in those institutions which were the prolific branches from the conventual stock. It is first to the establishment of our universities, then to that of our numerous endowed schools, which, from the reign of Henry VII., have been progressively founded in this country, and finally to the institution of charity schools for the education of the poor, that we are to ascribe the rapid march of knowledge among our daily increasing population. To these we owe the diffusion of that information which has been extending among us in proportion as these institutions have been established and supported. By means of similar institutions abroad we now see those regions overspread with an industrious and enlightened population, whence, in the decline of the Roman power, issued those desperate hordes of barbarians, whose savage ferocity was the terror of civilized Europe. The German forest, where, in earlier times, the stern Druid has reeked with the blood of human sacrifices, is now peopled by a race illustrious for their learning, their religion, and their virtues. Even in this distinguished land of liberty—a land "mighty among the nations"—the same revolting horrors have been witnessed, the same atrocious rites solemnized; and where the wicker idol once enclosed its victims devoted to the flames, a race has sprung up which has attained a most remarkable pre-eminence among the kingdoms of the earth. Up to so late a period as the Protectorate, the people of England were, as a nation, the most filthy, besotted, and ignorant of any country in Europe. Their habits were coarse and austere; they were turbulent, wayward, and rebellious; strangers as well to the refinements of civil as to the

amenities of social life. But now, what a contrast ! we repeat it—they stand at this moment conspicuous for all that is nationally good and great.

If we recollect rightly, the celebrated Erasmus, in a letter to Sir Thomas More, mentions his surprise at the filthiness of the English nobles and gentry, describing the floors of their rooms as covered with rushes, under which the filth of months was suffered to accumulate, and, as the refuse of their meals was commonly thrown upon the floors, it became in the course of time a most intolerable nuisance, except to those whose depraved senses had become familiarized with such disgusting uncleanness. In fact, the constant recurrence of the plague, which formerly raged, more or less, in London every six or seven years, has been attributed, and no doubt justly, to the dirty habits of its population. Those habits continued with little change until the Restoration, when the second Charles imported a few social improvements ; these were far more than counterbalanced by the foreign licentiousness with which they were accompanied. Since the reign of Queen Anne, however, England has gradually shaken off the remnants of gothic barbarism by which her social system had been previously disfigured, and has at length become the Athens of her age in philosophy, arts, and arms, and in the elegancies of domestic life.

Such are the effects of instruction among the communities of the world. They who are hostile to the education of the poor will do well to contrast the social state of nations professing the Christian faith during the middle ages, with their present progress in mental and moral improvement, for we do contend that there is an immense improvement in both. "By the knowledge of the Lord" they are now distinguished, whilst they then only "professed a wisdom which they had not."

In proportion as education has extended, society has every where improved ; for in proportion as a people are ignorant, they are savage ; and what is true of nations will be found in most cases to be true of individuals. Is there a single exception upon the whole surface of the globe, where national barbarism is not the handmaid of national ignorance ? If, as some cold political calculators contend, ignorance in a people is the best safeguard of a constitution, then may we look to the Huns of the fifth century, under the renowned but ferocious Attila, and to those northern barbarians who subsequently deluged with their warriors the Roman world, as the best patterns of national and political prosperity. We must then assent to the lively sarcasm of the poet, "If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." But let us consider dispassionately what has been the effect of educating the poor, beyond the mere improvement of their minds and of their morals. It has tended in no small degree to advance also the improvement of the rich ; this must ever be its ultimate effect. In proportion as the lower classes become enlightened, the higher ascend the scale of intellectual illumination. Society has always maintained, and ever will maintain, its proper gradations—even among the most savage there is some distinction of classes—and where the poor of any country increase in knowledge, we shall find the higher orders improving also in an equal ratio. The poor are, indeed, advanced by education only as an integral part of the social mass, since the rich rise with them in regular progression. Both portions still maintain their respective stations, as the ascent of each in the scale of improvement is alike accelerated. Besides, do we not see how frequently riches are the fruits of industry ; how often they succeed to poverty ; that persons from the very humblest stations occasionally emerge from their obscurity to wealth, and to that influence which is consequential to wealth, and absolutely inseparable from it ? Now, is not such influence much more likely to prove a dangerous weapon in the hands of an utterly uninformed man,

who, in proportion as he has exercised his reason less, has yielded to his passions more, than of a person whom education has taught to improve the one and to subdue the other? In fact, influence, of whatever kind, is only safe in the hands of those who know how to exercise it; but such knowledge is not intuitive—it must be acquired. It is the fruit of education matured by the gradual operation of experience.

A well-ordered society has been happily compared to a pyramid, of which the commonalty form the base. In proportion as this base is raised, all its parts, from the foundation to the summit, must regularly rise with it; and if this maxim be true, the converse of the proposition will equally hold, that if the base of the structure be depressed, the summit must also sink with it. So that where the large majority of a people continue in that state of mental degradation, which a total absence of education cannot fail to cause, a relative ignorance will pervade all ranks; and thus the more ignorant the lower classes, the less enlightened will consequently be the higher. Under any condition of things, indeed, there might be a few transcendent spirits who would rise superior to the circumstances by which they were depressed, but could not be kept down among the mass of ordinary beings; nevertheless, here and there an oasis in the wilderness would not convert the surrounding sterility into fruitfulness. It would be still a wilderness, and the few bright spots which might be interjected upon its unproductive surface would only serve to point out the more strongly its general barrenness.

Let us only consider what society would have lost if education had been entirely withheld from the poor. Some of the brightest names in our literary annals would have become “to dumb forgetfulness a prey,” which are now at once our glory and our boast. How many men who have distinguished themselves by their literary labours and have risen to the highest rank in society by the influence of their talent alone, have been indebted for the means of rendering that talent available to their exaltation, to those provisions which the rich have made for the education of the poor? In fact, the very highest ranks in the country are recruited from the lower—by those whom the powerful lever of education lifts into eminence. If this were not the case, those ranks would eventually become extinct, or degenerate into a race as effeminate in mind as the most dissolute among them now but too frequently are in body. It is the occasional mixture which gives vigour to the generation; and so true is this, that there perhaps will not be found one single family among the nobility of England in which this mixture may not be traced.

For a proof that the mental improvement of the poor tends to promote that of the rich, we have only to refer the reader to the history of those times to which we have already alluded—the middle ages. Even the magnates of the land in most instances could neither read nor write, and nothing could exceed the feudal atrocities by which Europe was every where disgraced. In Germany, the very nobles thought it no dishonour to prowl upon the highway to plunder, and even to murder, rather than forego the meed of their criminal avocation. The laws were set at defiance by the highest classes, and the most desperate delinquencies winked at by the functionaries of state, because they had neither the power to punish, nor effectually to enforce obedience to those laws, over which they were appointed to preside. Even until within the last century, the first families in Scotland considered it no disgrace, but on the contrary an honour, to become common marauders, while successful robbery was with them a proud distinction. The predatory acts of that celebrated freebooter, Rob Roy, who had rendered himself illustrious as a public robber so late as the early part of the eighteenth century, must be still fresh in the memory of every one familiar with the writings of the immortal Scott.

As a further proof in favour of our argument, let us only observe to what an extent, even within the present century, education has improved among all the different orders of the community in this country. In the higher, formerly, reading and writing, with the more domestic arts of housewifery, comprised almost the total amount of education among women; whilst now, not only are all the most elegant accomplishments acquired in a very high degree of perfection; but, besides a general acquaintance with what is termed polite learning, the less recondite branches of natural and moral philosophy are looked upon as essential to a polished female education. And whilst we can boast of such names among our female candidates for an earthly immortality, as Somerville, Baillie, Hemans, Norton, *cum multis aliis*, who will not rejoice at the lustre which the improvements in education have cast over the most lovely portion of the intellectual creation? Knowledge has its phases, and however widely education may be extended among the poor, they will be governed by those phases, and maintain their due gradations upon the social scale, until the course of time shall have ceased to run, when knowledge shall be as universal as that happiness of which it is at once the source and consummation.

Thus, then, as we have endeavoured to show, the education of the poor gives a positive spur to the mental acquirements of the rich, since the latter know and feel that a superiority over the former is absolutely necessary to support their civil distinctions, and in order to maintain that superiority they must really possess it,—this is the stimulus which keeps them up to their proper elevation. To educate the poor, therefore, is to advance the united interests of the community.

One great argument against educating the poor, and it has been strongly insisted on, is, that crime has increased with general education; but, until proof can be brought that education is actually the cause of the increase of crime, this argument is of no weight. The greater prevalence of crime is no fair test of this. The assumption of such an evil issue from a positive good is more plausible than real. The presumption that crime actually prevails among the poor to a greater extent than formerly, arises from the circumstance that the number of prisoners for trial every session is immensely augmented. This, however, is no proof that vice has either generally increased or is increasing. We are to remember that they who are so depraved as wantonly to set at defiance those laws which were framed for the general protection of the community, form but a very small fractional portion of that community; and were we even to admit that education arms them with the power of doing mischief with greater security and success—nay, that it even augments the number of such delinquents, still are the disadvantages to which it may be perverted by the few, to be mentioned against the advantages which are derived from it to the many? If the bulk of society be improved, even though a few of its degenerate members be increased or made worse, will not that which is a blessing to the large majority be still a good, and not an evil, even although it should be converted into a curse by a small but licentious minority? If education imparts a power to some bad men of becoming worse, which it really does not, though it may endow them with a power of exercising their bad passions with a more pernicious effect, still how many has it elevated from those low habits which are generally the repulsive handmaids of ignorance, to those practices of honesty, sobriety, and virtue, which tend to exalt the human character as much as their opposites do to debase it? We deny most unequivocally that education is in any instance the cause of crime, for we maintain that if it be a bane to one part of the community, it must necessarily be so to every other; and if this be the case, we cannot deny the corollary which these premises must bring us to, that barbarism is the acmé of our moral

condition, and that the most savage must consequently approach the nearest to moral perfection. The greater prevalence of crime may be readily accounted for without having recourse to education as the cause. It is to be imputed to the vast increase of our population, and to the influx of vicious characters whom a long general peace has cast back into the bosom of their country, from which a protracted and sanguinary war was perpetually drawing them. The augmentation of crime, too, has given increased activity to the guardians of the laws, so that a greater number of criminals are now convicted and punished in proportion, than when the laws were less frequently violated, and the reins of their discipline consequently slackened. In addition to this, crime now prevails to a greater extent, in consequence of the number which a want of employment throws into desperate habits to whom the benefits of education have not yet extended, which might have urged them to more successful exertions: but having none of those resources within themselves which instruction, more or less, supplies, idleness gives a stimulus to their worst passions, and thus those very persons become turbulent rioters, and audacious delinquents, who might, under a course of salutary instruction, have become exemplary husbands and fathers, and industrious subjects. Want of employment is sure to engender profligacy, above all, among the uninformed, and this, in truth, is one of the main causes of the vast increase of crime. The lower classes who are totally uneducated can only undertake that sort of labour in which long habit has rendered them skilful, so that should the demand for that labour happen to cease, they must either starve upon parish allowance, or rob, and thus they are, as it were, forced into desperate excesses: but education opens to them new resources, and enables them to appropriate their talents in various ways, according to their power or aptitude. It will correct the evils of ignorance in proportion as it is employed as a remedy. If, then, that be a blessing to the many which is only an evil to the few, because they pervert it to vicious ends, shall we therefore deny it to be a blessing?

It is not by educating the poor, as some contend, but by educating them improperly, that any evil, either moral or political, civil or social, is to be apprehended. If the ground be improperly prepared—if bad seed be sown, we cannot expect that a profitable harvest should be gathered in. But this is not likely to happen where the interests of the poor are supervised, as they almost universally are, by some of the most distinguished characters in the country, who not only contribute their money but their time also, and able counsel, to promote the intellectual as well as spiritual interests of the rising generation among the pauper community. Where these young neophytes from barbarism—the barbarism of ignorance and vice in the very centre of civilization and refinement—are merely advanced in useful knowledge, and brought up in the principles of the Christian religion, which in our charity schools unquestionably forms a main feature in the education of the lower classes, they are much less likely to become turbulent demagogues and factious rebels than sober and peaceful citizens. Upon quitting those schools, which the benevolence of the rich has established for their instruction in the duties of religion and of social life, they carry into those societies, whence they originally emerged in almost savage stolidity, the honest principles with which their minds have been imbued; they elance the rays of that gentle light which has been poured into their plastic souls, through the gloomy atmosphere by which they have so long been surrounded, showing the deformity of objects that had remained undetected in the deep shadows of mental vacuity, and thus the happy effects of their education are extended far and wide. No one will deny the truth of the popular maxim, that “knowledge is power,” and we have good reason to bless God that it is

so ; but let us at the same time remember that, in individuals, it is the power, under the divine blessing, of promoting good and of overcoming evil ; and, in the body politic, it is the power of rendering its acquirements subservient to the happiness of mankind. Knowledge is the manna which the Almighty has dropped upon the wilderness of life for the intellectual sustenance of his probationers, of whatever condition, and was dropped to be appropriated where every one may go and gather. To exclude, therefore, from this merciful provision any who are willing to receive it, is at once to frustrate the divine intention, and encourage the accession of all those evils which are inseparable from ignorance.

Admitting that the education of the poor, as some insist, does tend to raise them above the sphere of life in which they were born to move, even this is by much the least of two evils ; since ignorance invariably sinks them below their due level ; and who will deny it to be far better that some among them should soar above the condition in which they were born, than that a large proportion should fall below it into the vilest depravation of manners, swelling the various tribes of sturdy vagrants, street beggars, ballad-singers, and all those motley assemblages of pauperism and idleness, which daily infest the streets of this vast metropolis, committing the most disgraceful outrages against all decency and decorum ? But it is a mistake to suppose that, among the lower orders, the love of dress and gaiety—for this has been also urged—is the only consequence produced by informing their understandings. That very pride which induces them to adorn their persons, will instigate them also to improve their minds ; for the physical is so closely united with the moral, that they generally progress or retrograde together. We shall commonly find that the girl of low degree whom the refinements of education may perhaps have taught to prefer a silk to a cotton dress for her Sunday attire, will not deign to accept the attentions of a vulgar debauched clown, who would spend that Sunday in the sottish enjoyments of the ale-house. She looks above him. That education which has taught her something more of refinement in the array of her person, will have also taught her to prefer sobriety and respectability in a husband to coarseness and debauchery.

The fact is, that in considering the effects likely to ensue from educating the poor, instead of looking at the subject with that philosophic spirit which merges partial evil in general good, many confine their view to those numerous trifling evils which are presented to them in the detail, without extending it to those prodigious benefits that may result in the aggregate. This is like looking through a microscope at the motes in the sunbeam, and shutting our eyes to the glory and fecundity which the great fountain of light diffuses around us. Such persons are apt to consider their own little inconveniences as paramount to the general benefit, and thus often selfishly condemn, because they are too blind or too much the slaves of self-love, to look beyond the narrow sphere of their own interests.

Let us consider that the vast moral effects likely to accrue from the education of the poor are yet to be looked for ; the system is only, as it were, just in operation, and there has not been yet time for the full development of its effects. We only now see those little imperfections, like the superficial inequalities on the unpolished marble that hide the beauty within, which are common to all systems until they have been sufficiently long in operation to subdue the asperities of the evils which they were intended to remove. All mighty revolutions are gradual, the work, not of days but of years. Effects do not proceed from their causes with the rapidity of the lightning from the thunder-cloud. They are frequently the issues of a long moral agency—we speak of moral effects—and they therefore who have an interest in those effects, must be content to under-

go the inconveniences which are indispensable to the process before the result can be secured. Great revolutions also are frequently preceded by great convulsions; but although these may be do much partial mischief, they may nevertheless be necessary to prepare the way for those beneficial issues in which they have been finally known to subside, as in tropical countries terrific storms are often necessary to break that fatal stagnation of the air in which the seeds of pestilence are pent up, and which, but for these atmospheric visitations, would perpetually scatter abroad contagion and death. The beneficial results of education are not yet fully established; we have hitherto witnessed only the difficulties and perplexities of the process, but the brilliant glories of the consummation are daily unfolding themselves; and so certain do we feel of the national advantages that will eventually arise to us from national education, that we would willingly decree an ovation to those enlightened spirits who have lent their generous efforts to place it upon the broad basis on which it now stands, an imperishable monument at once of their wisdom and of their beneficence.

To those who insist so strongly upon the inconveniences which have arisen from educating the poor, though these are immensely magnified by their microscopic apprehensions—for they are affected with a sort of mental calenture—we would observe that all remedies act more or less violently. Before the seeds and feculencies of a stubborn disease can be removed, there must be time for the operation of the remedy, and some suffering must be undergone before a beneficial result can be obtained; but who ever balances the inconveniences to which the remedy may subject us against the advantages of a cure? If, in educating the poor, some few inconveniences arise, what wise man would place these against the mighty benefits which must eventually accrue from the extension of information? Knowledge will never be confined to a spot, for it is in its nature to extend. Its arm of might has been lifted up to grasp the remotest corners of the earth, and who can doubt but the savage nations of the world will ultimately bask in its most marvellous light; for let us remember, it is the solemn declaration of prophecy, that “the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.”

We take this to be an era in the moral destinies of nations; and however loudly the cry of infidelity and sedition may occasionally assail our ears—and it must be confessed that the cry of both has been raised, and loudly—still we do not hesitate to express our conviction that immorality will decline and religion increase with instruction, and that the general education of the poor is to be hailed as one of the most transcendent appliances of human resources to human benefit in the history of man. We look upon it that we are now upon the eve of the greatest revolution that the world has ever yet known; and that we shall become universally happier in proportion as we become universally wiser; for we are assured upon the faith of inspiration, “happy is the man who findeth wisdom;” “her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” Let us only look at the good effects of popular education, and the miseries which are consequent upon the absence of it, as exhibited in the moral and social condition of Scotland and Ireland. In the one country, the people are comparatively informed and happy; in the other, they are ignorant and barbarous. In the one country, decency, content, and religion prevail; in the other, rebellion, turbulence, and crime. Scotland, which was, even so late as the beginning of the last century, the land pre-eminently distinguished for lawless forays, black-mail exactions, and every predal atrocity, the worst remnants of feudal barbarism, is now a land of intelligence, of industry, and learning; whilst Ireland, at this advanced period of European civilization, is distinguished above every country in Europe for rebellion, outrage, and murder. And why is this?

Because education everywhere prevails in the one country, ignorance in the other. Nor need we go beyond the precincts of this vast metropolis for visible proofs of the wretchedness that a want of education among the poor superinduces, to the severe privations under which they so frequently groan. Who can behold the squalid groups of children with which some of the streets of this mighty city are daily thronged, and more especially upon the sabbath, shocking the ears of the passenger with the most disgusting ribaldry, the bitterest imprecations, the most horrible blasphemies, without deploring their unhappy and destitute condition;—without feeling the sad reflection arise, that poverty and destitution have perhaps plunged them into vice, from which they might have been redeemed, had the opportunities of instruction been offered to their choice? Still more afflicting is it to witness females, whilst in their very infancy, practising every art of the most revolting licentiousness, and blaspheming their God with all the arrogant confidence of impunity, almost before they are capable of comprehending his existence. If we search where these juvenile delinquents are to be found, we shall discover them to abound in those sinks of vice and profligacy, where the light of education has not yet beamed, and where infamy hides her polluted head in the lap of ignorance and error. From these nurseries of guilt issue those desperate characters by whom society is held in such continual terror, who set alike at defiance the laws of God and man, and expiate so frequently upon the drop the dreadful penalties of crime.

Now, it is by rescuing these wretched children from that ignorance which abandons them to the deplorable instigations of vice, and to the influence of the most pernicious example, that the national schools, so numerous established of late years in this great city, are calculated to correct much growing mischief, and to produce a revolution in the morals of the pauper population. For, do not let us imagine that even among the lowest and most degraded classes, they are depraved, in the degree in which we find them, from any natural predilection for vice above the better conditioned. No; we see them in this state of melancholy degradation, only because little or no attempt has been made to reclaim them to virtue; because they are brought up in the most profligate habits; because, in short, education has not enlightened their understandings, and purified their hearts. To the rich who oppose the education of the poor, we would say, Place yourselves in their situation, you, whose feelings have been elevated by the refinements of life, whose minds have been strengthened and your hearts chastened by instruction—bring the miseries of their condition home to your own bosoms. Ask yourselves what your state would have probably been, had your lot been similarly cast; and when you consider that had it so chanced, you might have been as bad as the worst among your degraded fellow-creatures; that education has done for you what, with God's grace, it may still do for them—will you, can you insist upon the selfish policy of denying them the advantages of that blessing, through which such an immense accession of advantages have accrued to you? O that such a doctrine of disgraceful exclusion should be maintained in a land of Christians!

Do not let us persuade ourselves that the most destitute of the poorer classes take pleasure in seeing their children outcasts from all decent intercourse, and the slaves of iniquity. They are by no means backward—nay, for the most part, they take a pride in seeing their children taught; and the hopes of having them thus made respectable members of society, will induce the parents to prepare them for a more orderly behaviour than if they had no prospects of any such advantage arising to them. Whilst they know that nothing but sobriety of conduct can continue to their offspring the benefit of instruction, they will correct their growing propensities to ill, and thus naturally direct their habits into a

train of improvement. But, on the other hand, where they see no immediate advantages likely to result to their children from any rational system of domestic discipline which they, as parents, may employ, (and certainly no moral advantages can be derived to them while poverty, ignorance, and its proximate evil, vicious example, unite to counteract its efficacy,) they will be little likely to exercise such discipline, but will leave their children to the influence of their mischievous propensities with that indifference, which uncultured minds will almost invariably be found to entertain when rendered callous by misery, and from which all hopes of an improved condition in this world are utterly banished.

We cannot surely imagine that poor and needy parents, however demoralized, can be happier in the vices than in the virtues of their children. The fact really is, that they commonly allow them to sink into vice, because they do not properly know how to direct their minds to virtue, having themselves no practical knowledge of its spiritualizing efficacy. But where they find that schools are established for the instruction of their offspring in religion and morals, as well as in useful knowledge, there are few parents so depraved as not to avail themselves of such advantages, for the sake of bettering the future condition of those, who are still dear to them under every aspect of their misery.

We shall conclude in the words of an accomplished writer,* who has eloquently advocated the same cause which we have now so feebly pleaded:—"The wealth of nations, in a Christian's estimate, is the goodness, the probity, the virtuous industry, and useful knowledge amongst individuals, high and low, rich and poor, who constitute the grand aggregate of a national community. The mind is the man; and doubtless the best bulwark of a country is the noble spirit of a sound, virtuous, religious people, duly informed by a competent education, and effectually restrained from all injustice and enormity by the fear of God, and a Christian conscience."

* Dr. Vicesimus Knox.

SCENES BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

No. II.

It was a dingy, cloudy, raw, rainy, love-of-suicide-inspiring day! The neighbourhood of the national theatres presented a most striking appearance of uncomfortableness and dirt. You had to wade through three inches and a half of mire to get to the stage-door;—indeed, it was an inviting day to stay at home, and yet how strange!—the *professionals* were hurrying to the theatre with extraordinary alacrity. I wondered at this zeal for the discharge of their duty—for I knew that two days before Miss Smiler was laid up with a severe cold, and certainly it was very kind of her to expose her delicate health to the inclemency of the weather—Hum was also poorly—Snookes had been obliged to visit his relative at Croydon—Turpinton suffered an attack of the gout the day before; and now Hum makes his way to the theatre umbrella in hand—Snookes dashes forward in a cab, probably all the way from Croydon—and Turpinton, regardless of his gout, walks on in a remarkable fine strut. O! marvellous effect of zeal for the discharge of professional duty!

“I suppose a grand rehearsal takes place—eh?”

“Nothing *partickler*,” said the door-keeper.

“Well, but whence this extraordinary concourse? Bless me! the whole company throngs to the theatre!”

“Why, sir, this is *Saturday*!”

The mighty throng were making their way not to the stage, but to the treasury!—This is *Saturday*!—magical word!—panacea for all the evils and complaints which unfortunately beset the existence of the poor actor! *Saturday*! *O Saturday*! “*come, let me clutch thee!*”

“*Clutch thee*, indeed!—’tis not every one that can clutch the said *Saturday*!” exclaimed, in a sour tone, a person who was standing by the side scene, and on whose forlorn and disconsolate aspect was written—“*dramatic author*.”

Well, then it so happened—that Mr. Snookes having played *once* during the week, received his thirty pounds; and the *combined attraction* of Rant and Crochet having drawn a *one hundred pound house*, and their *combined salaries* being just one hundred and twenty, they had a balance of twenty in their favour. I considered this as fine a specimen of *drawing* as ever came under my notice.

“Holloa!—who’s this in such breathless hurry—another *drawer*?”

“’Tis Mr. Gander, a man of modest merit and retiring habits—he only receives eight pounds a week.”

“But has he performed this season?”

“Yes, twice at the commencement, in the after-piece; and probably he will perform once more before the end of it, so that he will only receive about two hundred and sixty pounds for playing three nights in the after-piece.”

“Well, that’s moderate for a man of modest merit and retiring habits.”

Mr. Gander got his *due*, and then hastened away until the following *Saturday* should again summon him to fulfil his theatrical pursuits.

The ladies of the establishment displayed quite as much ardour as their male companions in this branch of their profession. Some had performed once, some twice, but there was Mrs. Crockery, bless her soul! she had been tyrannically called upon to perform three times; but she would *stand* it no longer, and she resolved to be *laid up* the next week; so she pocketed her fifteen pounds, and off she went to be *indisposed* until next *Saturday*!

¹ Continued from vol. vi. p. 381.

Then came the *walking* gentlemen—not *walking* indeed, but actually *running* to the treasury door—the *walking* gentlemen formed a motley-numerous cohort. Really, *walking* must be considered a very important requisite on the stage—still the quality of the *walking* is not much thought of. You may shuffle, or hop, or stand still, in the most clumsy attitude—any thing is laid down to the score of *walking*. It was very edifying to see the *walking* gentlemen jostling with the *stars*! and the tremendous *drawer* of which we have spoken above! The *stars* are propitious on a *Saturday*—they are not cloudy and threatening a storm like any other day in the week, but display a cheerful and smiling aspect. Nay, they exhibit an example of harmony among themselves—they disseminate their effulgent rays through the theatre—there you see them all to the best advantage. Look! look!—propitious stars!—tragic stars!—comic stars!—singing stars!—dancing stars!—painting stars!—melo-dramatic stars!—pantomimic stars!—what a splendid theatrical hemisphere!!

The stars not being *fixed* stars, now deprived the stage and treasury of their refulgent presence, and they were followed by the *walking* gentlemen.

Mr. Caustic, the stranger, with sour tone of voice, whom we have described as standing by, whilst the crowd of *Saturday* actors were performing their most important parts—Mr. Caustic, I conceived, had now an opportunity of presenting his compliments to the treasurer. I was out—the field was far from being clear: after the *walking* gentlemen, of course, came the *sticks*, with which the *boards* are abundantly supplied. The *sticks* are always to be seen with the *walking* gentlemen, but they are, comparatively speaking, expensive commodities. A gold-headed cane—nay, the more fashionable *gem*-mounted stick may be had at a reasonable price, but a theatrical *stick* stands the lessee in no less than three, five, or six guineas a week—a high value, we should imagine, to pay for the use of such indifferent articles.

Mr. Caustic waited patiently—stars, drawers, walking gentlemen, and sticks having gradually dispersed, he thought of putting in his claim, but then he yielded precedence to another battalion of the theatrical army—musicians, chorus singers, *figurantes* and *employés* of all descriptions came in shoals to the treasury, for they all of them, bless their souls! had contributed their share to the success of the establishment. Well, then, this mighty host being paid off, Mr. Caustic knocked gently at the treasurer's door.

"Come in."

Mr. Smallcash, the treasurer, poor man! was in a complete perspiration from the effects of the fatiguing labour he had undergone. "Well, Mr. Caustic, what can I do to oblige you?"

"Why, sir, touching the balance due to me for my last farce?"

"Humph! your last farce, aye?—*Dun, and you'll get.*"

"Exactly. It has been performed *so often!*"

"Aye—never brought a shilling!"

"Surely, sir, you don't mean to say that the farce was not successful."

"What do you call successful?"

"Why, my dear sir, it has a *run*, and so I come —"

"Stay! we have had too great a *run* on this house to-day already, and so —"

The treasurer was facetious, but the dramatist thought it would be rather a melancholy payment to be dismissed with a joke. He remonstrated. Mr. Smallcash argued the point well, and came to demonstrations which admitted of no retort. "The fact is, the treasury is empty—not a shilling left. Look, and satisfy yourself."

A shilling, forsooth!—not a copper coin was to be seen.

"But every one else has been paid?"

"Well, my dear sir, that's precisely the reason why I cannot pay you now; you must call again, but don't be in a hurry."

"Really this is too bad. So successful a piece, too."

"Here, again, you must give up your delusion with regard to the farce of *Dun and you'll get*. You labour under a false impression; you do, indeed."

The manager happened to drop in, and inquired into the nature of the debate.

"Now, my dear Mr. Starling, what do you say of the success of my new farce?"

"Why, precisely what Cæsar said of one of his successes, 'Another such a victory, and we shall be ruined.' Ha, ha, ha!"

"But, then, look at the playbill."

"Well, and are you not indebted to us for all this *gratuitous* fame and exceeding kindness—and is this your gratitude? 'Pon my word, you authors are the most discontented beings in the universe; there is no pleasing you. I prevailed on Mr. Snookes to play in your piece, to which he most *condescendingly* agreed, although the part was beneath his talents, and yet you are not satisfied."

"But Mr. Snookes was paid for his trouble, and I apprehend, Mr. Starling, that *you* are also paid for yours. I cannot see why *I* should not be paid for mine."

"Why?" interposed the treasurer; "why? I have told you the *why* already—because there is no money; would you have a more conclusive reason?"

Certainly this was an unanswerable argument. Mr. Caustic took his departure, with a promise of a more happy result the next time.

Mr. Starling had received in the course of the morning a great number of letters from sundry patrons and lovers of the drama.

"What are they about?" asked Smallcash.

"Demands for boxes and places."

"Aye! we shall have a tolerable house, then, eh?"

"You shall see. Hem—here's a specimen.—(No. I.)"

"Mr. Rant's compliments to Mr. Starling, and will feel obliged by the use of a private box this evening. Some relations of Mr. Rant's, just arrived in town, wish particularly to see him in his favourite part of Prince Pufferndorff."

"Here's another:—"

"The editor of 'The Starler' requests Mr. Snarling to send him a private box, if (as he supposes) there are some to *spare* this evening."

"Third specimen:—"

"My dear Mr. Starling,—Pray oblige me with half a dozen orders for this evening.

MARIA ROSEBUD.

"P.S.—Bye the bye, I wish you could prevail on Mr. Ardent to curtail my speeches in the new play; it is a most tedious affair. I don't see what I can do with the part; I think you might give it to Miss Drawl or Miss E. Finnikin."

"Pretty cool this, eh? Now for specimen the fourth:—"

"Sir,—I am an enthusiastic lover of the drama, and always make it a point to go when I can get an order. You will deeply oblige me by the favour of one or two for this evening, to see the new farce of *Dun and you'll get*.—Yours respectfully,

THOMAS GINGER."

"Thomas Ginger! who the devil is he?" quoth the treasurer.

"Why, don't you hear?—an enthusiastic lover of the drama," answered the manager.

With this kind of lovers and patrons, it is not surprising that theatres should be in such flourishing conditions.

THE FALSE INTERPRETER.

I WAS fortunate enough, during the passage to India, whither my friends dispatched me, as a cadet, at fifteen, to evince some desire to obtain a knowledge of the people and place to which I, in common with about twenty other young fellows, as careless and thoughtless as could well be found, were being conveyed. This desire was so uncommon in youths of my class, that it recommended me to the especial notice of an elderly officer of the name of Craig, who was on his return to Bengal, after having taken advantage of the three years' furlough to visit Scotland and marry a handsome and prudent young wife. Major Craig was well acquainted with the routine of India life—had undergone, some twenty years previous to our meeting, all the probationary difficulties which a griffin was obliged to endure in making his way towards a lieutenancy, the attainment of which rank was the signal of his emancipation from them: and he could consequently give to his juniors advice of a very valuable nature, provided they were disposed to avail themselves of it, and provided also the natural crabbedness and acerbity of his disposition, together with his feeling of dignity and exclusiveness, did not interfere, and prevent him from becoming communicative. I was at first very much disposed to join my fellow cadets in quizzing the prig, as they called him, and in endeavouring to give him annoyance by paying sly attentions to his pretty wife; attentions which she could not always avoid, though her prudence and her regard for her husband rendered them obviously distasteful. Some better feelings, however, prevailed over my inclination, and these were strengthened by the close observations which the intimacy of a mess-room enabled me to make on my companions, who were, with very few exceptions, a set of the most thoughtless and silly fellows ever broached as a cargo upon Indian shores. Major Craig very soon found me out. I used to get on the poop, and by pretending to talk to a quiet little fellow of the name of Thompson, in wondering what sort of people we were going to, what sort of life we should lead, how soon we should make our fortunes, which way we could best get on, and such other wonderments as youths will discuss, I used sometimes to draw the old officer out into a most communicative humour. Poor little Thompson was knocked overboard by the mizen boom in a gale off the Cape, and the sea was running too high for any boat to live, so he was left to his fate. After this catastrophe, Craig used to come much oftener to the hen-coop, where I was accustomed to sit, and he let me into a good many of the secrets of the Bengal military service—warned me of the usual stumbling blocks, brandy pawnee, Nautch girls racers, buggies, and such gear, as prove the bane of some inexperienced youths, and the total ruin of many others, on their outset in life at the presidency. All this I took in good part: asked more questions about the up-country life, where I understood all the griffins were sent on their arrival, and from his account conceived a thorough distaste to that summary mode of disposal of myself and prospects. I pushed my inquiries so far as to get him to advise me how to avoid being packed off to Patna, Dinapore, Cawnpore, or some other military stations in the Mofussil, and he was at length induced to recommend me to apply myself most sedulously to the acquirement of the native languages, both Hindoostanee and Bengalee, but most particularly the latter, as it was not much studied by the Company's servants, and its attainment might, therefore, lead to some good

appointment. In those days—I speak of twenty years ago—there were by no means the appurtenances and appliances to study which the modern race of writers and cadets possess, in Shakespear, Arnott's and Wilkins' Hindoo and Bengal grammars and dictionaries: Hadley's Moor's Grammar was all I could boast of in that shape, except an old German Polyglot Dictionary, which afterwards proved a most valuable friend, as will hereafter be seen. A few weeks brought us to the termination of our passage, during which I rivetted the good opinion of the Major, by rescuing his little wife from those impertinencies, mis-called attentions, with which the cadets were wont to pester her, by watching round the companion ladder for her appearance, and then, some one or other of them, offering her his arm as an escort on the deck, an offer which was generally accompanied by a burst of rude and boisterous laughter from all the others. On our arrival at the Sandheads, Major Craig offered to frank me to Calcutta in a pinnace which was lying in readiness at Kedgerree for any casual passenger who might wish to be released from the tedium of a passage up the river in the ship. I gladly availed myself of his offer: he was an amiable minded man, though soured by a life of much hardship and peril, which had rendered his outward appearance hard and cold; but the softness of the little woman, who had ventured her all to accompany him across the wide ocean, made a visible impression upon him, even during the short time we were pent up in our ship, and his natural kindness peeped forth much oftener from under the shaggy pent-house-like brows which he used to draw down over his "Scotch grey" eyes, during the last, than during the first fortnight of our embarkation.

After getting stowed away in a very good barrack room at Fort William, and having withal a hearty recommendation to the mess-table of the officers of the —th, who were quartered there as garrison troops, I set myself seriously to work to put Craig's instructions into practice, and to get some such knowledge of the languages in vogue amongst the millions who surrounded me, as would tend to our mutual better understanding, as well as to my own particular emolument. I led a very quiet life in this manner for some months, notwithstanding Craig, as well as the pleasant fellows who formed the mess of the —th, often endeavoured to get me into some of the dinner parties or race-balls at Chowringhee, or Garden Reach. I however eschewed them, for I had the wit to see in my glass that I was not good-looking enough to induce any woman to fall in love with me; and as for dancing, driving, drabbing, dinner-eating, or horse-racing, I had no constitutional taste for them, and did not see enough of them to acquire an artificial relish for such pleasures.

The only recreation I used to take, was a gallop round the course, or along the Garden Reach road early in the morning, on a little grey Arab that I bought of a grab trader from Bussorah, for a couple of hundred rupees, and for which I repeatedly refused a thousand. Now and then of an evening, by bat light, or as the filmy gauze of darkness was gradually drawing round the skies, and the small intermittent twinkling of the fire-flies could be just perceived amongst the foliage of the peepul or banyan trees, I would stroll out from my quarters, wending my way through the Loll Diggy and the Cossitollah into the Chitpore road, where I was always sure to meet some objects amongst the native population which sufficiently rewarded my trouble, and raised my curiosity and wonder at the habits of this singular people.

I was lucky, too, in the time of my arrival at Calcutta. It was at the close of the rains, a period which is celebrated by the Hindoo population with great rejoicings and much pomp, by processions and feastings. They have got a goddess, whom they call Doorga, to whom they assign the duty of watching over the progress of the rains and of causing them

to fertilize the land. In return for her supposed faithful execution of this task, every year, about the month of September or October they perform certain oburgatory sacrifices at her shrine, and then placing her high on the shoulders of her devotees, they march off with her to the river side, and embarking her, together with her priests, in a dingy or a paunsway, they row to the middle of the stream, and gently set her afloat to sink or swim as best may please her godship. The most striking part of these ceremonies is when she is marched in procession through the streets. I was out on one of my evening strolls, and chanced to pass the house of a wealthy Baboo, of the Mullick family. A vast crowd of natives were in the streets with flambeaus and *tom-toms* (a sort of hand drum): a host of native palkees were at the gates of the compound, (the enclosed court-yard), which were closed, and within, the noise of Babel seemed to be renewed. I stood about for some little time watching the people: the night was intensely dark: the sky was positively a blue black, without a single visible star in the wide expanse, and the flare of the mussauls (torches) was the only means of seeing what was going on.

Presently the Compound gates were thrown open: a Bengal blue-light was fired, and forth marched this idolatrous multitude in all the pomp and circumstance of blind and gorgeous Paganhood. The fellows who had been kicking up such a "bobbery" outside, formed into a line of march, and away went the goddess in such state as might well "astonish the natives." I asked a fat little boy, who was howling, "Ma bap, hey dekho," (O! dad look,) whither all this show was proceeding; he whimpered out, "Chandpaul Ghaut ko jata Saheb;" (to Chandpaul stairs, master;) on receiving which hint, I rattled off as fast as I could to reach the Ghaut before them. The whole tide of population was flowing in the same direction, but all very civilly made way for the "Belattee Saheb," (*Europe gentleman*;) who consequently made much more progress than the idol. All the esplanade and the Old Court House Street were crammed to repletion by the busy, feasting, squabbling, howling, singing, dancing, smeared, and naked natives. On one side was a row of temporary booths hastily put together, and furnished with nesly, dall, bhat, kismis of all kinds, dates, plantains, sugar sops, hard-bake, and every holiday cate likely to conjure the cowries (shell money) and pice (farthings) from the small fry who flocked around. A very sacred looking chap was squatted on the ground, with a collection of clay gods, which were only waiting to receive his benediction, (a benediction which ever followed the offer of a pice for one of them,) ere they were endowed with all the attributes of the goddess whose image they purported to be. Then, again, was a Babachee (native cook) with his kedgerees pot and kebaabs for the delectation of such junior Mussulmans as chose to idle their time in quizzing the Hindoos, and he too was patronised by a herd of youngsters in skull-caps and jummahs, (loose trowsers,) who picked his tit bits from the bamboo skewer, and smacked their greasy mouths in raptures. Herds of Nautch girls, Syces, Chuprassees, Khetmutgars, Bheesties, and Mussaulchies, filled in the picture, which was one of the most animated I had ever witnessed, though in my after life the large Hindoo city of Benares, and the Mussulman city of Delhi, presented me with much more extraordinary scenes. The measured roll of the drums was now heard coming through the Loll Diggy: I jumped on one of the hackeries (native coaches) which were standing about, much to the alarm of some half dozen pretty Hindoo girls who were crammed inside, and whose tinselled and sandal smeared faces were grinning delight at the gay assemblage. I promised however not to touch them, and was suffered to retain my elevation. The procession was now coming up Old Court House Street, and I had a full view of what old Defoe has styled, "the God deserted, murtherous

salvages ;" but who, I can testify, are so far from being salvages, that they are the most polished and insinuating people I ever was among, equalling the French in their quiet, placid politeness.

What I saw from the top of my hackery I am totally unequal to give a description of, but I shall try. A vivid and lurid glare was shed over the whole procession by the Bengal blue-lights, which penetrated the hazy darkness of the atmosphere, to a circumference of about fifty feet ; within this magic circle, chaunting some devil-prompted ritual, marched they on. First came five rows of tall men, each beating in measured cadence an enormous drum, which was suspended across his body, and ornamented with large flowing hearse-like plumes, which almost concealed him from the sight, and gave the band a truly terrific aspect. Every now and then a wild wailing stream of harmony flowed from some wind instruments which were placed in the centre of the nagars (*state drums*). Next followed a troop of Hindoo faquirs, smeared over with a sort of pipe-clay colour, some in attitudes of penance, which, if put on for the occasion, were mightily well preserved. One fellow, however, had snatched a grace "beyond the reach of art," for he had got his tongue half-way out of his mouth, and a light bamboo spear was run through it bisecting his face perpendicularly. A Brahminee bull followed in the train of these mendicants, the whole line of the procession being flanked by torch bearers, the smoke from whose mussauls somewhat impeded the sight and offended the nose. Then came a band of Brahmins, followed closely by the idol, elevated on a shrine, which at a distance had the effect of an enormous peacock's tail whilst elevated and quivering in the sun-beams. Some thousands of miscellaneous black guards guided her godship to the ghaut, where she was subjected to certain ablutions, and made the accessory to sundry thefts committed by the priests on her devotees, under the plea of offerings ; after which she was embarked on board a paunsway, (a five-oared boat,) carried to the centre of the stream, and set afloat, amidst the shouts of her admiring worshippers. I observed a very pretty trait in the Hindoo character during this ceremony ; some of the poorer classes, unable to show their gratitude to the supposed author of the plenty which had crowned their labours, by decking out a shrine and hiring drums and torches, were content to make a demonstration of their thankfulness, by procuring a light earthen pot, into which they put a cotton-wick and a little coconut oil, (the common lamp-oil of the country,) and then lighting it, set it afloat on the river. Thousands of these slender offerings might be seen at once glittering and twinkling on the surface of the water, forming a pleasing contrast to the more magnificent display of the richer Hindoos.

I very speedily made such progress towards an entire attainment of the Bengalee tongue, as to be fit for employment in one of the many departments which youths like myself were then destined to fill, in the administration of the Company's government to the natives. I, however, wanted the main-spring of action, interest, to press my claims successfully, and but for an accident, I fear I should have remained altogether unnoticed. Major Craig had left the Presidency for the station where his regiment was on duty, and to him therefore I addressed a letter, couched in good Bengalee language, of which he was a thorough master, entreating him not to desert me now I had acquired the knowledge necessary to fit me for employment. I was always of a sanguine disposition, and having penned this effort, I determined upon committing it to the hawk (post) to be sent to him. I recollect well sauntering forth from my solitary barrack-room in the Fort on the evening I had thrown this "bread upon the waters ;" I strolled through Tank Square (where the post-office was) with the vague idea of seeing my dispatch fairly out of Calcutta ; and when I heard the monotonous sound of the tom-tom,

which the dispatch bearer constantly drummed upon as he trotted by me, and saw the flare of his attendant's torch gradually disappear down the Loll Baug, I thought every day would seem a year until I received a reply. The march of time, however, speedily annihilated the space betwixt the transmission of my memorial, and its reply from Craig, who gave me no hopes whatever of success, but recommended me to memorialize the judicial secretary. It luckily happened for me that the interpreter to the Foujdarry (Criminal) Court of D—, was taken off by a jungle fever at the time my memorial was sent in to the governor, and as luck also willed it, an important trial (of some dacoits) was about to come on, which was only postponed in consequence of his death. I was dispatched as assistant interpreter, with directions to lose no time in reaching the place of my appointment, which injunction I took good care to fulfil by setting off the very day after the order reached me, fearing its revocation, or mistrusting my fortune. The rains being over, I travelled by dawk, (palankeen travelling,) and consequently saw little or nothing of the country; but as I approached D—, rumours of what was going on were floating dimly about the country, and the nature of my appointment rendered my safety somewhat precarious, owing, it was said, to the strenuous efforts which the natives were determined to make, to extricate the parties in custody, Brahmins of a very high caste, from the dangerous predicament in which they stood, being charged with a dacoity (river robbery) of greater than ordinary atrocity, and those charges resting on the positive and direct evidence of two of the sufferers. I pushed boldly on however, night and day, looking every now and then to the priming of my pistols, and the integrity of their respective charges; and after enduring some of those pleasant suspenses, which men in danger are occasionally troubled with, I was, when within forty miles of Dacca, met by a sepoy guard of twenty men, commanded by a havildar, whose presence effectually released me from my supposed jeopardy. As I kept my fears wisely locked up within my own bosom, they passed for nothing; and it was only by conversing with the serjeant of my guard that I learned the full extent of the danger I had incurred, which, however, I discredited, and jeered him for exaggerating. He discreetly waived the subject, and turned the current of my thoughts by eulogizing very warmly the purity with which I spoke the language of the low country, a compliment which I took all in good part, but the sincerity of which I subsequently had much reason to doubt. In fact, the extent to which the fellows in custody had ramified their defensive artifices, was such as to appear almost incredible to an older and more experienced hand than I then was, and this flattery-mongering formed part of them, by puffing me up with vain-glorious ideas of my own infallibility as interpreter, totally blinded me to the real extent of my acquirements, which, though sufficient, were not all-sufficient. The day fixed for the trial arrived. The prisoners, a father and son, (the latter a youth apparently not sixteen,) Brahmins of the Sheeva Bukht, having elected to be tried by a Native jury of twelve, in preference to the Punchayet, were brought into court, and placed on one side of me: the judge sat right opposite, the jury on the other side, and the witnesses, an elderly man, also a Hindoo, and his grand-daughter, a mild-looking little damsel of fourteen or fifteen, were brought to the table at which I sat. My attention was strongly attracted by the indescribable emotion which passed over the countenance of the little innocent when her eyes caught a glimpse of the father and son who stood in the dock; and the serenity and composure with which they conducted themselves, presented to me a powerful idea of two caged tigers, looking all meekness and innocence. The child clung to her father with all her might, and when Ram Hurry, the elder of the prisoners, demanded his removal from court during the period of

her examination, her alarm rose to such a pitch that I had much difficulty in finding terms in the language to assure her she was safe. I could not, however, refrain from entertaining the strongest prepossessions in favour of Ram Hurry and his son Goluck, the mildness and equanimity of whose deportment were well calculated to have that effect. The amount of evidence which was elicited from the little maiden was only general. She told her small story in few terms. She had been betrothed to a Hindoo youth, and the period of puberty having arrived, she was, according to custom, proceeding to the house of her husband, decked out in the valuables which formed her marriage portion, and also in such additional jewels as could be hired or borrowed from her neighbours and relations, thus forming a shrine of considerable value. Veiled and shawled she sat in her water equipage, proceeding to the village where her betrothed dwelt, which was on the other side of the river, when shrieks, and the splashing caused by her boatmen jumping into the water, indicated some accident, which was speedily explained by the forcible entry of several men, who stripped her of her finery, and in their furious haste waited not to slip the golden bangles from her slender wrists, but with brutal cruelty separated her hands from her arms. The pretty innocent told her melancholy tale as briefly as I have here related it; and when she closed her evidence she held up her scarred and handless wrists, in token of the savage violence which had been committed on her—a sight which caused a shriek and shudder all round the court, in which also the prisoners participated. Nothing, however, according to my interpretation, was elicited from her tending to criminate either of them, and the old Hindoo was now subjected to examination, first undergoing the ceremony of an oath, with the concomitants of Gunga panee (sacred water) and earth. He narrated, after the garrulous fashion of the natives, the same circumstances which had been previously detailed by his grand-daughter. It remained only for him to identify the prisoners as having formed part of the gang of dacoits, and when I examined him upon this point he hesitated, gave ambiguous replies, and upon my putting the question point blank to him, his answer was such as to warrant its interpretation to a negative. The judge now directed me to ask if the witness could swear that the prisoners formed part of the robbers. I understood his reply to discharge them from all participation in the crime, and so delivered it, upon which, without going into the collateral proofs which the boatmen were supposed to possess of their guilt, the judge briefly summed up the evidence, and the jury pronounced their acquittal, which was immediately followed by their liberation and disappearance from the court. During this brief transaction, and after Ram Hurry and his son had vanished, the child and her old relative seemed to be paralysed by some emotions which I could not make out. They, however, rushed away, with an exclamation indicative of horror and amazement, and I saw no more of them. The court then broke up, and I repaired to the quarters assigned to me, which were near the ruined palace of the old Mussulman nabob, who had deserted it for a more modern residence. Here I meditated on the scene I had witnessed, and on the nature of the proceedings in which I had taken so prominent a part. I tried to feel satisfied that I had executed my functions in a sufficient manner, but some lurking doubts hung over me and tormented me beyond description. I recalled to recollection the exact words which the elder witness had used, with reference to the implication of Ram Hurry and his son, and comparing their import with my cooler and more accurate reflection, as well as taking into account the ambiguous and circumlocutory phrases in which the natives choose to convey their ideas, the notion forced itself upon me with a pertinacious tenacity, that I had misinterpreted the language, or rather the sentiments, of the old Hindoo,

and had been the means of the escape from justice of two atrocious criminals. I combated this most disagreeable reflection in the best way I could; but all the reasoning I was able to bring to bear on it did not enable me to parry the home-thrusts which ever and anon were made by my conscience. At length, by the aid of coffee, the hookah, (smoke apparatus,) and a heavy dose of brandy and water, by way of night-cap, I got through the evening, waking the next morning to a full sense of the accuracy of my conduct, and a laughable feeling as to the nervousness which had caused me so much torment the preceding night, and which I partly attributed to the excitement I had previously undergone. Something mysterious, however, in the conduct of my serdar bearer (the Indian valet de chambre) raised unpleasant feelings in my bosom, which I vanquished by ordering my palkee, and paying a visit to the officers of the —th N. I., in whose company I passed several jovial and thoughtless evenings.

On my return to my own quarters, on the evening of the fourth day after the trial, and just as I had slipped into an easy gown, cocked my legs on the table, after the most approved Bengalee fashion, and replenished my glass from the magnum of claret which flanked it, the serdar, who had been pulling the punkah string (a fan suspended from the ceiling) in quietness for upwards of an hour, rose and softly went to the verandah: he returned in one second, and with a smile which bordered on a sneer, said, in his up-country language, "Wah hye, saheb!" (He's here, sir.) "Kuon hye?" (Who's here?) I instantly and in some doubt exclaimed. "Goluck lurka hye, saheb!" (The boy Goluck, sir.) Before I could well disengage myself from my awkward position, I observed the youth, who had so recently stood in the dock, slowly and obsequiously approaching the spot where I sat with a basket of fruit, in which a magnificent pine-apple was most conspicuous, in his hand; he laid it gently on the table, made a low salam, and simply saying in bad Hindoostanee, "Kootch phool hye, saheb," (some fruit, sir,) retired before I had mustered ideas sufficient to comprehend what he was about.

In his speed, however, to acquit himself dexterously of his errand he capsize a bottle full of English ink, which I had brought with me from Calcutta, not being able to write with the thick, gummy, and unctuous liquid used by the natives, and which differs in its materials from that made by us. Some portion of the contents defiled the lower edge of his white flowing dhota, (a muslin robe,) a glimpse of which caught my eye just as he vanished. On turning round, I perceived Munnoo, (my serdar,) had resumed his punkah string, and was dozily pulling it. I very soon retired to bed, without making any remark to him on the occurrence of the evening, and neglecting also to look at the present of fruit which the boy Goluck had brought. Indeed, I scarcely knew what to think of it; whether to look upon the gift as a trifling token of gratitude for his deliverance, such as even innocence itself might without prejudice offer; or as an earnest of some future offering—a contingency which I determined to guard against by ordering the serdar to be privy to no more such nocturnal visits. The basket of fruit formed, next morning, the chief ornament of my breakfast table, where it was stuck amid the usual accompaniments of coffee, toast, fried fish, rice, and dry curry. Idleness rather than any wish to eat of it, prompted me to slice off the beautiful green crown of the anana, which, with a feeling more allied to horror than any thing else, I then discovered to be crammed with gold mohurs. The real history of the transaction then rushed upon my mind with a force totally irresistible, and the dismay with which I regarded the guilty tribute on my table was painful and altogether overpowering. I had wit enough, however, to conceal my sensations from the khedmutgars, (Mussulman footmen,) who were in attendance, and who luckily were at

too great a distance from the table to be aware of the nature of my discovery. I dispatched one of them for the serdar, who, with some reluctance arising from scruples of caste, made his appearance in the breakfast-room; and ordering the servants away, I pointed to the fruit, and said in his own tongue, "Munnoo, this is a bad business."

"Nobody knows of it, sir."

"Then be it your care that no one shall know of it."

"Upon my head be that, sir," was his reply.

He took the basket up and conveyed it into my bed-chamber, where, having deposited the golden contents in my portmanteau, he conveyed the rest away. The host of disagreeable and appalling reflections which now rushed with unceasing rapidity through my mind, carried with them such pain as to incapacitate me from making up my mind as to the course I ought to pursue. On the one hand, to go to the judge of the Foujdarry Court, and detail to him the facts, as well as the doubts which had beset me immediately on my return from the court on the day of trial, was to damn myself, and to wipe out for ever from the tablet of the future, all the golden hopes which my fancy had there inscribed from the hour of my appointment. It was, in fact, to go and announce to the judge, that I was the direct means of escape from a well-merited fate, of two bloody-minded and atrocious villains, who, not content with the plunder of their hapless and innocent prey, had added to robbery the most hideous crime short of actual murder that they could commit. On the other hand, to retain possession of the cursed gold with which I had been bribed, was no less distasteful to me than self-conviction of, to say the least, ignorance and inefficiency.

After hammering my brains for a considerable time, the course I decided upon was to endeavour to find out the poor little Hindoo and her aged parent, and to endow them with the treasure of which I had so unwittingly become the depository. With this intent I obtained leave of absence for a few days, on the plea of going down to the Sunderbunds to shoot deer, and hiring a common, light six-oared boat, such as are in use amongst the natives for swift and quiet water travelling, I put a few changes of linen, together with the gold, into a patarra, (a country portmanteau,) and set off down the river, without taking any of my servants, preferring to trust to the currie and rice of the daundeas, (boatmen,) to running the risk of letting them into my projects. I however "borrowed" from a friend a stout fellow of a brij barsee, (a Hindoo of high caste and courage,) upon whom I was assured I could rely, and who subsequently turned out to be a trump of a fighter. I fell down the broad stream during the day, and put into one of the thousand creeks with which the oozy banks abound, as soon as I had got out of all ken. On the approach of night I ordered my daundeas to turn out, and row as swiftly up the river beyond D——, as they were able, and I then went into the small covered cabin and laid down to sleep again. About midnight my guard awakened me, and demanded how much further I wished to go; on rising I found we had passed two villages on the banks, and were about to leave a third behind us. I made them bring to again, and then set seriously down to consider of the best means of carrying my intentions into effect.

SCOTTISH PROVINCIAL NEWSPAPER PRESS.

WE follow up our article on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Newspaper Press, by some account of the Provincial Press of Scotland ; thus giving a complete view of what Sir Robert Peel would call the "Journalism" of that part of the island.

Instead of taking the several papers in the order of their antiquity, it will be the better course to begin at the south, and then proceed to the north of Scotland, taking the different journals in our way.

This arrangement very appropriately enables us to begin with a paper which has long been at the head of the provincial press of the southern part of Scotland. The reader will at once see that we refer to the "Dumfries Courier." It is somewhere about twenty years since this journal was established. In regard to circulation, it is next to the "Aberdeen Journal;" the number of copies published being upwards of 1,500. Its politics are liberal, though not violently so. They are substantially the same as those of the present Ministry. Mr. M'Diarmid, the editor, is author of a number of popular works, and editor of the well-known "Scrap Book," which has run through several editions. For light sketchy articles, Mr. M'Diarmid is well entitled to claim the palm over all his contemporaries of the British press. Nor has he been much less fortunate in his correspondents ; particularly in those who fill his poetical corner. We have not seen the "Dumfries Courier" so often of late, but some time since its columns used to be enriched by poetic contributions which would have done honour to any literary periodical of the present day. Though these poetic effusions appeared anonymously, they were for the most part from the pen of Mrs. G. G. Richardson, a lady of distinguished literary attainments, and who has written for various annuals and periodicals a great many poetical pieces, fully equal to any thing which has ever been produced either by Mrs. Hemans or any other poetess of the present time. From a mistaken modesty, however, she has declined, in many cases which consist with our knowledge, prefixing her name to the admirable effusions of her Muse, and thus deprived herself of much of the fair fame she has so well merited.

The "Journal" is of an older date than its contemporary the Courier. It was started several years—we do not recollect how many—before the latter. Of late it has repeatedly changed hands. About three years since, Mr. Carson, then proprietor, wished to dispose of it, and offered it to Mr. Allan Cunningham for 1,200*l*. Mr. C. would have given a certain sum for the copyright, but not the amount asked. It was consequently put up to public sale, when it was purchased by Mr. George Heron for 1,400*l*. Mr. H. engaged Mr. Allan, a young man who had done some credit to himself by his contributions to the "Edinburgh Literary Journal" as editor, and for some time the property seemed to improve. It soon, however, again began to deteriorate, owing perhaps to the growing unpopularity of its high Tory principles. Mr. Heron subsequently wished to get rid of it, and having put it some months ago into the market, it sold at the reduced price of 500*l*. Dr. Duncan, and several other individuals of some consequence in the religious world, purchased the copyright with the view of converting the paper into a religious journal. It has ever since been published as such ; but manifestly at a great loss to the proprietors. Its circulation is extremely limited, and it is very indifferently advertised.

The "Dumfries Times" has only been in existence for four or five months. It originated in an idea entertained by some that the "Courier"

was not sufficiently liberal in its politics. It was, as the prospectus stated, to supply the desideratum of a thoroughly Radical journal in the south of Scotland, that the "Dumfries Times" was started. It is a Radical journal in the most enlarged acceptation of the term. Its proprietary is extensive; but still it is not well advertised, and its circulation, we believe, is by no means equal to what was expected. It is conducted by Mr. Douglas, late of the "Spectator," and formerly, if we are not misinformed, connected with the "Morning Journal." Mr. Douglas' salary is 300*l.* a year. It is but fair to add, that as regards talent, the "Dumfries Times" is highly respectable.

The "Kelso Mail" is a journal of respectable antiquity. It is of the Tory school of politics. It publishes twice a week—on Monday and Thursday. Its circulation is not large, but being respectably advertised, it must be a fair paying concern. It is conducted by, and is partly the property of Mr. Jerdan, brother of Mr. William Jerdan, editor of the "Literary Gazette." It does not enter largely into political discussion; but contents itself with a brief summary of any thing that is passing in the political world, interspersed with an occasional remark or two expressive of its own view of the matter.

The "Kelso Chronicle" has been little more than a year in existence. Like the "Dumfries Times," it started on ultra Radical principles. Its circulation is fair, but it is not well advertised. For the first ten or eleven months it was conducted by Mr. Dawson, the proprietor; but finding that it was not answering expectations, Mr. Alexander Peterkin, late of the "New North Briton," was engaged as editor. It is still under his management, and has more spirit, with less of Radicalism, than when under the editorship of Mr. Dawson.

The "Berwick Advertiser" has been published for a great many years. For a long time it was a perfect paste and scissors affair; but of late we have seen somewhat lengthened original discussion on political topics in it, written in a very respectable manner. It is badly printed, which, we should think, must be very much against it.

In Ayr there are two papers—the "Advertiser" and "Observer." The first has been established nearly a quarter of a century. It is, we believe, the property of the Messrs. M'Cormack, one of whom is editor. Dr. James Memes, author of a work on Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, in "Constable's Miscellany," together with a Memoir of Josephine in the same publication, and translator of Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon Buonaparte, in three volumes, used to contribute very largely to it, particularly in the literary department. It has a circulation exceeding a thousand, and is well advertised. It is a profitable concern to the proprietors. Its politics are liberal.

The "Observer" is of modern date. It only started in the course of last year. Like its contemporary, it does not espouse violent opinions. It is respectably conducted; but it is yet too young for us to form a confident opinion as to its future success.

There are also two papers in Stirling—the "Journal" and "Advertiser." Mr. Munro, present proprietor and editor of the "Advertiser," started the "Journal" more than ten years ago. For a long while it had to struggle for existence, and before the proprietor, whose capital was but limited, derived much profit from it, he had got himself so much involved as to be obliged to suffer the "Journal" to pass into the hands of his creditors. It was brought into the market, and purchased by Mr. Weir, a young man from Kelso, for 500*l.* It had not been any time in Mr. Weir's hands, when Mr. Munro, who had by this time effected an arrangement with his creditors, started the "Advertiser" in opposition. The two papers, both as respects circulation, advertisements, and even as to the ability with which they are conducted, are pretty well matched;

whatever difference there is, is in favour of the "Journal." Their circulation is not large, nor are they well advertised. When the "Journal" first fell into the hands of Mr. Weir, and for some time after, it was moderately Tory; but since the agitation of the Reform question, it has bordered on Radicalism. The "Advertiser" smacks of Conservatism.

In Fifeshire, or as Shakespeare, in his tragedy of Macbeth, calls it, the "Kingdom of Fife," there are two journals—the "Fife Herald" and the "Fifeshire Journal." The first is published in the town of Cupar. It was started some eight or nine years ago by Mr. Tullis, then a bookseller there, but who died a year or two since. It is Radical in its politics. It is conducted with much spirit. It is not generally known who writes the leading articles, and though we know it, we are not sure that it would be fair to mention it, as it is wished it should be kept a secret. The gentleman, we may state, is not ostensibly connected with the paper. The reason why the individual in question wishes to preserve his incognito is, that the general tenor of his articles is in direct opposition to the views of many of his principal friends—we may add, unless misinformed, his patrons in his professed avocations. The "Herald" has a fair circulation, and is tolerably advertised. The "Fifeshire Journal" is yet in its non-age, having only sprung into existence in January of the present year. It is published in Kirkcaldy, which, though not the county town, is by far the largest in Fifeshire. It is moderately Conservative. It is the property, and is under the management of Mr. Murray, a gentleman who was for fourteen years connected with the Edinburgh press, as sub-editor, reporter, &c. Mr. Murray has the reputation of being a most industrious collector of local news.

The town of Paisley only boasts of one paper, the "Advertiser," and it is yet only comparatively young. It was started, if we recollect right, in 1823. The first editor was Mr. Golding, a name well known in the literary circles of the west of Scotland. He was succeeded by Mr. Kennedy, author of "Fitful Fancies," "My Early Days," &c., and editor of the "Englishman's Magazine" during the six months of its existence. Mr. K. was also for some time editor of the "Town" newspaper, but was soon succeeded by Mr. S. C. Hall, editor of the Annual which goes under the name of the "Amulet," and sometime sub-editor of the "New Monthly Magazine." On relinquishing his connexion with the "Paisley Advertiser," Mr. Kennedy was succeeded by Mr. William Motherwell, now of the "Glasgow Courier." The paper commenced under an extended proprietary, there being no fewer than fifty shareholders—if our memory does not deceive us; but finding it an unprofitable concern, they all seceded from it, when it fell wholly into the hands of Mr. Motherwell, he being editor at the time. Mr. M. continued to conduct it for some months on his own account; but having undertaken the conduct of the "Glasgow Courier," he transferred it over to the then printers, Messrs. Neilson and Hay, whose property it now is, and by whom it is conducted. The circulation is not large, and it is not well advertised. The selections are made with judgment, but it would be a great improvement if there were an increase of original matter. It is singular enough, that though Paisley is a perfect hot-bed of Radicalism, the "Advertiser" has always leaned to Conservative notions.

In Greenock there is only one newspaper, the "Advertiser." It is published twice a week—on Monday and Thursday. It takes little part in political discussion. Its sentiments are moderately liberal. It is understood not to be a profitable concern; its circulation being limited, and its advertisements few.

Perth has two papers, the "Courier" and "Advertiser." The "Courier" is the property of Mr. Morison, a well-known printer there. It is nearly a quarter of a century old. Its politics are Conservative. It is

well advertised, and has a circulation exceeding five hundred. Its contemporary, the "Advertiser," is but young. It was started about three years ago. It was originally, for six months, published in Strathmore, and was called the "Strathmore Journal," which name it still retains as an addition to that of the "Perthshire Advertiser;" but the then proprietor, a lawyer in Coupar of Angus, having failed, the property fell into other hands, and the place of publication was transferred to Perth. A writer in Perth, law-agent to Mr. Jeffrey, now Lord Advocate, was, and we believe still is, principal if not sole proprietor. Mr. Tulloch, a licentiate of the church of Scotland, and now snugly domiciled in a comfortable country manse, conducted the "Advertiser" for the first two years. On his exchanging the press for the easier and less exciting duties of the pulpit, another editor was engaged; but he soon, from causes with which we are unacquainted, quitted the concern. Mr. Peterkin, now of the "Kelso Chronicle," was then "retained," to use a law term; but one of the first things he did, was to indite a violent article in defence of church establishments, then, as now, exciting much attention in Scotland, in which article he was by no means sparing of the Dissenters. The Dissenters, who are very numerous in Perth and the surrounding country, took the thing in high dudgeon, and forthwith got up a memorial, most numerous signed, representing to the parties most deeply interested in a pecuniary point of view, that unless Mr. Peterkin's connexion with the "Advertiser" was to be forthwith severed, they would, as a body, withdraw their support from it. There was no resisting logic of this kind: Mr. Peterkin was only one little fortnight editor of the "Advertiser." The name of his successor is unknown to us. The "Advertiser's" circulation is somewhat more extensive than that of the "Courier." In regard to advertisements, both papers are pretty much on a par. The sentiments of the "Advertiser" are those of liberal Whiggism. Both Journals are respectably conducted.

In Dundee there are now three papers, the "Advertiser," the "Constitutional," and the "Chronicle." The first has been established more than a quarter of a century. Its politics are out-and-out liberal. It was for a long while under the conduct of Mr. Rintoul, editor of the London "Spectator." Mr. Gellatly is the present editor. It is conducted with talent as well as with spirit. It has been of great service to Dundee, by its fearless exposure of local abuses. In respect of circulation, it is next among the provincial papers of Scotland, to the "Aberdeen Journal" and "Dumfries Courier." It is well advertised. Of late it has been enlarged, and is now among the largest newspapers in Scotland. It is a very profitable concern.—The "Constitutional" is, as the name imports, a Conservative journal. It is a continuation of the "Courier," under another name; the latter paper having ceased to exist some months ago, after lingering on for some years with a circulation of only two hundred and fifty. It was the property of persons interested in the perpetuation of municipal abuses, and must have been carried on at a considerable yearly loss. The "Constitutional," from the few specimens which we have seen, is very respectably conducted.—The "Chronicle" started into existence in the end of last year. It is well printed, and is conducted with spirit. Its politics are Ultra-Radical. Indeed, it avowedly took "Tait's Magazine" as its model in this respect. Little can yet be known of its chances of eventual success.

Though Montrose had, for a long time, two papers, it has for the last few years had only one. Its title is the "Review." It is the property of Mr. Mitchell, who also conducts it. It has been very variable in its politics. A good number of years ago, when Mr. Hume was member for that district of burghs, its opinions appeared to be substantially the same as his. It differed with him from causes with which we are unac-

quainted, and seemed for some years afterwards to be quite a Tory journal. Now again, it has veered round to liberal principles. It is a journal of more than twenty years' standing. Its circulation is fair, and it is respectably advertised.

In Aberdeen there are three newspapers—the “Journal,” the “Observer,” and “Herald.” The “Journal” is the oldest provincial paper in Scotland, having been established in 1745, the memorable year of the rebellion. At that time its size was quite diminutive. It has been repeatedly enlarged of late, and now certainly contains more matter than any journal in Scotland. It contains at least twelve times as much as it did when it first appeared—a fact which proves the vast improvement which has taken place since then in newspaper property. For a long time the “Journal” made no pretensions to original matter but trusted to its advertisements and extracts from other papers for its success. Of late years, however, it has undergone a marked change in this respect. It now often contains much valuable and varied original matter. Mr. David Chalmers, principal proprietor, is also editor, assisted by Mr. William Anderson, a young man of refined taste, and author of a small volume of poems, which has been well received, entitled, “Poetic Aspirations.” The “Journal”—and in this respect it is singular among the provincial press of Scotland—is printed by steam. In point of “getting up,” as it is technically called, we have scarcely ever seen it equalled, certainly never surpassed, by any newspaper in Great Britain. It is beyond all comparison the best paying newspaper property, (with the single exception of the “Edinburgh Courant,” a thrice-a-week paper,) in Scotland. Its circulation considerably exceeds 2,000, and it has at least three, if not four advertisements for every one of any other provincial paper on the other side the Tweed. Its politics are rather of a Conservative complexion; but its articles are invariably written with much gentlemanly feeling and good temper.

The “Observer” started in March, 1829. It first identified itself with liberal opinions; but went over—some two years since—to the Tory side; since which time it has been most violent in support of all state abuses, however glaring. It does not want cleverness in some of its articles, but these have been considered, in several instances, as going beyond the bounds of fair discussion, and degenerating into personality. It is beautifully printed. Its circulation is but limited, and it is not well advertised. Messrs. Spark and Duncan, the first a bookseller, and the other a grocer, in Aberdeen, are understood to be the proprietors and editors. There was a third person who had a share in it, but finding it to be the reverse of profitable, he withdrew from the concern.

The “Herald” has not been much more than six months in existence. It arose from the ashes of the “Chronicle,” the property of Mr. John Booth, Jun., who also conducted it. The proprietary of the “Herald” is very extensive, the shares having been made so low as 2*l.* 10*s.* each. The proprietors purchased the copyright of the “Chronicle,” together with all the printing and other materials, giving, we believe, somewhere about 2000*l.* for the whole. Mr. Booth is a proprietor to a considerable extent in the new concern. Sir Michael Bruce, the unsuccessful candidate for Aberdeenshire, and Mr. Bannerman, the successful candidate for the city, are also both extensive shareholders; and the politics of the paper, which are those of liberal Whiggism, are understood to be much under their influence. Mr. Powers, formerly connected with the “Farmer’s Journal,” a London paper, now incorporated with “Bell’s Weekly Messenger,” is editor. His salary is 200*l.* a year, with an expressed understanding that in the event of the paper attaining a certain circulation, it shall be increased to 250*l.* The circulation of the “Herald” is upwards of 1000, and it has a fair share of advertisements.

In Elgin there is only one newspaper, namely, the "Courier." It was started in 1827, and was conducted from its commencement until the beginning of the present year, by Mr. James Grant, who was also half proprietor. Mr. Grant is known as author of a "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," and editor of the "Elgin Literary Magazine," of the "Elgin Annual," &c. The politics of the "Courier" under his management, were decidedly liberal. The paper then contained more original discussion than any other provincial paper in Scotland, and was certainly as well known in the south, as any of the provincial journals north of the Tweed. Since he quitted the editorship, the "Courier" has scarcely expressed an opinion on any political topic; but instead of articles of its own, is strangely enough filled with the disquisitions of the London journals, in large type, and under the head "Elgin Courier." Mr. James Grant is now, we understand, in London, engaged in various literary pursuits.

Next to the "Elgin Courier," as regards locality, are the Inverness papers—to wit, the "Journal" and "Courier." The first has been established nearly a quarter of a century. It was started by Messrs. Ettles and Young. They sold the copyright and printing materials, in 1816, for 7,000*l.* to the present proprietor, Mr. Macintosh, of Raigmore. In effecting the purchase, however, Mr. Macintosh omitted to bind down the then proprietors not to start another paper in Inverness. They proposed doing so, and he gave them an additional 1,000*l.* to depart from their intention, and to come under an obligation not to put it into effect in future. No sooner had Mr. M. got the "Journal" into his hands, than he commenced lashing the magistrates of the burgh, and indeed all the official persons connected with the county, right and left. A better specimen of a newspaper flagellator does not exist, and we may add with safety, never did exist. The magistrates and other individuals connected with the town and county of Inverness, started the "Courier," in a year or two afterwards, merely as a measure of self-defence; for Mr. Macintosh was too intent on chastisement to suffer them to say a word in the "Journal" in their own vindication. Mr. Johnstone, now of the "Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle," was first editor of the "Courier" at a salary which in one shape or other amounted to 400*l.* a year. Mrs. Johnstone, authoress of the celebrated book on cookery, under the assumed name of "Meg Dodds," and likewise authoress of "Elizabeth de Bruce," and several other popular works of fiction, often assisted her husband in the conduct of the "Courier." Mr. Johnstone continued to edit the "Courier" for some years, when the proprietors finding it to be a losing concern, determined to reduce the expenditure. Mr. M'Kay succeeded Mr. Johnstone as editor, at a salary of about 100*l.* per annum. The paper being now conducted with less talent than before, the property became more and more depreciated. Mr. M'Kay, in 1828, suddenly quitted the "Courier," and was succeeded by Mr. Robert Carruthers, formerly of Huntingdon, at a fixed salary of 120*l.* per annum, with a certain percentage on what is technically termed "jobbing," making his situation in all worth from 150*l.* to 160*l.* a year. The proprietors of the "Courier," who were originally sixteen in number, were now reduced to three, namely, Messrs. Fergusson, Riach, and Sutor. In July 1831, they resolved on disposing of the copyright, which was bought by Mr. Carruthers, together with the printing materials. The former was sold for 300*l.*, the latter were given over at valuation. The "Courier," under Mr. Carruthers' management, has risen in circulation. The selections are made with much good judgment; it has a great quantity of local matter, which is very tastefully and pleasantly written, and the whole paper, in a word, is one of the most readable of the provincial journals. Its politics are liberal, without being violent. Its circulation is good, and it is well advertised. From the moment of its appearance until now,

the "Journal" has been most exemplary in keeping it before the public, by means of attacks of "all sorts and sizes." Perhaps it is not the least curious feature in the "Journal's" mode of warfare, that in proportion to the violence of the attack, is the warmth of the previous protestations of affectionate regard. For example, the expression, "Our brother," is never applied to the "Courier" by the "Journal," except when it is intended to follow it up by a tremendous broadside—a strange way, without controversy, for the "Journal" to show its fraternal affection. Well does the "Courier" know when it meets with the phrase, "Our brother," in its contemporary, that the words are of fearful augury. The "Journal" has a good circulation, and is also well advertised. What its politics are nobody knows, and so long as it is under its present proprietorship, we will answer for it nobody ever will. Mr. James Fraser assisted Mr. Macintosh for many years as editor of the "Journal," but he having died about four years ago, his place has been since then filled by Mr. David Stalker, an intelligent and excellent young man, and a solicitor in Inverness.

Of late years several newspapers have been started, and some of them discontinued, in the provinces of Scotland. In 1828, one appeared in Montrose, under the title of the "Angus and Mearns Telegraph." It was fairly conducted, but never attained to any circulation worthy the name, and its advertisements did not exceed four on an average. It lingered on until the 30th number, when it was given up.

In 1830, though the population is only 5,000, another paper was attempted in Elgin, under the title of the "Elgin and Forres Journal." The capital was subscribed in a number of small shares. It was quite Conservative in its principles—but never took. It continued for eight months, and was then abandoned.

In the same year an effort was made to establish a journal in Kilmarnock, under the title of the "Kilmarnock Chronicle." It was persevered in for about a year, and then given up. The same parties made a second attempt of the same kind last year, and under the same title; but with, if possible, still less success. The paper did not exist many months. It is now, we understand, in contemplation to make an effort to establish a paper in that town, by means of an extended proprietary. It remains to be seen, if the plan be carried into effect, whether it will succeed.

About this time last year an official table was published by order of parliament, professing to give an accurate statement of the circulation and number of advertisements published by the different journals in Scotland. A more incorrect document never appeared. The "Aberdeen Chronicle" was omitted altogether, although it continued to be published for a long time after. The "Elgin Courier" had its circulation underrated by one-third, as appeared by a letter addressed at the time by Mr. James Grant, the editor, to the editor of the "Scotsman,"—the table in question having first appeared in that paper. The "Inverness Journal's" circulation was also underrated by several hundreds; while the "Scots Times," whose circulation exceeds six hundred, was represented as having a circulation only of about fifty. The amount of the circulation of other papers, again, was greatly overrated.

Taking the Scotch provincial papers together, their average circulation is between six and seven hundred; and their advertisements may probably be from forty to fifty. It will appear singular to the English reader, how they can be made to pay with so comparatively limited a circulation, and with so moderate an amount of advertising. The secret of the thing lies in the economy with which they are conducted. The salaries of the editors is much less than in England, varying from 100*l.* to 200*l.* a year; but certainly, in the great majority of cases, much nearer

the former than the latter. In a great many cases, the individuals who are proprietors conduct their own papers. Then there are no sub-editors, reporters, &c. on the provincial papers of Scotland. It is expected that the editor unite in his own person the duties of all these. Again, there is a considerable saving in the shape of wages to printers. In very few cases does a compositor's wages exceed one guinea per week; in most instances, they are considerably under that sum. The same economy is extended to the salaries of clerks, and all others in any way connected with the papers.

The provincial press of Scotland is almost without exception in the hands of respectable persons. It is, on the whole, conducted with talent. Its politics are, in the main, of a Whiggish complexion; there being only four journals of decidedly Tory views, and about the same number espousing Radical opinions.

The newspaper press of Scotland has undergone a marked change for the better during the last twenty years. Previous to that time, there was scarcely a journal in Scotland that made even an attempt at original discussion. Newspapers then were altogether paste and scissors affairs. Of course, they exercised little or no influence on public opinion. It is far otherwise now. In the Edinburgh and Glasgow journals, and even in several of those in the more remote provinces, there appear, week after week, disquisitions on passing topics of public interest, which, for the comprehensiveness of their views, the cogency of their reasoning, and the force and eloquence of their language, are noways inferior to the leading articles of several of the daily papers of London. It necessarily follows, that the journals in question exert a corresponding influence on the public mind; and that influence, we are happy to say, has generally for its object the propagation of rational views in politics, always the establishment of sound notions in morals. The newspaper press of Scotland is, in one word, equally creditable to the head and heart—to the intelligence and morality of the people.

AN OBJURGATORY EPISTLE.

"Non tecum possum vivere, nec sine te."

MADAM—I mean, dear Laura—no, I don't;
 I mean—what matters it? you know my meaning;
 I have your letter, and it is my wont
 To show to courtesy a proper leaning;
 Therefore I write; think not I own your power,
 Nor call thy sex's practised arts about thee,
 Because I said in love's unguarded hour,
 "There is no living with thee, or without thee."

You promise never to offend me more—
 Ah! thou deceitful one!—and vow repentance;
 You say you always thought Delmaine a bore,
 And beg me to recall my cruel sentence.
 An oath! an oath, I have an oath in Heaven,
 Were all that's faithful, treacherous girl, about thee,
 Those words should never from my breast be riven,
 "There is no living with thee, or without thee."

What! shall I sit with half-averted face,
While every pulse with rage and shame is beating,
To see that puppy basking in your grace,
While your cold glance meets my eye's silent greeting?
Must I endure to see each emptiest head
A walking piece of furniture about thee?
Good God! to think I should have ever said,
"There is no living with thee, or without thee."

No—by those golden hours so swiftly past,
By those bright smiles you gave me when you won me,
By all the hopes I set upon the cast,
By the fond, foolish heart, that has undone me—
By all those bitter banquets tears have brought,
By all that once was dear and loved about thee,
I swear to banish from my breast the thought,
"There is no living with thee, or without thee."

O Laura, if you ever drew a sigh,
How could you thus affection's bond dis sever?
How could you every woman's engine ply
To rack a heart would have been your's for ever?
Then, that abhorred Delmaine! to see the jay
Strutting in all his finery about thee,
And (grant me patience!) hear you laughing say,
"There is no living with thee, or without thee!"

In vain you strive to bring me to your lure,
In vain pour forth a thousand false professions,
In vain protest your love shall still endure,
And blot with artful tears your feigned confessions.
No more shall woman's tears or smiles ensnare
A breast whose wishes ever dwelt about thee;
Though, vexed by your caprice, I used to swear,
"There was no living with thee, or without thee."

E'en as the closing steel now parts in twain
The silken band from which so long depended
The mimic partner of thy wayward reign,
Torn are our ties, my dream of love is ended.
Take it; I cannot wear that portrait now,
'Twill grace, no doubt, some dangling fop about thee;
Let other lips in pettish fondness vow,
"There is no living with thee, or without thee."

Ah! fair, but false one! 'tis thyself indeed;
Too true an image of thy syren beauty;
There breathes the form I deemed the highest meed,
Could smooth the toilsome path of rugged duty.
Thine's the arch smile that lurks in every feature;
That air of witching coquetry about thee:
Come to my heart, thou dear, tormenting creature,
"There is no living with thee, or without thee."

THE COUNT CHABERT.¹SECTION III.—*The Two Visits.*

ABOUT four months after the nocturnal consultation of Colonel Chabert with the solicitor, the notary charged with the payment of the half-pay accorded by M. Derville to his client came to the office of the former, for the purpose of reclaiming six hundred francs disbursed to the old soldier. "You support members of the Bonaparte army, it seems," said the notary, smiling. "Thank you, my worthy preceptor," answered Derville, "for reminding me of it. I have only twenty-five louis' worth of philanthropy, and fear being the dupe of my patriotism."

Just as Derville concluded this phrase, he observed the letters which his head-clerk had laid upon the table, and was struck with the sight of the oblong, square, triangular, red and blue stamps that adorned a letter arrived through the Prussian, Austrian, and Bavarian post-offices. However, here is the *dénouement* of the comedy. He seized the letter, opened it, but it was written in German. "Boucard!" The head-clerk appeared. "Go yourself to get this letter translated, and be back as quickly as possible."

The Berlin notary, to whom Derville had addressed himself, announced that the public acts he desired would reach him in a few days after this, his letter of advice; that all the documents were quite regular, and bore all the legalizations necessary. Further, he acquainted him that there existed at Preuss-Eylau several witnesses to the facts consigned to the *proces verbal*, and amongst others, the woman to whom Colonel Chabert owed his life. "This becomes serious," exclaimed Derville. Then looking at the first receipt given by the colonel to the notary, in order to see where the veteran lodged, he resolved to go to him at once, and announce the arrival of the documents.

Count Chabert lived in the Rue d'Orleans Saint Marcel, where he inhabited one of those kinds of den which are yet to be found in the faubourgs of Paris. It was a crazy house, small and very narrow, which had been built with the ruins of fallen dwellings; a dealer in pigs and poultry occupied the whole of it. The yard was filled with dung, and paraded by coquetting hens; there were two pigsties, in which the sows wallowed at their ease; and the rabbits confined to their hutches increased their families under the protection of a rusty wire-work. The aspect of this court-yard, seen from a crazy door, formed one of those Parisian views of which nothing can convey a notion to the foreigner or the provincial. One must have personally studied those attenuated trees, those tall vines that seek the air, like prisoners seated at their barred windows; admired the battered vases of tin—the pacific horse, whose race is only to be found in the outskirts of Paris—the rags that have served to dry the milk-pans, and which were, in their turn, drying themselves in the sun—then the brats of the Faubourg fixed to the door, like creepers, the lizard colour of the walls, and the dislocated hinges on which the doors swung;—all this must be contemplated in order to appreciate the poetry peculiar to these Parisian landscapes. Strange scenes! and forming the strongest contrast with the exhibition of luxury, of debauch, and of the fantastic fabrication that lurk in the sombre streets of the Plâtre St. Avoie, Ogniad, &c.

The solicitor had some difficulty in finding his client, for the house had been left to the safeguard of three careless boys. One of these, mounted upon an overcharged hay-cart, was throwing stones down the chimney of

¹ Concluded from p. 112.

the next house, hoping they might do some mischief; a second was tormenting a pig; and the third lay upon the straw, rolling about like an animal at liberty.

On M. Derville's asking them where M. Chabert lodged, they all looked at him with an air of stupid cleverness, if the expression be allowable, but made no answer. M. Derville repeated his inquiry very politely, but the slang air of the imps provoked him to use those playful terms of abuse that young people commonly address to children.

The urchins broke silence by a brutal laugh; and as the voice of Derville became louder, the colonel heard it, and came forth from a small room between the dairy and the chamber, inhabited probably by the pig-keeper and his wife. The soldier came forward with an inexpressible military phlegm to the threshold of the door; in his mouth was one of those pipes nobly "bottomed," (such is the technical term of smokers,) one of the humble gypsum pipes usually called "scorch-muzzle." He lifted the peak of a frightfully greasy cap, and seeing the lawyer, crossed the dunghill to accost him; then displaying his wigless skull, cried good-humouredly to the infant rabble, "Silence in the ranks!" The boys maintained the respectful silence, which announced the power the old soldier had acquired over them. "Why have you not written to me?" said he to M. Derville. "Go by the wall, there's a paved way," he observed, on perceiving the indecision of his adviser, who appeared not to like wetting his feet in the dung.

By leaping from one clear spot to another, Derville arrived at the door from which the colonel had issued, but poor Chabert seemed painfully affected at receiving his solicitor in such a chamber; indeed, Derville could discern but one chair. The colonel's bed was made up of some trusses of hay, to which the kindness of his hostess had superadded two or three of those remnants of carpeting with which the milk people adorn their cart seats. The flooring was simply of hardened clay, strewn with clean straw. As the crystallized walls, green and cracked as they were, necessarily diffused the damp, the partition against which the colonel slept was lined with a straw mat. The celebrated great coat hung by a nail, two pair of old boots lay in a corner, no vestige of linen, but on the table were spread out the bulletins of the *grande armée*, reprinted by Plancher.

The physiognomy of the colonel was calm and serene; the hopes he had conceived since his visit to M. Derville, and which still appeared to sustain him, had changed the character of his features. He was not so old nor so broken, and had better health. "Does the tobacco smoke incommode you?" he asked, offering at the same time a straw-bottomed chair in a very decayed state. "No," answered Derville; "but, colonel, you are shockingly ill off here!"

This phrase was drawn from Derville by two painful reflections which crossed his mind—reflections dictated, no doubt, by the mistrust natural to solicitors, from the sad experience they early acquire at the moral combats they witness. "Here," thought Derville, "is a man who has doubtless employed my money to satisfy the three theological virtues of old campaigners—gaming, drinking, and" "Why, there certainly is no luxury here; it's a cool kind of bivouac, but" Here the soldier cast an earnest look at the man of law. "But," he continued, "I have never wronged any one, never repulsed a fellow-creature, and I sleep tranquilly."

Thinking it would be indelicate to ask his client for any account of the manner in which he had spent the money advanced to him, M. Derville added, "You would not come to Paris, though you might have lived much cheaper there, for in the centre there are resources." "You are right there, too," answered the colonel; "but these poor people had

sheltered and supported me for a whole year. The father of these boys is an old Egyptian,* who has seen the Pyramids. I've not yet finished teaching them to read, and it would be ungrateful to go away, and leave them half instructed." "He might, however, have lodged you better for your money." "Bah! the children also sleep upon straw. He and his wife have none of the best of couches; they're badly off, you know. This establishment is above their means; but if I recover my fortune.... I say nothing." "Colonel, I shall receive the papers from Heilsberg to-morrow or next day. I have excellent news: your liberatrice is still alive." "Curse money!... and then to think that I have none." He threw down his pipe—the precious "bottomed" pipe,—but then it was by a movement so natural, so generous. "Colonel, I have deeply reflected upon your affair, and am convinced that compromise will be a much safer course than any action to recover; therefore I shall see the Countess Ferraud to-day, but I would not take such a step without apprizing you." "Let us go together to her." "No," said the advocate; "you might lose your suit. Recollect that the point upon which your case rests is one not contemplated by the code. It can only be decided upon by a jury as a case of conscience, and you will have to bear up against your wife and her husband, both of whom have influence that may prevail with the tribunals. The cause has the elements of duration; they will discuss your documents; there will be a few preliminary questions, which being traversed, must be sent up to the supreme court. You will have time to grow old; and as it is very unlikely that the court will award you a subsistence, *pendente lite*, this process will wear you out." "Misfortune has not destroyed me," answered the colonel; "but go to my wife—I confide in you." Upon this Colonel Chabert accompanied M. Derville to the street door.

The solicitor had scarcely gone ten yards towards his cabriolet, when a man in the dress of a pig-dealer accosted him. "You are a relation of Colonel Chabert, I suppose, sir, and I should like to propose something for him. We took him in formerly when he was dying of hunger; my wife and I are established now, and we bought our stock, though we had not a sous; but with thrift, says I, we shall be able to pay. So I signed promissory notes to the man that sold the concern to me, and the last of them, for six hundred francs, was due ten days ago; and when I took the colonel, I told him all we could do was to give him bread and milk—we have nothing else for ourselves. So then he told us he'd be rich one day or other, and then he'd remember us for his board and lodging. It seems you have advanced him money on account of his fortune. Well, sir, he came to know, through some of the neighbours, that we had not the first sous of the note's amount, and the old growler, without saying a word, put together all he had got from you, lay in wait for the note, and brought it to me, paid. Well, my wife and I knowing that he had not the money to buy himself tobacco, and that he felt the want of that more than any thing besides, we were cruelly hurt at it; so I want to ask you to lend us a hundred crowns upon our establishment, since they say you are a kind man, that we may buy him clothes and furnish his room, for the old man has put us in his debt, and that vexes us. 'Tis not for the matter of two cups of cream and a piece of bread, for we give that with all our hearts, d'ye see; nor it isn't the rent of his room that can make up six hundred francs. This is what frustrates us. So as I'm an honest man, and as sure as my name's Louis Verniaud, I would sooner enlist than not repay you the money I ask for."

Derville stared at the sow-keeper, and drew back a couple of paces to

* The French soldiers of the old army used to call such of their comrades as had seen the Pyramids, Egyptians.

contemplate once more the house, the dung, the cow-stall, the rabbits, and the children ; and a thousand thoughts passed his mind. " You get tipsy sometimes, my friend ? " " Why yes, sir, now and then ; one wants to be a little merry. " " I'm glad of that. Well, you shall have your hundred crowns, and more too, but it will not be from me. The colonel will soon be rich enough to help you, and I will not deprive him of the pleasure of doing so. " " Will it be soon ? " " I believe so. " " Ah ! I'm very much pleased at that, for his sake. " The tanned face of the swine educator seemed to expand.

The Count Ferraud lived in the Rue de Varennes, and inhabited one of the handsomest hotels of the Faubourg Saint Germain. From a simple *maître des requêtes* under Napoleon, the count owed the good graces of the chief to the name he bore, and to the merit he really possessed ; but under the restoration political fortunes augmented rapidly.

He had followed Louis XVIII. to Ghent. At the second return he possessed great influence in the privy council, of which he was a member, and appeared promised to the Chamber of Peers, or to a seat in the cabinet. Further, not more than four-and-thirty, with agreeable manners, a good person, and full of grace and elegance, he could scarcely fail to please ; and when he married the widow of Colonel Chabert, the coteries were not astonished at it. M. de Ferraud was not rich at the time, but he was of an old parliamentary family, which was also well connected ; and the royal ordonnance, cited in the long clerkly phrase at the commencement of this tale, having restored him two forests, Madame de Ferraud found that she had, by good luck, contracted a marriage of inclination and of interest at the same time.

The countess was young, handsome, rich, and amiable, but spoiled by adulation and the habit of ruling supreme. She played the part of a woman of fashion, and breathed an atmosphere of luxury, splendour, and recklessness, where fêtes, concerts, and assiduities made a superficial life, exempt from reflections—a life of whirlwind. She loved her children by *ton*, by caprice, but she was not a mother to them ; and if she was constant to the lover who had become her husband, it was that he fortunately flattered her vanity still. He was handsome, a man in power, and in love ; and again, virtue and a mass at St. Thomas Aquinas were then the *mode*. The countess was like many other fair Parisians whose hearts are not wholly divested of good feelings, but whom education, flattery, and the life passed in drawing-rooms, have rendered pert, frivolous, unthinking, headstrong, assuming on the strength their of beauty, haughty and eager for amusements.

Thus Colonel Chabert's wife, rich through his means, found herself, as it were, at the top of society, and in the lap of luxury, while the poor old soldier lived between the dung of a court-yard, the birds and beasts that perambulated, and the pig-dealer who owned it. This reflection would have been made by a Kamschatzcan, but Derville formulated it *Parisienly*, in saying, " The moral of this is, that a pretty woman would not ever choose to recognise her lover in a man covered by an old great coat, wearing, too, a wig, and whose boots let the water flow through them. "

M. Derville was received by the countess in a handsome winter dining-room, where she was at breakfast, playing with a monkey attached by a chain to a small post. " Good morning, M. Derville, " she said, continuing to give the monkey coffee. She was admirably dressed in a morning gown, the curls of her hair, negligently fastened, escaped from below a cap, which gave her an air of archness. She was elegant, fresh, and smiling. Silver-gilt and mother-of-pearl ornaments shone upon the table. Around her were abundance of scarce flowers in porcelain vases.

The lawyer smiled in contemplating this picture, but it was with a malicious, a *biting* smile ; the expression, half philosophic, half sarcastic,

which belongs sometimes to men placed so as to see things in their true light, who get to the bottom of affairs in spite of the fictions by which every family endeavours to mask its existence. The usurer, the attorney, and the physician, are, in the social order, the three high priests of truth. "Madam," said Derville, sharply, (for he felt offended at the slighting way in which the countess had said, "Good morning, M. Derville,") "I am come to speak with you upon a very serious matter." "I am very sorry for that, but M. de Ferraud is not at home." "And I, madam, am extremely glad of it, for I should be sorry indeed that he were present at our conference. Listen, madam; few words will suffice to render you serious: Colonel Chabert is alive." She laughed immoderately. "And you pretend to make me serious by talking of such absurdities?" Yet the countess remained thunderstruck in presence of Derville, mastered by the lucidity of the look which continued to inquire, and seemed to read the recesses of her soul. "Madam," he answered with a cold and penetrating gravity, "you are ignorant of the extent of those dangers which menace you; and yet allow me to tell you, that the most ample certainty, the most irrefragable authenticity, certify the existence of the count. You will lose your process if you oppose our motion to set aside the certificate of his death, and your marriage will certainly be annulled. But it is not in these points that your shame and misfortune are comprehended: you derived your whole fortune from Colonel Chabert, and you did not love him. As to this, if the laws of marriage bound you to do so, the laws of the heart might have excused you. But it can be proved that he wrote to you long before the expiration of the term prescribed by the code for the interval between the death of a first husband and the re-marriage of his widow with a second."

"That is false!" she screamed, with all the violence of a *petite maîtresse*. "I never received a letter from Colonel Chabert; and if any body calls himself the colonel, it is an *intrigant*, some liberated convict, like Coignard, perhaps. And *certes* " "Fortunately, madam, we are alone, and we may put ourselves at our ease. I will tell you, then, that the proof of your having received the first letter exists, for it contained remittances." "O, as to remittances, it had no"

The countess stopped short, sat down, blushed, grew pale, hid her face in her hands, and then shaking off her shame, "We will defend the suit, sir!" she said, with the *sang froid* which women only are capable of. "You are the solicitor for the pretended Chabert; do me the favour, therefore, only so speak to me professionally. Can the colonel re-appear, sir? Buonaparte sent an aide-de-camp to condole with me upon his death. I receive to this day the pension of three thousand francs voted by the Chambers to his widow. I have a thousand reasons for repulsing the Chaberts that have appeared, and those that may appear: and if a counterfeit Chabert wrote to me, what would that prove?"

"That you *have* received letters," rejoined the solicitor, "and that you married sooner than you ought to have done. We have the means of forcing from you some precious confidences, if we plead; but my wish is to spare you the scandal of so disagreeable a process, the shame of which may be averted from you by a composition. Your children will otherwise be bastardized, your character arraigned; you will wittingly have showered frightful ills upon the head of your benefactor. What will not the world say? Advocates are very eloquent when the causes they plead are eloquent in themselves. There are sharpened pens that can write most cutting memoirs, and those of Colonel Chabert would be appallingly so, and might hand down your name to the execration of posterity. It is no longer in the power of any one to prevent the tribunals from taking cognizance of the matter, the acts of recognition are in Paris. Would you know my sentiments, madam? Then upon my

honour and conscience there have been wretched creatures executed justly on the Place de Grève, and yet much less culpable than you are. They committed murder through hunger, you have engendered nine years of unheard-of suffering for your husband, and that, too, wilfully! Yes, madam, there were *four* letters written, and you saw Boutin."

The countess was annihilated. "I know not whether the colonel will come to a compromise, but I am sure he loves you still."

At this word the countess raised her head, and a gleam of hope flashed from her eye. She perhaps speculated upon the affectionate weakness of her first husband. "I shall expect your orders, madam, to know whether to serve you with process, or if you will come unattended to me within three days, in order to settle the basis of a composition." And Derville left the room.

SECTION IV.—*The Hospital for Old People.*

Eight days after the two visits which M. Derville had paid, and on a fine morning in the month of June, the married couple who had been disunited by an almost supernatural accident, started from the two most opposite points of Paris, to meet each other at the chambers of their common law agent.

Colonel Chabert,—thanks to the advances largely made to him by Derville,—was dressed in a manner becoming his station, and arrived in a cabriolet. Newly shaved, and with a wig suited to his features, a blue coat, new boots, clean linen, and at his button-hole a gold clasp, from which miniature crosses of his orders hung, so that the old soldier seemed to have recovered his former habits of military elegance. He held himself erect, his face looked younger, and he was no more like the Chabert in the old great coat than a double sous is like a newly coined piece of forty francs.

At the first sight it was easy to recognize him as one of the noble ruins of our old army, one of those brave men upon whom the glory of our nation beams, and who show it as a broken icicle, which seems to reflect the sun that shines on it. These old soldiers are at once the pictures and the books of their age. His handsome face, grave and mysterious, seemed better conditioned, of greater "breadth," to borrow the pictorial phrase. His features expressed joy in its fullest hopes; and when he stepped out of his carriage at Derville's, he sprung up the stairs as a young man would have done.

The cabriolet had scarcely landed him at his solicitor's, when a handsome chariot, covered with armorial bearings, stopped at the same door. The Countess Ferraud alighted from it in all the freshness of a *toilette*, which, though simple, was admirably calculated to set off her figure. She wore a *capotte* lined with pink, and which, by softening the outlines, lent her all the attractions of youth.

There was something at once dramatic and ridiculous in this *rencontre*. It would have been still more picturesque if the legitimate husband had been clothed in the livery of misery; but the two attempts to appear younger had their merit. What a scene for the gloomy chambers of the lawyer!

The clerks first introduced the colonel, then Madame de Ferraud, and the two faces gave rise to interminable discussion, and especially to bets.

M. Derville begged the colonel to remain in his bed-room, and kept the Countess Ferraud in the cabinet. "As I was not certain, madam, that it would be agreeable to you to meet Colonel Chabert, I have separated you; but if you wish it . . ." "Sir, it was an attention that calls for my thanks." "I have prepared the minute of a settlement, the conditions of which you will either assent to or reject; they may be discussed

between you and your husband while you are here. I will go from you to him alternately, to state to each your respective reasons." "To the point, sir," exclaimed the countess, betraying a gest of impatience.

Derville read—"On this 8th day of March, in the chambers of M. Derville, solicitor, &c., appeared—On the one part, the Sieur Hyacynth, called Chabert, born at Paris the 1st of July 1765, and baptized in the Foundling Hospital the 2nd of the same month, the day after his reception, &c.; And on the other side, Dame Rosa Chapotel, the wife, by a first marriage, of M. the Count Chabert, (above named,) born"

"Pass over the preliminaries, and come to the conditions." "Madam, the preamble explains succinctly the position in which you are placed with respect to each other. In the first place, you acknowledge the individual mentioned in the certificates annexed to the settlement, and minutely described: you acknowledge him, I say, in the presence of three witnesses, two of whom are notaries public, and the other the poultry dealer with whom your husband lodged. To these I have confided the secret of your affair, and you may rely upon their strict silence. You acknowledge the undersigned, whose identity is established by a kind of public act to be the Count Chabert, your first husband. By the second article, the Count Chabert, with a view to your happiness, engages himself not to make any use of this recognition, unless in the events contemplated in the body of the settlement. These events," observed Derville, making a sort of parenthesis, "are no other than the non-fulfilment of the clauses of the secret convention. On his side," he continued, "M. Chabert binds himself not to appeal against the certificate of his death, not to sue for the setting aside of your second marriage, notwithstanding its nullity, (a nullity you must be aware of,) and he leaves you in possession of the rank which you enjoy." "And what is the price of . . . ?" asked the astonished countess. "By the third article," said the solicitor in continuation, and with an imperturbable phlegm, "you engage to create and establish to the said Hyacynth, (which is the only legal name of Colonel Chabert,) an annuity of twenty-four thousand francs inscribed in the *grand livre* of the public debt, so long as he lives, and that at his decease the principal shall revert to you." "Ghosts are expensive," said the countess, smiling. "Does not your fortune come from . . . ?"

"Well, well, sir; if such is the composition, and it is made evident to me that the individual whose cause you plead really is the Count Chabert, I accept the terms." "Madame, you will have occasion to be sure it is he, for he adds one more condition to his sacrifice—a condition that —" (Derville hesitated) "that I have never been able to prevail on him to forego." "What is it?" inquired the countess, whose curiosity was strongly excited. "He insists, madam, that during two days, one at the commencement and one at the end of each month, and of every month throughout the year, all his rights as a husband shall be recognized by you." "Horror!" cried the countess, rising from her seat. "Madam, he claimed six days: it was I who" "Enough!" said the countess, "we will let the law decide." "Yes, we will let the law decide," repeated the deep voice of the colonel, suddenly opening the door and appearing before his wife. He had one hand under his waistcoat, and pointed with the other to the floor, with an energetic movement to which the recollection of his adventure lent an appalling power. He remained standing, severe, implacable. "'Tis he!" said the countess to herself. "And now, madam," resumed the old soldier, "I will have you to myself, and without participation." "But this gentleman is not the Count Chabert!" exclaimed the countess, feigning surprise. "Ah!" said the veteran, in a tone of profound irony, "do you wish for proofs? I saw you for the first time at Count Gilbert's—you were his wife's *femme de chambre*."

The countess turned pale under her rouge, and the soldier, touched at the sight of the sufferings he caused to a woman he had once ardently loved, paused ; but went on again upon receiving from his wife a look that conveyed the venom of a serpent. "I might have ascertained this circumstance, you will say. Well, then, it is necessary to give you a convincing proof—if you do not know my voice, was it not I who broke you of the habit of" "In mercy, sir, suffer me to leave the room. I did not come here to listen to such abominations."

She rose, and quitted the apartment. "So, colonel, this is the way you conduct law-suits?" Derville sprang into the office, but the countess had already left it: she appeared to have flown from the solicitor's dwelling. When he returned, Derville found the colonel pacing the room in a violent passion. "A woman to whom I gave a million of francs, and who tries to beat me down—who first chose me for a husband, and betrays me . . . I'll destroy her!" "Well colonel, was I right or not in begging you to keep away? I am now convinced of your identity. When you first showed yourself, she was surprised into a movement dictated by an unequivocal feeling; but you have lost your suit—that woman knows that to others you are no longer recognizable." "I will destroy her!" "Absurd! you would be taken, and guillotined like a wretched culprit; and perhaps you might only wound her, which would be inexcusable—one should never fail in killing one's wife, when the resolution's taken. Let me endeavour to repair your mischief. Pray leave me for the present."

The good and single-minded colonel obeyed his young benefactor, and retired stammering excuses. He descended the dark staircase slowly, and seemed lost in gloomy thoughts; overwhelmed by the blow he had just received, perhaps the severest he had ever sustained, and the one which struck most forcibly upon his heart, when he heard at the bottom of the stairs the rustling of a gown, and his wife appeared before him. "Come, sir," she said to him, taking his arm in the manner he was formerly accustomed to. The action, the gentle voice, the tone of the countess, produced on the poor soldier's concentrated fury the effect of a drop of cold water in a steam-boiler. His anger subsided, and he suffered his wife to lead him to her carriage. "Why don't you go in?" said the countess, as soon as the footman had let down the steps; and he found himself, as if by enchantment, in the well-appointed chariot. "Where to, madam?" asked the servant. "To Groslay."

The horses crossed Paris. "Sir," said the countess, in a tone of voice that confessed one of those emotions which occur but seldom in the course of life, but then show that the whole being is convulsed by them—heart, fibres, nerves, features, every pore shudders. We no longer feel that life resides in us, or to what regions it is transferred. This tremor is contagious, magnetic—transmitted by a word, by the manner of utterance, the look, the gesture; even the old soldier trembled at the single but fearful monosyllable, *sir*. Still it seemed, at the same time, a reproach, an entreaty, an interrogation, or an answer: it conveyed every thing, and none but a woman—a heartless woman—could have compressed so much of eloquence and of sentiment in a single word. The colonel felt remorse for his suspicions, his demands, and his anger, and looked down abashed lest his anxiety should be seen. "Sir," resumed the countess, after a pause, "I knew you!" "Rosina," answered the old soldier, "I asked no more to bury all former sorrows in forgetfulness." He dried two big tears that fell upon the hands of his wife, which he pressed with tenderness—with paternal tenderness. "How was it, sir, that you did not imagine the pain and embarrassment it caused me, to appear before a stranger in such a false position? If I am to blush for my situation, at least let it be in the circle of my family;

such a secret should lie concealed in our breasts only, and you will, I trust, excuse my apparent indifference about the suffering of a Chabert, whose existence I had no reason to believe. Your letters I received," she added quickly, on seeing the objection which hung upon her husband's lips. "But did you see them?" "They reached me thirteen months after the battle of Eylau, opened and dirty; and I was bound to believe, after I had obtained the signature of Napoleon to my new marriage, that some clever impostor meant to trick me. To avoid disturbing the peace of mind of M. de Ferraud, and not to change family ties, I was right to take precautions against a false Chabert—was I not? say." "Yes, you were right; and I was an animal, a beast, not to have better calculated the consequences of a situation such as yours. But where are we going?" asked the colonel, perceiving that they had reached the gate of La Chapelle. "To my country-house near Groslay, in the valley of Montmorency. There we will reflect together upon the conduct we should pursue. I know my duties; I belong to you of right, but not in fact. But would you render us the fable of all Paris—of all Europe? When you have decided on my fate, I will submit me to the judgment; but until then, let us maintain our own dignity in keeping the adventure from the public. You still love me, then," she resumed, casting a look of mild regret upon the colonel. "As to myself, I was authorized to contract another engagement; and let me confide to your noble nature the admission that I love M. Ferraud. It is not because he is young and agreeable; no, if he had been an old man I should have felt the same, and I believed myself at liberty to yield to that sentiment of preference. I do not blush to make this declaration before you; it may offend, dishonour you it cannot. I look on you at this moment as a father, and as a friend. A secret impulse, or an intimate knowledge of your generous nature, teaches me that you will pardon the wound I inflict in telling you this. Why should I deceive you? Why conceal a truth, when I take you as a judge and throw myself upon your discretion? An accident left me a widow, but I was not a mother; now I am so."

The colonel made a sign with his hand to invoke silence, and they remained without uttering a single word during ten minutes. Chabert's mind figured the children. "Rosina." "Sir!" "The dead do very wrong when they come back." "Oh, no, no! do not think me ungrateful. You find a tender friend—a mother, though—where you left a wife; and if it be no longer in my power to love you, I know what I owe to you, and can offer you all the affection of a" "Rosina," rejoined the old man, mildly, "I feel no resentment. If I imposed hard conditions, it was to avenge my neglected sufferings."

As the countess blushed, the soldier admired the modesty of his wife, and was happy to find again the qualities which had formerly attracted him. "Let us forget every thing," he added, with one of those smiles, the grace of which proceeded from the reflected lustre of a soul without guile. "I am not so indelicate as to require the semblance of affection from a woman who loves me no longer. Resentment made me feel a pleasure in the strange bargain I made. I sought to be a living remorse upon your happiness, to soil it by a prostitution, or rather by an apprehension of it; for I should never have insisted on the reality."

The countess replied by a glance expressive of such gratitude, that poor Chabert wished himself back in his grave at Eylau for her sake. There are men whose souls are firm enough for such devotedness, from the feeling the value of a word, a look, or a sentiment; all things fugitive with the multitude, but which are ineffaceable on these noble natures. "My kind friend, we will talk over all this later, and at our leisure," said the countess.

The conversation took another turn, and, although they reverted sometimes to their singular situation, either by allusion or serious reflections, they were charmed with the rest of their drive, and reminded each other of their past union and the events of the empire. The countess managed to throw about these reminiscences a charm that had a cast of melancholy in it, calculated to maintain the gravity of the scene. She revived affection without renewing desire, letting her first husband discern all the moral treasures she had acquired, the which from thenceforth became his share of worldly happiness. They reached, by a cross road, a large park situated in the valley which separates the heights of Margency from the beautiful village of Groslay. The countess had a delightful house there; and on their arrival, the colonel perceived that every thing was prepared for his and her sojourn. Misfortune augments the mistrust and the ill-nature of men in general, in the same way that it adds to the benevolence of the virtuous few: it is a kind of talisman, whose property it is to corroborate our primitive nature, and misfortune had rendered the colonel more beneficent than before. Yet, despite his unsuspecting nature, he could not avoid saying to his wife, "You made quite sure of bringing me here." "Quite sure, if I found my Chabert in the complainant." And she laughed with such an appearance of sincerity, as dissipated the slight suspicions of the colonel, who internally reproached himself for having conceived them.

During three days, the countess conducted herself admirably towards her first husband. She appeared to be bent upon effacing his recollection of the sufferings he had undergone, by attentions and kindness. She enchanted him. The night of the third day, she had gone up stairs, allowing, notwithstanding her endeavours to the contrary, some traces of anxiety to appear. Placing herself at her writing-table, she abandoned the mask of gaiety worn before Count Chabert, just as an actress does who retires to her dressing-room after a trying fifth act, and falls half dead, leaving in the theatre an image of herself to which she no longer bears a likeness, she concluded a letter that had been partly written.

As M. de Ferraud had considerable estates to manage, he had attached to himself a ruined attorney in quality of secretary. It was a man more than clever, and admirably versed in all the resources of chicane; but the cunning practitioner had understood his situation about the count so well, as to make him honest as matter of calculation. He hoped to obtain some lucrative place through the interest of his patron, whose affairs he managed most perfectly. His conduct so completely gave the lie to his former character, that he passed for a calumniated individual; but the countess, with that ascendancy and *finesse* with which all women are, more or less, endowed, had penetrated the wily steward, and watched him skilfully. She knew how to manage him, and had already increased her fortune by following some of his suggestions. The letter she finished was for him. She requested him to go to M. Derville, to desire he would exhibit to him the documents relating to Colonel Chabert; and that, after taking copies of the essential parts, that he (the steward) would come to her at Groslay.

The missive was scarcely finished, when she heard the colonel's step in the corridor. He felt uneasy about her, and came to see that all was well. "Alas!" she said aloud, "I would that I were dead! My situation is intolerable." "How so? what has happened?" "Nothing! nothing!"

Then she rose, left the colonel, and went down to her *femme-de-chambre*, whom she sent to Paris with directions to give the letter to M. Delbecq, her steward, and to bring it back again after he should have read it. The *femme-de-chambre* set out, and the countess seated herself upon a bench which was sufficiently in view to make it easy for the colonel to find her.

Count Chabert was already seeking her ; he hastened to her, and took his seat upon the bench. "Rosina, you have some hidden grief?"

No reply.

It was one of those fine, calm nights in June, that diffuse serenity. The air was pure, the silence profound. It was rather cool, and the voices of some children in the distance added a sort of melody to the sublimity of landscape. "You do not answer me." "My husband...." said the countess. She stopped, and then blushing deeply, asked him, "How shall I express myself in speaking of M. de Ferraud?" "Call him your husband, my poor thing!" replied the colonel, with a delicious accent of goodness; "he is the father of your children." The old soldier sighed. "Yet," she added, "if M. de Ferraud asks what I am doing here—if he learns that I am shut up with a stranger, what can I tell him? Listen, sir; decide my fate—I am resigned." "Dear Rosina," said the colonel, grasping his wife's hands, "I have resolved to sacrifice myself to your happiness." "Impossible!" she exclaimed, with a convulsive movement; "remember that you must, for that purpose, renounce yourself, and in an authentic manner, too." "How!" said the colonel, "will not my word content you?"

At this moment the scene had something solemn, and there was at the bottom of these two souls the most fearful drama that the mind can picture. The word *authentic* fell heavy on the old man's heart, where it awakened involuntary suspicions; and he threw upon his wife a noble and calm look that made her blush, and then look down. The colonel dreaded lest he should be forced to despise her; and she feared to have alarmed the mild ingenuousness and severe probity of a man, whose primitive virtues and generous emotions were known to her. These ideas were only in their germ, but they cast a cloud over the features of both. The good understanding was, however, soon re-established between them. The distant cry of a child was heard. "Jules, let your sister alone," cried the countess. "What, your children here!" "Yes; I forbade them to trouble you." The old soldier appreciated the delicacy of this proceeding, the feminine tact, so modest, so graceful, and he kissed the countess's hand. "Let them come, then."

The little girl ran up to complain of her brother. "Mamma!" "Mamma!" "It was he that—" "It was she who—"

Their little hands were stretched towards the mother, and the infantine voices mingled. It was a sudden and a beautiful picture. "Here, are the dishonoured children; but they don't know it," cried the countess, suppressing her tears. "Is it you who make mamma cry?" said Jules, looking angrily at the colonel. "Silence, Jules," cried the mother, imperiously.

Both children stood silently scrutinizing their mother and the stranger, with a curiosity words cannot convey. "Yes," said the colonel, as if completing a phrase mentally commenced, "I ought to return to the grave. I've often said so to myself." "And can I accept such a sacrifice?" answered the countess. "Men have died to preserve the honour of a loved object; but they have only died once, and you would die daily. No, no, that cannot be. If it were merely a question of *life*, it would be nothing but to sign a declaration that you are not Colonel Chabert? Acknowledge yourself an impostor, your *honour* would be killed; for you must utter a falsehood at every hour of the day. Reflect, then. I would not have it so. But for my poor children, I would already have fled with you to the world's end." "But," resumed Chabert, "can I not live here in your little pavilion as a relation of yours? I am worn out like an unserviceable cannon, and all I want is a little tobacco, and the *Constitutionnel*."

The countess melted into tears. It was a combat of generosity between the Countess Ferraud and Col. Chabert, and the soldier came off conqueror.

One night, on seeing his wife—or rather on seeing a mother—in the midst of her children, seduced by the touching graces of a family group, by a country fireside, in twilight and in silence, he took the resolution to remain dead; and, no longer scared by the “*authenticity*” of a declaration, he asked how he should set to work to assure, irrevocably, the happiness of that assembly? “Do as you will,” answered the countess; “but I declare to you, that I neither ought, nor will have anything to do in this business.”

Delbecq had arrived some days before; and, in conformity with the instructions verbally given by the countess, had contrived to gain the old soldier’s confidence. On the following day, Colonel Chabert accompanied the ex-attorney to Saint Leu-Taverny, where Delbecq had caused a notary to draw up an instrument so harsh in its terms, that the colonel rushed out of the room after hearing it read. “D——n! a pretty fellow I should be according to that—make me pass for a forger!” “Sir,” said Delbecq, “I do not advise you to sign it. In your place, I would get ten thousand francs a year out of this affair. Madame de Ferraud would give it.”

The colonel threw a look of thunder at the retired scoundrel, and, impelled by a thousand conflicting sentiments, ran off with all the vigour of a young man. He had again become mistrustful—grew angry—then calm; and still running, entered the park at Groslay by the breach of a fallen wall, and at last seated himself in a kiosk, that commanded a view of the road to Saint Leu. It chanced that he trod gently when he approached the small room formed in the artificial rock on which the kiosk was built, and, as the approach was by a gravel-walk, the countess, who sat in the upper chamber of the structure, did not hear the colonel’s step. In deep anxiety, she turned her head towards the avenue leading to Saint Leu, and was too much pre-occupied about the success of an important affair, to be scared by the slight noise her husband made on the other side; neither did the colonel perceive that his wife was in the little pavilion above him. “Well, Mr. Delbecq, has he signed?” asked the countess, on seeing the steward return alone to the other side of the ha-ha. “No, madame; and I don’t know what’s the matter with him; but the old war-horse took the staggers!”

The colonel concentrated all his strength, and vaulted over the ha-ha, to apply a pair of the prettiest boxes on the ear that ever saluted the visage of a pettifogger.—“Add that old war-horses can still kick?” After this his anger evaporated, and he felt that he had no longer the power to re-cross the ha-ha. He came round to the kiosk by the park-gate, and went straight to the aerial cabinet, from which the coloured lattices presented the delightful perspectives of the valley. The countess, seated on a chair, maintained entire self-possession. Her physiognomy was impenetrable. She affected to dry her tears, and seemed to be playing with a long pink ribbon that formed the girdle of a muslin dress. Yet, with all her assurance, she could not help shuddering on seeing the venerable and honest soldier standing before her, his arms folded, his face pale, and brow severe. “Madame,” after a look that forced a blush—“madame, I do not curse you; but—I—despise you! Now I thank the hazard that separated us. I have no desire of vengeance, for I no longer love you. From you I want nothing; your children, who are playing and prattling below, shall not be dishonoured. Rest assured, upon the faith of my word, which is of more worth than the scribbling of all the notaries in Paris—I will never re-assert the name, to which perhaps I gave a lustre. I am no longer other than a poor fellow called Hyacinth, who asks nothing but a place where the sun shines. I will live in recollections. Adieu!” The countess threw herself at the colonel’s feet, and tried to detain him by holding his hands, but he repelled her with disgust, ejaculating, “Leave me!”

The countess made an untranslatable movement on hearing the steps of her husband recede ; but, with that profound perspicacity bestowed by a high degree of wickedness, or by the acuteness of ferocious selfishness, she felt persuaded that she might live in peace upon the promise of her husband.

Chabert disappeared, and for a long time neither Derville nor the countess knew what had become of him. The poultry-dealer had failed, and was become a cabriolet driver. Perhaps the colonel, content with little, had adopted some industry of the same kind ; or else, like a stone thrown down a precipice, he had bounded from ledge to ledge, until he lost himself in the mire of rags that abounds in the streets of Paris.

Six months afterwards, Derville, not having heard from Chabert nor the Countess Ferraud, thought that they had certainly come to some arrangement, and that, in revenge, the latter had caused the instruments to be prepared by another law agent. Accordingly, he one morning computed the sum he had advanced the said Chabert, together with the expense of the documents obtained from Germany, and, not knowing where his client was, he wrote a very polite letter to Madame de Ferraud, requesting her to reclaim from M. Chabert the amount of this outlay. The next day he received a letter from his former colleague, now the steward of the Ferrauds ; who, upon the point of setting out for B. in quality of president of the Tribunal of First Instance, wrote him these desolating words :—

“SIR ;—The Countess Ferraud desires me to inform you that your client completely abused your confidence ; and that the individual who styled himself Count Chabert has acknowledged that he assumed that quality falsely. Receive the assurance, &c. “DELBECCQ.”

“Upon my soul, then, there are people stupid enough to munch hay !” cried Derville. “Be humane, be generous, philanthropic, and— a solicitor, and you are sure to be cheated. Here’s a business that cost me—the devil take it !—I don’t know how much !”

A year afterwards, he went to look for an advocate he wished to speak with, in one of the courts, and knowing that he was at the correctional police, he entered the sixth chamber at the moment the president condemned one Hyacynth to be imprisoned two months as a vagabond, and to be afterwards taken to the Saint Denis Depot of Mendicants ; a sentence which is, according to the jurisprudence of préfets of police, equivalent to perpetual confinement. At the name of Hyacynth, Derville looked at the delinquent, who was seated at the bar between two *gend’armes*, and instantly recognized the false Colonel Chabert.

The old soldier was calm, motionless, and rather absent ; but in spite of his rags, in spite of the wretchedness imprinted on his face, there appeared a manly pride, and his look had a noble stoicism that a magistrate should not have mistaken. But *there* men become mere questions of law or of facts, as they are only units in the eyes of the statistician. Just as the soldier was taken to the strong room, in order to be afterwards led forth with the batch of vagabonds about to be judged, Derville, availing himself of the privilege of his profession, accompanied him to the *Grefle*.* This room offered the spectacle familiar to the courts, but which, unhappily, neither legislators, philanthropists, painters, nor authors go to study. This ante-chamber of the *Grefle* was, like all the laboratories of chicane, a gloomy room with a musty smell, around which were the wooden benches blackened by the continual succession of unfortunates who come to occupy them from the depths of every kind of wretchedness. Not one of them but has kept this momentary rendez-

* The office attached to every court of justice, and to every prison, in which the records and registers are kept.

vous. A poet would tell you that the light of day was ashamed to shine upon this dreadful sewer of misery. There is no spot about it upon which some crime in germ has not rested; not a corner in which some unfortunate, who, driven to despair by the first stigma of justice on his *prima culpa*, has not commenced an existence, at the end of which the guillotine appeared. All those who fall on the *pavé* of Paris rebound to this receptacle. The justification of various suicides is already written upon its yellow walls. This ante-chamber is like a preface either to the Morgue,^{*} or to the Place de Grève.[†] At this moment, Colonel Chabert seated himself among a set of men wearing the horrible livery of want, silent at times, or whispering lowly; for there were three gend'armes on duty who paced up and down, their sabres clanging after them. "Do you know me?" said Derville, standing before the old soldier. "Yes, sir," answered Chabert, rising. "If you are an honest man," resumed Derville, in a low tone of voice, "how could you remain my debtor?"

The veteran blushed like a young maiden, whose mother accuses her for the first time of a clandestine engagement. "How!" he cried aloud, "Madame de Ferraud has not paid you!" "Paid! paid!" said Derville; "why she wrote to say that you were an impostor."

The colonel raised his eyes to the ceiling, as if to appeal through it to Heaven, his movement expressing a sublimity of horror, despair, and imprecation. "Sir," said he, his voice sunk through emotion, "obtain from the gend'armes the favour of allowing me to go into the Greffe; I will sign an order there which will certainly be paid." Upon a word from the solicitor, permission was given him to take his former client to the Greffe. Hyacinth wrote a few lines, sealed his letter, and addressed it to the Countess Ferraud. "Send this to her," said the soldier, "and you will be paid. Sir," he added, after a slight pause, "if I have not evinced the gratitude I owe you for good offices rendered, believe me it is not the less *here*, (placing his hand upon his heart,) it is here, full and entire; but what can an unfortunate do?" "How," said Derville, "did you not stipulate for any annuity?" "Don't talk to me about that!" answered the old soldier. "If you knew my indifference about the external life which most men hold so much to---when I think that Napoleon is at Saint Helena, while I wander about Paris which he made so grand---I can be a soldier no more. *That* is my only regret. In short," he added, with a gesture perfectly infantine, "it is better to have luxury in one's sentiments than in one's clothes. I don't fear any body's contempt." And the colonel returned to his bench.

Derville went away. When he arrived at his chambers, he sent his head clerk to Madame de Ferraud, who, on reading the letter, paid the sum due to M. Derville.

CONCLUSION.

In the middle of the month of July 1830, I went to Ris, in company with a retired solicitor. When we reached the avenue leading to Bicetre, we saw under one of the elms an infirm and grey haired pauper, such as

* The bodies of persons found drowned, unknown suicides, and the casual killed, are brought to this gloomy depot, where they may be viewed through a glazed gallery by the public. The clothes of the victims, drenched usually with water or with blood, are also displayed, and more frequently lead to recognition than the disfigured corpse itself. It is so kept as to be less disgusting than any description would convey a notion of.

† Criminals were until lately exposed and executed on the Place de Grève, which is near the opposite bank of the Palais de Justice. The French Tyburn has been removed to an obscure barrier, to which the action (rare as it has become) of the guillotine seldom attracts a crowd. Of the amateurs of head-lobbing, it has been observed at all times that the most numerous and eager spectators were females.

those who obtain the syndicate of beggars, and live at Bicetre, in the same way that the destitute females do at the Salpêtrière. The poor creature—one of the two thousand—lodged in the "Hospital for the Aged," was seated on a stone, and seemed to center his whole intelligence in an operation well known to the infirm poor, and which consists in drying the snuff on their handkerchiefs in the sun—to avoid washing, perhaps. This old man had an interesting physiognomy. He was clad in the dusky red dress which the hospital accords to its guests—a kind of satire upon liveries. "Stop, Derville," I said to my companion, "look at that old man—isn't he like one of the chocolate figures the pastry cooks sell? And yet he is alive, and may even be happy!"

Derville took up his glass, looked at the mendicant, and betrayed a movement of surprise. "That old man," he said, "is a whole poem!" We passed on rapidly. "Have you ever met the Countess Ferraud?" asked Derville, abruptly. "Yes—she is a clever and agreeable woman." "That aged inmate of Bicetre is her lawful husband! The Count Chabert, formerly colonel. She has, I conclude, placed him in this hospital, instead of an hotel, simply because he reminded the pretty Countess de Ferraud of some secret defects, and of her original station of *femme de chambre*. I have in my mind's eye the feline look she cast on him at that moment." Having expressed some astonishment, Derville gave me the foregoing history, but with a number of details, and with a talent of narration which were not useless to me.

Returning by Bicetre on the following day, I proposed to Derville that we should go to see Count Chabert. We took the way to the avenue, and found the old man seated upon the trunk of a tree. The poor object had a stick in his hand, and was tracing lines in the dust. On looking attentively at him, we perceived that he had certainly breakfasted at some place other than the establishment. "Good morning, Colonel Chabert," said Derville. "My name's Hyacinth: I'm No. 164, Seventh Ward." And he looked at Derville with timid anxiety—the fear of a dotard, or of a child. "You are going to see the man condemned to death," he said to us after a little pause. "He is not married." "Poor fellow!" said Derville; "will you have some money to buy tobacco?" The colonel eagerly stretched out his hand, with all the *naïveté* of a Paris beggar-boy. We each gave him a five franc piece, and he thanked us by a stupid stare, in saying—"Brave troopers!"

He next affected to take aim at us, and cried in the tone of military command, but smiling the while: "Fire!" Then he made some arabesque with his stick. "The nature of his wound has brought on dotage," said Derville. "He doting!" cried an old Bicetrian, who was looking on. "No, no; there are days when it would not be safe to look crooked at him. It's an old buck, full of philosophy and imagination; but to day he has kept his Monday.* Gentlemen, he was already here in 1818. It happened then, that the carriage of a Prussian officer was sent up the hill of Villejuif, empty. Its owner walked after with another, a Russian, or some such beast, and on seeing Hyacinth, who was with me by the road side, he said, 'There's an old light Bob, who was at Rosbach!' 'I was too young to be there,' answered the other, 'but I was old enough to be at Jena!' Upon which the Prussian and his friend passed on, without risking any further inquiries." "What a destiny!" I cried. "Emerged from the Foundling, he returns to die in the Hospital for the Aged Poor, having, in the interval, helped Napoleon to conquer Egypt and Europe."

* The few halfpence given from time to time to some inmates of this Hospital are paid on Monday mornings, and are generally spent at the neighbouring brandy-shop ten minutes afterwards.

JUNE.

"Tunc frondent silvæ, tunc formosissimus annus."—VIRG.

THERE has always seemed to us great plausibility in the notion, that our dispositions depend in some degree upon the season in which we are born, that the state of this vital air, when we are first introduced to it, has an effect that more or less influences our dispositions, and, consequently, our conduct as long as we continue to breathe it. We mean no more by this, than that those who happen to be born in the dog-days, will have a warmer temperament than those who come with Christmas, and this, too, *cum grano*: for the dispositions and habits of parents are a still stronger mould; so that what we allege, with this deduction, is reduced to what we could very easily prove, viz. that our natal climate tends to influence our characters; and why should it not, when, at our most tender age, it must, if ever, have power on our frames? On this principle we may reconcile some of the old astrological notions, which, fanciful and absurd as they were, yet occupied the minds of many of the most learned of the age, and so probably had some little observation for an occasional foundation. We ourselves were born in the month of June, and we are conscious, whenever that blest season comes round, of an accession of animal spirits and mental expansion. We feel as a valetudinarian, removed for his recovery to his native air. In winter we are torpid; but we wake with the flowers, and towards the end of May we begin to peck the shell of our crusty lethargy—we feel our feathers sprouting—*nascuntur per digitos humerosque plumæ*—it is June, and forth we fly!

Hail, sweet season! What the rose is amongst flowers, what Homer is amongst poets, what — is amongst maidens, art thou amongst months—the sweetest, the most glorious, the full-blown pride of the year! May is good, but June comes after, and is preferred before her; for in May we too often relapse into winter and frost, and the east wind bites like a file. In June, summer is fairly established. July is warmer than June. Confessed; but not so much so as to set it on equality; because, when the heat of June comes, it has the advantage of contrast, and succeeds a cold season; but July has to follow one that has been most welcome. June is to July what a girl at nineteen is to a woman of eight-and-twenty. In some months some of the elements are in more perfection, and fitter for our enjoyment than in others; but in June they all combine—fire, air, earth, water. What fire is there equal to the glowing sun, the *χρυσέας ἀμέρας βλεφαρον*? The air falls on our eyelids like balm; its breath is perfume, its whisper the music of heaven! The earth, which at other times does well enough for us, with feet to tread down, trample upon, consume, and spoil the grass, of great value there then growing and being, in June spreads for us a flowery cushion whereon to stretch our luxurious limbs; or, if we do walk over it, we are not tied and bound by the fear of ague and rheum to the hard path, but we may have common of turbary, and press our feet on the elastic verdure. The water, too, tempts us into a new existence, an amphibious increase of enjoyment—

"Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm the glassy wave?"

The swimmer has a joy of his own; he plunges into the Thames or the Trent, glides by the water-lily, that like a Naiad has ascended from the

depths to recline and bask on the warm surface of the river ; he launches into the swift current of the main stream—repose and exercise are united—the soft waves press the muscles they give way to—the element that would drown another is his support—a sense of difficulty overcome inspires him—a notion of the danger of the deep, too faint to alarm, is sufficient to excite, and he wins his easy way in the triumph of strength and joy. He comes forth from the river, like the Syrian of old, a new and invigorated man, with a soul sharing in the freshness of the body. Far be it from us to disparage the luxury of a warm bath in winter, but it is no more to be compared to a swim in an open river, or over the bounding waves of not too tame a sea, than a ride in the park is to be compared to a fox-chase.

But art thou an angler, gentle reader, a disciple of Isaac Walton, and a flogger of the water, like Xerxes. Then canst thou sympathise in the welcome with which we greet the sweet month of June. Is it not a delight to equip oneself in an umbrageous straw-hat, and a polypocketed coat, and with rod in hand, and basket slung over one's shoulder, to sally forth to the wild and lonely dells and the running brooks? And what if the basket is to return as it went, without its usual proportion of the finny spoil? Still, thou hast had the ardour of the pursuit, and the excuse for a lonely wandering by the murmuring stream, without being taken for a madman, fool, or, if the tautology be pardonable, a poet. Is it no privilege to be a hermit for a day, to enjoy the sweets of solitude without having abjured mankind, and wander about by the haunts of the trout, and that winged sapphire the king's-fisher, and to explore recesses and "*loca nullius antè trita solo?*"

And hark ! what is the sound that salutes thine ear? It is the mower beginning to wet his scythe. There he stands with his whetstone in his right hand, and old Time's symbol leaning on his left shoulder, the blade steadied by his left hand, and as he draws the earth-born file side by side, swiftly down the sharpening blade, his companions in their diagonal row, each two paces farther back than his neighbour, do the like, in time and tune. On with your toil, healthful and contented swains ! The merry troop of the haymakers follow their pioneers, and toss with their bidents into the sunny air the fragrant grass and the breathing flowers which you have strewn.

Hark, too, to the buoyant voice of the "shouting" cuckoo ! as Wordsworth calls him. You hear him, but you do not so easily see him, for he is playing at hide and seek with you ; he cries "cuckoo," and you turn your eyes up to the top of the tall oak, when all of a sudden the voice comes from the other side of the field, and from near the ground, and you expect to have a peep at him seated in the hedge-bottom, with a bunch of cowslips under his nose ;—not so, he is gone again ! But, perhaps the cuckoo is not sentimental enough for thee : then just walk into that wood below the hill, and then thou shalt hear the sweet nightingale "turn her sad heart to music,"* as she pours her notes under the vaulted roof of the dark overarching boughs.

These are the gifts of June ; these, and the sweet fragrant walk by the hawthorn edge at eve, or the *recubans sub tegmine fagi* feast upon Shakspeare, which (*carpe diem*) is not to be thine, gentle reader, for ever, for saith

"Not the Ætroyal chimer,
That, save the trick of the rhymers,
Verse is all a mistake,
From which 'tis time to awake."

J. G. H. B.

* Brides' tragedy, by T. L. Beddoes.

TAXATION THE SOURCE OF POVERTY AND CRIME IN ENGLAND.

No. I.—HOUSE AND WINDOW TAX.

The Taxation of the British Empire. By R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN.
Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

Financial Reform. By Sir HENRY PARNELL. Murray, Albemarle Street.

Corrected Speech for a Revision of Taxation. By the Right Hon. POULET THOMSON. Ridgway, Piccadilly.

Anatomy of Taxation. "Spectator," 1833. Wellington Street.

WHILE some are ascribing the distress of England to a want of free trade, others to a partial free trade, and many to the state of our currency, most persons have overlooked the important subject of *taxation upon industry*. We have, it is true, an apparent increase of national wealth; but the labouring poor, whether agricultural or manufacturing, are becoming daily more impoverished, while education and the progress of society are teaching them to feel more keenly their wants, and to require more comforts, at a period when the means of obtaining them are continually lessening, and when every thing around excites desire; hence the increased commitment of crime in order to satisfy cravings which are only second to those of nature.

Our object is to make the *Metropolitan* a medium by which the public will be enabled to ascertain the effect of taxation on articles which enter into the general consumption of the people, or which, by being heavily taxed, and subject to the oppressive laws of the excise, have become so high priced as to be the means of checking ingenuity and industry in the most beautiful branches of our domestic manufactures.

The annual revenue of the whole empire (British and Colonial) is nearly 80,000,000*l.* sterling, of which England alone, with a population of 13,000,000 out of 130,000,000*l.* contributes more than *one half*, (42,910,280*l.*)*

* The following are the principal portions of the Empire, with the Population and Taxation, as near as our imperfect statistics will afford.

| | POPULATION. | TAXATION. <i>£.</i> |
|-----------------------------|-------------|------------------------|
| England | 13,086,675 | 42,910,280 |
| Wales | 803,000 | 348,710 |
| Scotland | 2,365,930 | 5,113,352 |
| Ireland | 7,839,469 | 4,392,101 |
| Bengal | 72,000,000 | 14,806,905 |
| Madras | 14,700,000 | 5,577,366 |
| Bombay | 7,000,000 | 2,334,463 |
| Ceylon | 1,200,000 | 336,000 |
| Eastern Isles | 136,000 | 51,200 |
| Australasia | 148,000 | 201,282 |
| Mauritius | 104,479 | 184,233 |
| Cape of Good Hope | 136,375 | 126,000 |
| Canada (Lower) | 562,980 | 136,000 |
| Canada (Upper) | 250,000 | 160,000 |
| New Brunswick | 94,392 | 60,886 |

July, 1833.—VOL. VII.—NO. XXVII.

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Great as the amount of taxation is, it becomes more depressing when it is levied on *expenditure*, instead of on income: that is, rather according to a man's *necessities*, than in proportion to his means. That such is the case, will be seen by looking at the amount of taxes paid by a citizen of London, having, we will suppose, an income of 200*l.* a year, out of which he is necessitated to support himself, his wife, three children, and a servant maid; a calculation of the sum paid in taxes to the state by an individual thus circumstanced, is, on the lowest calculation, as follows:—

| Articles Taxed and Used. | Rate of Taxation Demanded. | Amount of Taxes levied by Government. | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|----|----|
| | | £. | s. | d. |
| Tea— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. a week, at from 5 <i>s.</i> to 6 <i>s.</i> per lb. . . | 100 <i>l.</i> per cent. | 3 | 5 | 0 |
| Sugar—6 lbs. a week | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ <i>d.</i> per lb. | 2 | 14 | 2 |
| Coffee—1 lb. per week | 6 <i>d.</i> per lb. | 1 | 6 | 0 |
| Porter and ale—2 pots per diem (malt and hop tax) | 2 <i>d.</i> per pot. | 3 | 0 | 10 |
| Spirits—1 pint per week (lowest average taxation on Foreign and British) | 10 <i>s.</i> per gall. | 3 | 10 | 0 |
| Wine—1 quart per week, on a yearly average . . | 5 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> per gall. | 3 | 11 | 6 |
| Soap—3 lbs. per week | 3 <i>d.</i> per lb. | 1 | 19 | 0 |
| Pepper—5 lbs. a year at least | 1 <i>s.</i> per lb. | | 5 | 0 |
| Other spices—viz. ginger, cinnamon, cloves, &c. . | at least | | 6 | 6 |
| Paper—for the family, or boys at school, 1 lb. weekly | 3 <i>d.</i> per lb. | | 15 | 0 |
| Starch—12 lbs. yearly | 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ <i>d.</i> per lb. | | 3 | 6 |
| Newspaper to read only—daily 1 <i>d.</i> | $\frac{1}{4}$ th of sta. | 1 | 10 | 5 |
| Currants dried—25 lbs. a year | 5 <i>d.</i> per lb. | | 10 | 5 |
| Raisins, oranges, lemons, prunes, nuts, &c. . . | various rates. | | 10 | 0 |
| Occasional use of an omnibus, cab, hackney, or stage-coach | ditto. | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Sundries—such as taxes on medicines, books, glass, silver-spoons, small items, and luxuries, &c. | ditto. | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| House, window, and land tax | ditto. | 10 | 10 | 0 |
| Poor, church, highway, water, gas, police, &c. . | ditto. | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Taxes on house materials which are included in the rent—viz. on bricks, timber, glass, &c. . . | ditto. | 12 | 0 | 0 |
| Taxes paid to butcher, baker, tailor, milliner, shoemaker, hatter, and all persons employed, who being themselves taxed on the preceding articles, proportionably enhance their demand for goods rendered or services done | at least | 21 | 0 | 0 |
| Total taxes paid by a person with 200 <i>l.</i> per annum | | 80 | 10 | 4 |

| | POPULATION. | TAXATION. |
|--|---------------|-----------|
| | | £. |
| Nova Scotia and Cape Breton | { 139,000 } | 55,000 |
| Newfoundland | { 30,000 } .. | 18,000 |
| Prince Edward's Island | 80,000 | 3,123 |
| Jamaica | 50,000 | 589,849 |
| Barbadoes | 359,000 | 12,462 |
| Other Possessions in the West Indies . . . | 102,277 | 274,991 |
| Malta and Gozo | 376,811 | 109,000 |
| Gibraltar | 128,960 | 45,000 |
| | 17,024 | |

[From Montgomery Martin's "Taxation of the British Empire."]

Thus, out of an income of 200*l.* per annum on the lowest calculation, more than *one-third* is paid in taxes to government!

Every man may judge for himself on the foregoing important facts, on the details of which we shall hereafter expatiate when we come to an examination of the individual items of taxation to which they refer; but as the subject is one of the greatest magnitude, we must bespeak the attention of the public to the preliminary matter which we purpose bringing before them in a popular, or rather, properly-speaking, readable, or *understandable* form.

Our heavy taxation and debt had its origin at the period of the "Glorious Revolution." During the reign of William I. the taxation of England was 400,000*l.* per annum, and it decreased yearly until in the reign of Henry III. the whole taxation of then "*merry England*" was but 80,000*l.*! The wars of Edward I. raised it to 150,000*l.*, and of Edward III. to 154,000*l.*, after which the taxes again fell from reign to reign, until they only amounted to 64,000*l.* in the reign of Henry VI.!! Richard III. increased them to 100,000*l.*, Henry VII. to 400,000*l.*, and Henry VIII. to 800,000*l.* The taxes were again reduced, and during the splendid reign of the Virgin Queen, which Englishmen are so justly proud of pointing to as the most conspicuous period of their national annals, when Ireland was conquered, Europe humbled and defeated, and America colonized, the whole taxation levied by Elizabeth, was but 500,000*l.* a year!!! The utmost efforts of Charles I. could not screw out of the people more than 895,819*l.* per annum; but under the despotism of Cromwell, the taxation of England first rose above the million, (1,517,247*l.*), the expenses of the restoration augmented it to 1,800,000*l.*, and at the close of the reign of James II. the taxation stood at 2,000,000*l.*, out of which that monarch maintained in full equipment an army of 30,000 men, an admirable fleet of 173 sail, (of which 9 were first-rates, 11 second-rates, 39 third-rates, and 41 fourth-rates,) carrying 42,003 seamen and 6,930 guns, and a long civil list, all of which was defrayed with 1,699,363*l.*, leaving a surplus in the treasury out of 2,000,000*l.* of 300,000*l.*

Then came the "Glorious Revolution," and with it was introduced from Holland every species of fiscal ingenuity which Dutch cupidity had long been maturing for the purpose of extracting money from the people. Out of *ten* branches of excise existing at the close of William the Third's reign *eight* were introduced *after* the Revolution; of *nineteen* custom duties, only eight subsisted previous to the Revolution; and of eight branches of inland duties, six owed their establishment to the Dutch system of finance and extortion, while, above all, a national debt was commenced by mortgaging the public revenue for a term of years, with authority to borrow money on interest. Taxes were levied on houses and windows, on malt, on salt, land, paper, glass, hops, soap, starch, hackney coaches, on marriages, births, and burials; stamp duties were first levied, and the old existing taxes were doubled, trebled, and quintupled in amount, so that at the end of the first twelve years of the "Glorious Revolution," from the 5th of November 1688 to 1700, the amount of the public revenue, taxes, and loans exacted by William III. was

228 *Taxation the Source of Poverty and Crime in England.*

65,987,566*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* sterling!—and by the time his successor's life had closed, including a space of twenty-six years in both reigns, 150,000,000*l.* of money had been raised, exclusive of the debts left to posterity to liquidate!

For seventy years the taxes gradually stole on until they had nearly reached 10,000,000*l.*, while the debt was augmented to upwards of twelve times the annual revenue. (Scotland, it is true, was added to England, but her revenue at the Union was only 110,694*l.**) And in the first twenty-eight years reign of George III. the money raised by government stood thus:—

| | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| Taxes | £307,807,503 |
| Loans | 142,233,818 |
| Total | <u>£450,041,321</u> |

The rolling stone progressed, crushing all before it, (as will be subsequently shown,) until, at the commencement of the nineteenth century, the taxation of England was raised to 30,000,000*l.* a year, and her debt to 400,000,000*l.*!

The reader, however, will obtain a more lucid view of this important subject, by the following tabular statement.

Taxation of England and Wales from the Reign of William I. to William IV. &c.†

| Rulers. | Annual Taxation. | Rulers. | Annual Taxation. |
|---------------------|------------------|------------------------|------------------|
| | £. | | £. |
| William I. | 400,000 | Edward IV. | 100,000 |
| William II. | 350,000 | Edward V. | |
| Henry I. | 300,000 | Richard III. | |
| Stephen | 250,000 | Henry VII. | 400,000 |
| Henry II. | 200,000 | Henry VIII. | 800,000 |
| Richard I. | 150,000 | Edward VI. | 400,000 |
| John | 100,000 | Mary | 450,000 |
| Henry III. | 80,000 | Elizabeth | 500,000 |
| Edward I. | 150,000 | James I. | 600,000 |
| Edward II. | 100,000 | Charles I. | 895,819 |
| Edward III. | 154,039 | Commonwealth | 1,517,247 |
| Richard II. | 130,000 | Charles II. | 1,800,000 |
| Henry IV. | 100,000 | James II. | 2,000,000 |
| Henry V. | 76,643 | William III. | 3,895,205 |
| Henry VI. | 64,976 | William IV. | 43,258,990 |

* The principal items were—

| | |
|--------------------|----------------|
| Customs | £30,000 |
| Excise | 33,500 |
| Land Tax | 36,000 |
| Total | <u>£99,500</u> |

† From "Taxation of the British Empire."

| Years. | Actual Amount of Taxes in Great Britain. | National Debt. | Parochial Assessments in England and Wales. | Average Price of Wheat. | Rate of weaving 12 yards of 60, reed 6-4ths. | Commitments for Crime in England and Wales. | Bank of England Notes in Circulation. |
|--------|--|----------------|---|-------------------------|--|---|---------------------------------------|
| | £. | £. | £. | s. d. | s. d. | | |
| 1687 | 2,000,000 | None. | 600,000 | 22 4 | | | |
| 1702 | 4,500,000 | 13,348,680 | 800,000 | | | | |
| 1710 | 5,320,000 | 59,000,000 | 1,000,000 | | | | |
| 1720 | 5,620,000 | 55,000,000 | .. | | | | |
| 1730 | 5,545,000 | 47,705,100 | 640,000 | | | | |
| 1740 | 5,915,000 | 41,072,024 | .. | | | | |
| 1750 | 8,525,540 | 72,178,898 | 689,971 | 28 10 | | | |
| 1760 | 7,325,000 | 88,341,268 | .. | 32 5 | | | |
| 1770 | 9,314,285 | 126,963,267 | 1,530,844 | 40 7 | | | |
| 1780 | 10,265,405 | 142,112,264 | | 43 0 | | | |
| 1790 | 16,815,895 | 228,231,228 | 2,000,637 | .. | .. | .. | 11,149,809 |
| 1795 | 18,456,298 | .. | .. | 51 8 | .. | .. | 13,539,163 |
| 1798 | 30,492,995 | .. | .. | .. | 15 0 | .. | 12,850,085 |
| 1800 | 34,069,457 | 451,699,919 | .. | 75 8 | 14 0 | .. | 15,236,676 |
| 1805 | 50,655,190 | 549,137,068 | 4,267,963 | 81 2 | 9 6 | 4,605 | 17,234,466 |
| 1810 | 67,825,597 | .. | 6,000,000 | .. | 10 0 | 5,146 | 20,429,281 |
| 1815 | 71,153,142 | 848,284,000 | 6,939,000 | 97 6 | 12 0 | 7,898 | 26,613,370 |
| 1820 | 55,063,693 | .. | 8,411,893 | .. | 4 6 | 13,710 | 23,569,150 |
| 1825 | 52,919,280 | .. | 6,966,156 | 78 8 | 3 6 | 15,437 | 21,060,130 |
| 1830 | 50,414,928 | 800,000,000 | 8,279,218 | 62 0 | 1 9 | 18,007 | 20,468,060 |

It will be seen by the latter table, that as the taxes rose and the national debt increased, so did pauperism and crime, so also did the price of food; while it is deserving of the utmost attention to observe that the rate of wages is falling rapidly, while the taxes and debt still impoverish and beggar the country. There are a class of politicians who contend that neither debt is nor taxes are any impediment to the nation at large; that, in fact, taxes are like refreshing showers drawn from the earth in the shape of dew, to descend when wanted in genial and invigorating rain!

Now, let us test the truth of this doctrine, by looking at the mode in which the money extracted from the people is expended; we say *extracted from the people*, because, as by far the greater portion of the taxes raised, are levied on articles of general consumption it is the *people* who pay them; nothing, indeed, can be more absurd than the silly pretence of doubting where the *incidence* of taxation is; the man who buys a pound of tea for his family, pays 2s. 6d. tax to government, through the grocer, as completely as if an exciseman stood at the grocer's door and demanded it when the tea was purchased; in the same way he pays 2½d. on his sugar per lb., 2d. on his pot of porter, 6d. to 9d. on his pound of coffee, 4d. on his newspaper, and so on; what is the difference to the pockets of the public, whether the taxes be taken from them *indirectly* or openly demanded?

| AGGREGATE TAXATION OF UNITED KINGDOM. | | EXPENDITURE IN 1832. | |
|---|------------|--|------------|
| Whence Drawn. | Amount. | How Expended. | Amount. |
| | £. | | £. |
| Malt (4,976,694 <i>l.</i>) and Hops | 5,134,714 | Interest and Management of Permanent Debt . . | 24,333,966 |
| Sugar and Molasses | 5,010,000 | Terminable Annuities . . | 3,330,620 |
| Spirits (British) | 5,227,460 | Interest on Exchequer Bills | 659,165 |
| Ditto, Colonial and Foreign . | 3,154,442 | Charges on Consolidated Fund | 367,864 |
| Tea | 3,321,000 | Disbursements of Nine Items of Taxation . . | 28,691,615 |
| Tobacco | 3,090,270 | | |
| Soap | 1,138,000 | | |
| House Tax | 1,357,000 | | |
| Window Tax | 1,178,343 | | |
| Total Taxation on Nine items | 28,651,229 | | |
| | | | |
| Tax on Lands in Great Britain | 1,161,312 | Army | 7,129,873 |
| Post Office Tax | 2,227,354 | Navy | 4,882,835 |
| Probate and Legacy Duties . | 2,001,930 | Ordnance | 1,792,367 |
| Fire (789,982 <i>l.</i>) and Marine Insurances | 1,012,910 | | |
| Law Stamps | 1,512,105 | | |
| Licences and Certificates . . | 1,073,322 | | |
| Tax on Wood | 1,278,978 | | |
| Tax on Wines | 1,566,758 | | |
| Servants, Carriages, horses, dogs, &c. | 1,206,136 | | |
| Bricks (338,837 <i>l.</i>) & auctions | 557,120 | | |
| Taxation on the above items . | 13,596,955 | Disbursements of the opposite items | 13,805,025 |
| | | | |
| Paper (677,103 <i>l.</i>) and Glass . | 1,208,596 | | |
| Bills of Exchange (541,823 <i>l.</i>) and Receipts | 760,669 | | |
| Stage Coaches (422,479 <i>l.</i>) and Post-horses | 654,342 | | |
| Newspapers (483,150 <i>l.</i>) and Advertisements | 655,722 | Civil List | 510,000 |
| Coffee (583,750 <i>l.</i>) and Cocoa | 599,288 | Pensions | 477,376 |
| Corn (544,791 <i>l.</i>) and Seeds . | 647,429 | Courts of Justice | 324,093 |
| Currants (330,339 <i>l.</i>) and Raisins | 403,912 | Salaries and Allowances, . | 110,318 |
| Spices (146,387 <i>l.</i>) and Silk . | 362,936 | Diplomatic ditto, and Pensions | 40,927 |
| Oranges, Nuts, Figs, and Apples | 147,079 | Mint Expenses | 14,760 |
| Butter (121,255 <i>l.</i>) and Tallow | 266,149 | Miscellaneous, chargeable upon Annual Grants of Parliament | 2,396,921 |
| Crown Lands (319,627 <i>l.</i>) and Composition | 444,508 | | 3,874,395 |
| Various items of Customs, Excise, Stamps, &c. . . . | 3,556,000 | Charges for collecting the revenue | 3,618,158 |
| Taxation on the above items | 9,804,630 | Payments in its way to the exchequer | 916,173 |
| | | | |
| Total Taxation | 52,053,322 | Total Expended . . . | 51,905,366 |

N.B. There are only seven items of expenditure given in the Parliamentary document of 1st January, 1833, and the *net* income instead of the *gross* taxation, is only given.

Let the reader consider attentively the foregoing table, and ask himself, would there be any necessity for raising 28,691,615*l.* by taxes on malt, hops, sugar, tea, tobacco, soap, spirits, houses, and windows, if we were not necessitated to pay the *interest* of the national debt? Were that debt, that now hangs round the neck of the country like a millstone, annihilated, (and be it remembered we do not advocate its fraudulent cancelling, but an honourable liquidation,) taxes to the amount of nearly *twenty-nine millions of money might be instantly repealed!*

There would be no necessity for haggling or niggling about a tax on tiles or bricks, on shop windows or soap, on malt or hops, all would be swept off at one fell blow; the poor man, instead of paying 4*d.* for a pot of porter, would purchase it for 2*d.* or 1½*d.*; instead of government demanding 2½*d.* on his pound of sugar, or 3*d.* on his pound of soap, or 2*s.* 6*d.* on his tea, he would have them all at less than half, aye, at one-third their present cost, so that if his wages were falling, (as they now are,) the price of the necessaries of life would be to him in the same ratio.

That the wealth of England has of late years increased, is undoubtedly true, as shown by the legacy and probate duties,* which increased on five years ending 5th January 1833, as compared with five years ending on 5th January 1810, by the sum of 4,787,364*l.* But it cannot be denied that the riches of the country have been from year to year accumulating in fewer hands; while pauperism and crime have progressed simultaneously, especially since the termination of the war, and the fall in prices which necessarily ensued. It is worse than idle denying a fact which must be evident to any man of practical knowledge; Mr. Cayley, in his eloquent speech of the 23rd of May 1833, in the House of Commons, proved by figures that the increase of our population from 1814 to 1832 was 25 per cent.; of poor rates 300 to 400 per cent.; of emigration 4000 per cent.; of insolvents 100 per cent.; and of Irish poor passed from Liverpool 100 per cent.! The number of insolvents from 1814 to 1821, was 26,729; and from 1822 to 1829, their number had increased to 33,163; during the first four years after the peace they were 11,590, and from 1826 to 1829, they augmented to 16,795.

In order to demonstrate more clearly the evil effects of taxation in producing crime, the following table is given from parliamentary returns, showing the state of crime in England and Wales only, since 1805; and it must be observed, that these are only the criminals tried at the assizes, the number of commitments by summary process exceeding the numbers in the following table by several thousands annually!

* The amount received on two periods in Great Britain was—

| | | | |
|---------------|------------|---------------|------------|
| 1805 | £494,648 | 1828 | £2,047,888 |
| 1806 | 583,897 | 1829 | 2,056,692 |
| 1807 | 681,959 | 1830 | 2,127,199 |
| 1808 | 725,814 | 1831 | 2,021,398 |
| 1809 | 979,795 | 1832 | — |
| Total | £3,465,813 | Total | £8,253,177 |

| Years. | Commitments. | Death Sentences. | Murder. | Larceny. |
|--------|--------------|------------------|---------|---|
| 1805 | 4,605 | 282 | | } Larceny not other- wise de- scribed. |
| 1806 | 4,346 | 268 | | |
| 1807 | 4,446 | 280 | | |
| 1808 | 4,735 | 299 | | |
| 1809 | 5,360 | 332 | | |
| 1810 | 5,146 | 409 | 64 | 3,530 |
| 1811 | 5,337 | 359 | 87 | 3,689 |
| 1812 | 6,576 | 450 | 66 | 4,363 |
| 1813 | 7,164 | 593 | 87 | 4,623 |
| 1814 | 6,390 | 488 | 80 | 4,259 |
| 1815 | 7,818 | 496 | 61 | 5,409 |
| 1816 | 9,091 | 795 | 85 | 6,123 |
| 1817 | 13,932 | 1,187 | 80 | 9,396 |
| 1818 | 13,567 | 1,157 | 51 | 9,303 |
| 1819 | 14,254 | 1,206 | 69 | 9,653 |
| 1820 | 13,710 | 1,129 | 49 | 9,160 |
| 1821 | 13,115 | 1,020 | 71 | 8,725 |
| 1822 | 12,241 | 921 | 85 | 8,454 |
| 1823 | 12,263 | 914 | 60 | 8,477 |
| 1824 | 13,698 | 1,017 | 73 | 9,545 |
| 1825 | 14,437 | 986 | 94 | 10,087 |
| 1826 | 16,164 | 1,146 | 57 | 11,122 |
| 1827 | 17,021 | 1,456 | 65 | 12,014 |
| 1828 | 16,564 | 1,086 | 83 | 10,989 |
| 1829 | 18,675 | 1,311 | 47 | 12,628 |
| 1830 | 18,107 | 1,351 | 65 | 12,031 |
| 1831 | 19,647 | 1,549 | 57 | 12,118 |
| 1832 | 20,829 | .. | .. | .. |

This distressing statement is proof strong as holy writ of the demoralized condition of the people, a demoralization which has its origin in poverty, that poverty itself being caused by taxation. It is evident, however, that unless the national debt could be abolished by an act of national insolvency, (which this journal not merely disapproves of, but deprecates in the strongest degree,) an immense sum must still be raised in the country by the government, and the question therefore is, not only a *reduction*, but also a *mutation* of taxation: the main point then to be considered is, what taxes press on the internal industry of the country, and on the morals of the people; secondly, what taxes check maritime commerce; and thirdly, those imposts, which, by being lightened, would pay a larger sum into the purse of the Exchequer.

Desirous as we are of being brief in our articles, as a periodical must necessarily be, we cannot allow the present month to pass without glancing at a branch of taxation which is of almost general interest—we mean the *house and window taxes*.

This inquisitorial and unequally levied species of impost had its origin (like nearly all our other taxes) in the reign of William III., parliament one, session three, act two, money act nine; it was at first 2s. per annum on every inhabited house except cottages; and on every such house having ten windows or more, and under 20L, 6s. per

annum; and on every house having twenty windows or more, 10s. per annum. An additional duty on houses was granted by the third money act of Anne, parliament three, session two, being an additional duty of 10s. on every inhabited house having twenty windows, and on every house having thirty windows or more, an additional 20s. tax; these additional taxes were granted but for thirty-two years, but the limitation to the period was subsequently forgotten.

From this time, like the other taxes, the house and window duty stole on until 1792, when the window tax in England was 927,630*l.*, and the house tax 163,412*l.*; the amount to which they were subsequently raised in Great Britain, (Ireland is exempt from the house and window duty,) will be best seen by the following parliamentary document, from the "Taxation of the British Empire."

House and Window Tax in Great Britain.

| Years. | ENGLAND. | | SCOTLAND. | |
|--------|-----------|-----------|-----------|---------|
| | Windows. | Houses. | Windows. | Houses. |
| | <i>£</i> | | | |
| 1792 | 927,630 | 163,412 | 31,963 | 6,702 |
| 1793 | 933,995 | 167,424 | 32,122 | 6,921 |
| 1794 | 940,087 | 171,195 | 32,360 | 7,750 |
| 1795 | 967,032 | 183,540 | 33,058 | 8,016 |
| 1796 | 987,266 | 196,901 | 33,771 | 7,817 |
| 1797 | 988,342 | 198,028 | 40,514 | 9,949 |
| 1798 | 1,416,891 | 210,816 | 61,757 | 9,548 |
| 1799 | 1,406,683 | 213,926 | 58,171 | 10,148 |
| 1800 | 1,412,620 | 218,773 | 60,598 | 11,168 |
| 1801 | 1,420,244 | 222,099 | 62,644 | 13,265 |
| 1802 | 1,985,798 | 471,372 | 91,333 | 28,199 |
| 1803 | 1,964,203 | 481,224 | 91,939 | 29,562 |
| 1804 | 2,053,992 | 588,102 | 105,888 | 34,074 |
| 1805 | 2,054,887 | 611,980 | 110,702 | 36,390 |
| 1806 | 2,268,211 | 717,378 | 150,075 | 51,535 |
| 1807 | 2,267,448 | 753,984 | 157,468 | 56,189 |
| 1808 | 2,301,854 | 821,584 | 148,280 | 55,388 |
| 1809 | 2,306,496 | 869,096 | 152,368 | 57,722 |
| 1810 | 2,313,220 | 904,991 | 158,097 | 61,207 |
| 1811 | 2,312,245 | 930,308 | 157,484 | 63,764 |
| 1812 | 2,307,133 | 979,801 | 156,231 | 65,335 |
| 1813 | 2,325,455 | 1,037,634 | 154,549 | 66,493 |
| 1814 | 2,330,416 | 1,056,741 | 154,460 | 68,565 |
| 1815 | 2,332,979 | 1,088,800 | 165,235 | 73,785 |
| 1816 | 2,310,883 | 1,083,109 | 162,042 | 75,196 |
| 1817 | 2,402,570 | 1,119,168 | 147,654 | 76,643 |
| 1818 | 2,440,308 | 1,147,363 | 149,353 | 79,559 |
| 1819 | 2,423,817 | 1,157,877 | 148,080 | 86,318 |
| 1820 | 2,417,683 | 1,166,343 | 147,524 | 86,719 |
| 1821 | 2,427,900 | 1,180,250 | 150,679 | 84,504 |

A diminution in the window tax took place in 1824, but the house tax proceeded in its career unabated; and it thus stands for England and Scotland, after an interval of forty years:—

House and Window Tax in England and Scotland.

| | 1792. | | 1832. | | Increase of House Tax. |
|--------------|--------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|---------------------------|
| | House Tax. | Window Tax. | House Tax. | Window Tax. | |
| England . . | £ 163,412 | £ 927,630 | £ 1,296,562 | £ 1,122,250 | £ 1,133,150 |
| Scotland . . | 6,702 | 31,963 | 94,421 | 80,681 | 87,759 |
| Total . . | 170,114 | 959,593 | 1,390,983 | 1,202,931 | 1,220,909 |

The house tax, it will be observed, has increased nearly a million and a quarter sterling since 1792! But it is not only the amount of the tax that is objected to by the public, its unequal pressure is one of its most striking features; and first, with reference to the assessment levied on each county in England, according to a parliamentary return, printed by order of the House of Commons, 15th February 1833, to which the author of the "Taxation of the Empire" has subjoined several other necessary comparisons.

We know it is said that the amount of tax levied on different counties or towns is immaterial, for that the house and window tax falls on the wealthy landlord, and not on the humble tradesmen or crowded lodgers in our cities; but this assertion is easily answered by observing what takes place when a shopkeeper (for instance) is about to rent a house for a term of years; his first question to the owner is, "How much rent do you demand?" Answer, 100*l.* a-year. Second, "And pray how much are the government taxes on the house and windows?" Answer, 25*l.* a-year. Well, the tradesman hires the house at 100*l.* a-year, but the landlord has nothing whatever to do with the taxes; it is the tenant or occupier of the house on whom they fall, and to him the tax-gatherer looks for payment; if the tenant secretly withdraw his goods by night, the tax-gatherer cannot seize on the empty walls for payment of the government demand, and while the house is unoccupied there is no demand on it. In fact, a house is like any other taxed commodity offered for sale, its fixedness makes no difference, for a tenement on rollers or wheels, (as we have in Sydney and Hobart town,) if above a certain value, and with a fixed number of windows, would be as liable to assessment as the Bank of England or East India House. But in order more clearly to expose a fallacy which it is strange so able a journal as the "*Spectator*" should have adopted, we may refer to the parallel of a coachmaker who builds carriages for hire as a landlord does houses to *let*. A. B. or C. hire from a coach-builder in Long Acre, a carriage either for private use, to run as a stage conveyance, or to establish as a hackney coach, (all three descriptions are taxed,) the carriage pays no duty while idle, but as in the case of the house, the moment it comes into use it is taxed; but every one knows that the builder in Long Acre pays no tax thereon, A. B. or C. are assessed by the collector so long as the carriage is in use. Indeed it would be just as reasonable to suppose that the grocer, tobacconist, or publican paid the taxes on sugar, tea, coffee, tobacco, malt, porter, gin, &c. and not the consumers of

those articles, as to assert that the tenant or consumer of a house does not pay the tax thereon.

| Counties. | House and Window Assessment in 1832. | Superficies in Statute Acres. | Population in 1831. | Money levied as Poor Rates in 1832. | Commitments for Crime in 1832. | Prison Expenses in 1832. | Annual Value Assessed to the Property Tax in 1815. |
|----------------------|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------|--|
| | £ | | | £. | | £ | £ |
| Middlesex . . . | 1,039,857 | 180,480 | 1,358,200 | 938,345 | 3,739 | 33,296 | 22,195,485 |
| Surrey . . . | 191,944 | 485,120 | 485,700 | 364,483 | 943 | 6,796 | 3,175,268 |
| Lancaster . . . | 153,056 | 1,171,840 | 1,335,800 | 411,292 | 2,624 | 29,966 | 5,470,143 |
| Somerset . . . | 109,241 | 1,050,080 | 402,500 | 224,482 | 696 | 11,652 | 3,651,815 |
| York . . . | 100,549 | 3,815,040 | 1,371,461 | 598,178 | 1,537 | 7,896 | 5,504,729 |
| Kent . . . | 89,577 | 983,680 | 478,400 | 425,578 | 773 | 6,026 | 3,333,015 |
| Sussex . . . | 64,952 | 936,320 | 272,200 | 327,861 | 283 | 4,961 | 1,296,020 |
| Gloucester . . . | 61,591 | 803,840 | 386,700 | 206,379 | 609 | 7,699 | 685,867 |
| Southampton . . . | 53,220 | 1,041,920 | 314,700 | 265,100 | 464 | — | 2,175,013 |
| Devon . . . | 48,892 | 1,650,560 | 494,400 | 256,386 | 481 | 4,847 | 2,691,827 |
| Warwick . . . | 44,594 | 577,280 | 337,600 | 209,564 | 705 | 6,638 | 1,943,094 |
| Essex . . . | 42,754 | 980,480 | 317,200 | 323,326 | 683 | 9,017 | 1,193,674 |
| Norfolk . . . | 33,560 | 1,338,880 | 390,000 | 362,132 | 532 | 8,282 | 2,056,168 |
| Stafford . . . | 27,967 | 734,720 | 410,400 | 176,827 | 698 | 5,552 | 1,797,972 |
| Suffolk . . . | 25,932 | 967,680 | 296,300 | 311,023 | 453 | 5,555 | 1,616,763 |
| Worcester . . . | 25,781 | 466,560 | 211,400 | 110,514 | 316 | 2,927 | 1,094,461 |
| Berks . . . | 25,604 | 483,840 | 141,200 | 144,297 | 193 | 4,776 | 1,022,812 |
| Lincoln . . . | 25,683 | 1,758,720 | 317,400 | 232,010 | 299 | 9,865 | 2,476,834 |
| Hereford . . . | 23,701 | 550,400 | 110,300 | 72,587 | 147 | 2,283 | 693,761 |
| Chester . . . | 23,421 | 673,280 | 334,314 | 151,640 | 572 | 7,939 | 1,438,444 |
| Northumberland . . . | 22,762 | 1,197,440 | 225,000 | 94,745 | 80 | 1,743 | 1,733,500 |
| Wilts . . . | 22,353 | 882,560 | 240,100 | 232,839 | 346 | 5,875 | 1,598,601 |
| Salop . . . | 20,366 | 858,240 | 222,800 | 108,952 | 261 | 3,157 | 1,368,497 |
| Nottingham . . . | 19,444 | 535,680 | 225,400 | 100,621 | 343 | 3,792 | 1,032,200 |
| Oxford . . . | 18,198 | 481,280 | 152,100 | 158,358 | 217 | 3,535 | 1,108,491 |
| Leicester . . . | 18,178 | 514,660 | 197,000 | 135,340 | 248 | 3,672 | 1,277,345 |
| Dorset . . . | 16,265 | 643,200 | 159,400 | 110,982 | 166 | 2,886 | 971,901 |
| Northampton . . . | 16,069 | 650,800 | 179,300 | 176,614 | 195 | 2,404 | 1,134,203 |
| Cambridge . . . | 15,426 | 549,120 | 143,200 | 58,708 | 201 | 1,043 | 950,169 |
| Bucks . . . | 14,924 | 473,600 | 146,400 | 173,393 | 188 | 3,439 | 887,851 |
| Durham . . . | 14,788 | 679,040 | 253,790 | 102,951 | 158 | 4,384 | 1,142,982 |
| Derby . . . | 14,622 | 656,640 | 236,900 | 110,810 | 218 | 2,506 | 1,096,861 |
| Cornwall . . . | 13,062 | 849,280 | 301,000 | 120,898 | 195 | 3,591 | 1,155,604 |
| Cumberland . . . | 9,059 | 945,920 | 171,700 | 58,708 | 75 | 1,983 | 920,608 |
| Bedford . . . | 6,992 | 296,320 | 95,400 | 92,741 | 100 | 1,635 | 460,555 |
| Monmouth . . . | 6,355 | 318,720 | 98,200 | 37,288 | 110 | 1,789 | 401,889 |
| Huntingdon . . . | 5,218 | 236,800 | 53,100 | 50,141 | 34 | 766 | 438,521 |
| Westmorland . . . | 4,063 | 488,320 | 55,000 | 30,238 | 28 | 644 | 363,331 |
| Rutland . . . | 2,250 | 95,360 | 19,400 | 12,921 | 10 | 558 | 169,955 |

Now, it is evident, that the noblemen's and gentry's seats and residences scattered over the country, ought to cause a preponderance in the house and window tax over Middlesex, if it were fairly levied—but such is not the case; the highest assessed house out of London is a tavern keeper's (Cooper) at Brighton, which is valued at 1,582*l.*, while the palaces of our nobility are only valued at from 100*l.* to 300*l.* per annum! That we state truly will be seen by the following view of the assessments on a few of the houses, or rather palaces, of the country, compared with a tradesman's in Regent Street.

| Mansions. | Proprietors. | Description. | Suern Annual Value. | Assessed House Tax. |
|---|---|--|---------------------|---------------------|
| | | | £. | £. s. d. |
| A Shop in Regent-st. Stowe Palace . . . | A Tradesman . Duke of Buckingham . | A House 21 feet by 75; used in trade, no ground, back narrow Regal mansion, principal front 916 feet; Corinthian columns, pilastres; saloon paved with marble; towers, obelisks, and temples; woods and groves, &c. | 400 | 56 13 4 |
| Wycombe Park . . . | Sir J. D. King, Bart. Marquis of Westminster . | Spacious; front 300 feet; painted ceilings, gilt cornices, marble door-frames, &c. Superb; two fronts, large wings, grand saloon above a terrace, 350 feet long; lofty room two stories high, paved with marble, &c. &c. | 300 150 | 42 10 0 21 5 0 |
| Cholmondeley Castle . | Marquis Cholmondeley . | A magnificent structure of immense proportions | 300 | 42 10 0 |
| Canterbury Palace . . | Archbishop of Canterbury . | This noble palace, as also that of the Archbishop of York | 200 | 28 6 8 |
| Wimpole Hall | Earl Hardwicke | The most splendid residence in the county of Cambridge | 300 | 42 10 0 |
| Heddestone | Lord Scarsdale | Centre two pavilions connected by corridors; front 360 feet long; 20 alabaster columns in hall | 200 | 28 6 8 |
| Godolphin Park . . . | Duke of Leeds | Like the other mansions of the nobility, elegant and grand | 150 | 21 5 0 |
| Chatsworth | Duke of Devonshire . | Quadrangular court 190 feet long; gorgeous decorations; park nine miles in circumference; water works, &c. | 400 | 56 13 4 |
| Raby Castle | Duke of Cleveland . . | A royal structure; banquetting room for 700 knights, &c. | 100 | 14 3 4 |
| Harewood House . . . | Earl of Harewood . . . | Length 247 feet; breadth 80; gallery 77 by 24, 22 feet high; a noble mansion . | 300 | 42 10 0 |
| Audley House | Lord Braybrooke | Said to have cost 200,000 <i>l.</i> building! | 300 | 42 10 0 |
| Heveningham Hall . . | Lord Huntingfield . . . | Front 200 feet long, adorned with Corinthian columns; extensive park, &c. &c. | 110 | 15 11 8 |
| Lumley Castle | Earl of Scarborough . . | Majestic edifice; hall 90 feet long; angular turrets, minstrel's gallery . . | 100 | 14 3 4 |
| Holkham Park | T. W. Coke, Esq. . . . | Centre 345 feet long, 180 deep; entrance hall supported by twenty Ionic columns . | 200 | 28 6 8 |
| Hereford Palace . . . | Bishop of Hereford . . | Extensive; elegantly furnished | 60 | 8 10 0 |
| Woburn Abbey | Duke of Bedford | A princely, extensive, and magnificent seat; colonnade quarter of a mile long . | 400 | 56 13 4 |
| Belvoir Castle | Duke of Rutland | Like Windsor Castle; east front 252 feet long; a princely residence | 200 | 28 6 8 |
| Hatfield House | Marquis of Salisbury . | Vast dimensions; noble apartments; park several miles in extent | 200 | 28 6 8 |
| Burleigh House . . . | Marquis of Exeter . . . | Contains 145 rooms; court 110 feet by 70; hall supported by twelve Ionic columns of scagliola, paved with marble, &c. &c. | 150 | 21 5 0 |
| Alnwick Castle | Duke of Northumberland | Contains five acres within its outer walls, flanked with 16 towers; saloon 42 feet by 30; drawing-room 46 feet by 35; dining-room 54 feet by 21; chapel 50 by 21 348 feet from wing to wing; park 2,700 acres; a grand and noble structure . | 200 300 | 28 6 8 42 10 0 |
| Blenheim | Duke of Marlborough . | North and south fronts 200 feet long; terrace 900 feet by 30 broad; a most splendid abode | 110 | 15 11 8 |
| Burleigh | Earl of Winchilsea . . . | Terrace 170 yards long, 35 yards wide; staircase 90 feet high; 60 feet square; north front 420 feet; eight towers | 150 | 21 5 0 |
| Lowther Castle | Lord Lonsdale | Magnificent abode; front 600 feet long; park 1,500 acres | 300 | 42 10 0 |
| Wentworth House . . . | Earl Fitzwilliam | Noble hall; centre and wings of freestone; twenty-six apartments on one floor! . | 200 | 28 6 8 |
| Wardour Castle . . . | Lord Arundel | Truly superb; 3 fronts; Ionic colonnades, &c.; park 11 miles in circumference . | 200 | 28 6 8 |
| Chamber | Duke of Newcastle . . | | | |

Is it to be wondered at that discontent should pervade the land, when such unequal taxation prevails? Many poor and struggling shopkeepers in Fleet Street, Cheapside, or Wapping, pay as much house tax as the first noble in the land!

It is alleged, (by Mr. Spring Rice, we believe,) in extenuation of the evil, that it is impossible to levy a proportionate house tax on such mansions. Why, that is one of the very best reasons for its repeal. That there is no difficulty found in assessing the houses of the shopkeepers crowded together in towns, will be seen from the following statement:—

Principal Towns assessed to the House and Window Tax in England in 1832.

| | £. | | £. |
|----------------------|---------|--------------------------------|--------|
| Westminster | 251,671 | Birmingham | 17,759 |
| London | 157,853 | Cheltenham | 17,358 |
| Bath | 48,184 | Greenwich and Deptford | 12,604 |
| Liverpool | 47,640 | Kingston-upon-Hull | 11,559 |
| Brighton | 30,000 | Newcastle-upon-Tyne | 11,045 |
| Bristol | 25,529 | Leeds | 10,003 |
| Southwark | 21,140 | Norwich | 10,006 |
| Manchester | 20,457 | Southampton | 8,003 |
| Total | 602,474 | Total | 98,337 |

The first eight named towns pay more than half a million sterling—the second not 100,000*l*.

But it is on the metropolis, as compared with the counties, that the burthen of the house and window tax principally rests; for out of 378,786 houses assessed in England and Wales, the metropolis is charged with 116,217*l*.; and out of 989 houses rated at from three to 400*l*. and upwards, 906 are in London.

Of 100 houses in London and Westminster, valued at from 700*l*. to 3,900*l*., only fifty-nine belong to the nobility, of which but eighteen are valued above 1,000*l*. a year. There are nine houses valued at from 900*l*. to 960*l*.; seventeen at 800*l*., and thirty-one at from 700*l*. to 770*l*. Northumberland House pays 4½*d*. per square foot, and a small grocer's shop next door 7*s*. a foot!

Of the 100 highest assessed houses in the country, there is one valued at 994*l*., two at 850*l*., four at 600*l*., one at 440*l*., one at 420*l*., two at 408*l*., six at 400*l*., two at 394*l*., four at 360*l*. to 390*l*., thirteen at 350*l*., four at 340*l*., and eight at 308*l*. to 330*l*.

There are other reasons which induce the public to demand a repeal of these unequal taxes; 1st. There was a distinct understanding that they were to cease two years after the war had terminated. 2ndly. They are levied on but 16,000,000 out of 24,000,000 of the population (Ireland being exempt.) 3rdly. They are taxes on industry, on light and air, (the gifts of heaven,) deteriorating the health of the people by cooping them up in old and ill ventilated tenements, and preventing an extensive outlay of capital in the formation of buildings adapted to the improved taste of the age; thus withholding from the great mass of the population a fair participation in the advantages that improved civilization ought to confer, and in those blessings which ought to be common to all, and that no legislature should dare to deny.

CHIT CHAT.

Editor's room.—Editor and Captain O'Sullivan.

Editor, (looking up from his writing cloudily.) Sullivan, I'm as dull this morning as a rainy day in summer, or the last fly on a pane of glass on the last day of autumn.

O'S. Take the brandy—so shall “the winter of your discontents” be made “a glorious summer” by the spirit there; so between us we have gone straight round the corners of the four seasons. It's a wonder to me how any man can be dull in the same house with a brandy-bottle.

Ed. It won't do, Sullivan. It would only make that turbid which was before dull. To write under such influence, the composition would be as confused, and as little understood as the speech of a tergiversating Whig who has risen to explain. I could almost wish for the presence of the doctor, with one of his execrable puns. He or they would be less intolerable than——

O'S. Than my company.

Ed. No, no, than my heavy inaptitude to enjoy it. (*A clamour is heard upon the stairs.*)

O'S. By my faith in fighting! but here comes a clishmaclaver that'll rouse ye!

Enter Doctor Punever, lugging in Bill by the ear, that agitated, this agitating, followed by Mr. Mortame, a gentleman that seems to be solely occupied with his own solemnity.

Doctor. Mr. Editor! Mr. Editor! the insolence of this rascal, to insinuate that I was no wiser than——than a fool.

Ed. William! how is this, sirrah?

Bill. It was not my fault, sir! Let go my ear, doctor!

Doctor. I'll explain. I know that you look upon this Bill as a tool with a sharp edge, so I said to him, as he was showing me up stairs, “Bill, my boy, why are you like so much waste paper?” “Because I can make a fool's cap, if it will fit”——said the scoundrel, looking me in the face. Now this was bad enough.

O'S. Good.

Doctor. But it would not do for me to be angry then, for I had my joke to let off. “No, no, Bill,” said I, “wear your fools' caps yourself. You are like so much waste paper, because you're a bad Bill.” So the varlet bristles up, and tells me, “It was better to waste paper in bad bills, (*and that was bad enough,*) than to waste paper, and lives too, with bad prescriptions.” This insolence——

Ed. (*handling his cane.*) Come here, Bill, I'm going to endorse you.

Bill, (whimpering.) Please, sir, no sensible gentleman would put his hand to a bad bill.

Ed. I think so too—but beware another time. What is condescension on the part of the doctor, may, without the greatest tact on your part, become insolence in you.

[*Exit Bill, muttering something that sounded very like “shame to be licked for another man's bad pun.”*]

O'S. (*badly doing his best to smother a laugh.*) Well, doctor, have you yet finished the impromptu you began last month? By all the powers of pulverization, but you made a dust about it.

Doctor. Why, I may say, it is in a manner finished: the last polish may yet be wanting. Will you hear it?

O'S. No—an antiquated extempore, like a patched boot, is, without the highest polish, execrable; with it, unbearable.

Doctor. Now, captain, I find that you have an idea upon this subject, a good one perhaps, but you don't know how to make the most of it. Ah! to make the most of one's ideas is better than having them in plenty, however good. A small capital, often turned, is more productive than a large one that brings in only a yearly interest. Now, I shall show you how to make the most of an idea. How to turn your capital often—of course a capital idea; but I see you look fatigued. Can I in any way relieve you?

O'S. Yes, introduce me to your friend. He is silent.

Doctor. Well, Captain Sullivan, if silence can relieve you, now I've an idea that the act of introduction will make, at least, some noise; but every one has his own notion. Captain Sullivan, be known to my friend, Mr. Mortame; my friend, Mr. Mortame, be known to Captain Sullivan. I think I'll set up for president of the Useful Knowledge Society.

[*Mr. Mortame bows solemnly to Capt. Sullivan, after which he turns up his eyes, and shakes his head significantly.*]

Ed. I am happy, Mr. Mortame, that you have made the acquaintance of Sullivan, since I trust that his lively conversation will, in some measure, dissipate your depression of spirits.

Mort. Sir, my spirits are not depressed—my soul is awakened—my mental eye is opened—the gathering film of night has fallen from off it. I have looked upon the moral and civil government of society—and—ah! I have wept inwardly.

O'S. An economical way: it saves handkerchiefs.

Ed. Really, Mr. Mortame, when I look round with mine outward eye, I see no such urgent reasons for playing the part of Heraclitus. I find improvement not merely growing, but actually starting up around me, in every thing that can make life enjoyed, and civilization dignified. Nations, and the individuals who compose them, are advancing towards perfection; but not to travel far for an instance, I can assure you that the good doctor's pills sometimes relieve, and his puns sometimes take.

Doctor. Thank you, Mr. Editor—will you just now try a pun or a pill?

Enter Volage.

Ed. If you have a pill to purge melancholy, I'll take it after your pun. Well, Volage, you seem to be full of matter. I see you have notes there. Where are you from?

Vol. From that vast assemblage of colours, the Royal Academy.

Mort. That vanity of varieties, that coloured rag-shop, that gewgaw bazaar of scarlet and other crimson abominations.

O'S. By all the powers of harmony! but the academicians are obliged to you.

Mort. Priests, priests to the lady whose garments are of divers colours!

Vol. However that may be, some of them have very excellent notions of dress; as a specimen, take No. 6, A Portrait of Baron D'Humboldt, by Pickersgill; nothing can be in more chaste keeping than the draperies and the accompaniments of the picture, with the staid and grave character of the well-painted countenance.

Doctor. Then I'll countenance the painter.

O'S. Now, that's what I call putting a bad face upon a bad pun. I wish, doctor, you'd open your countenance to some better purpose.

Doctor. I purpose so to do.

Ed. He's incorrigible! What have you next, Volage?

Vol. Britomart redeeming fair Amoret, by that original and bold artist, Etty. His pencil is always as powerful as is his imagination; but I cannot help thinking that his shadows are invariably too opaque. Time is no clarifier of the obscure, and painters should always allow for the action of the great *edax rerum*, whose teeth bite only the more sharply from being lipless and gumless.

Mort. Ah! a serious man! I like him.

Ed. As Time will surely overtake us, let us leave him as much as we can in the rear, and proceed with your remarks.

Vol. Now, I like Etty extremely, and so I shall be the more particular in pointing out his faults. All his female faces have a strong family likeness.

Ed. No, no.

Vol. Indeed they have. Now, there's Britomart in the very act of immolating the enchanter, with a placid smile upon her countenance, cherry-cheeked and cherry-lipped, evidently a first cousin to the smiling nymphs in the fountain round Hylas. She seems too happy both for her society and her occupation.

O'S. She bears no malice.

Ed. But might not the consciousness of performing a virtuous and glorious action throw over her countenance the radiance of triumph.

Vol. Well, if you like the picture buy it; for with those exceptions that I have taken against it, it is a beautiful and energetic performance. The next picture, No. 8, by Turner, is excellent, regarded only as sky and water; his ships want architectural beauty and nautical exactitude, and are each happy in having a wind of its own, for they are sailing different ways. No. 16 is the Murder of David Rizzio, by Mr. Allen; the colouring is harmonious, the grouping fine, and the action well told; but the artist has sacrificed the natural expression of agony to his notions of beauty in the face of the Queen. The eyes are glaring and open, the mouth distended, and yet not the trace of a line upon the features. The thing is impossible. Set the painter before a glass, put his face in the attitude of his painting, and see how the distortion of the eyes and mouth would furrow up the countenance into deep lines.

O'S. What! make faces at himself in a glass?

Vol. He might be worse employed.

O'S. I should be after knocking myself down, to see myself grinning at myself in that ungentleman-like manner.

Ed. No, captain, if offence were taken, yourself should apologize to yourself, and then the matter would end amicably with both of you.

Vol. No. 17, Portrait of the Princess Victoria, has every requisite to make a picture execrable.

O'S. Bless us! and by Hayter too. Hayter, whose baptismal name is George, and who writes after it, Member of the Academies of Rome, Florence, Bologna, Parma, and Venice, and Painter of Portraits and History to his Majesty Leopold, the King of Belgium!

Vol. The same. He has been guilty of pictorial treason. The royal babes in the tower were not more basely murdered by Tyrrel and his associates. But more of this artist anon. Passing by some good, and many bad pictures, we will now pause before an excellent one: No. 45, the Countess of Derby, by Mrs. Carpenter. The carnations are painted with a purity and transparency that approach closely to the downiness of nature's most beautiful flesh. There is nothing meretricious or gaudy about the picture. It is in look what an English lady ought to be, modest and lovely, and the more lovely as it is so modest; and yet I find one fault.

Ed. Of course—or you would not be Volage.

Vol. The vanity of placing the coronet in the corner. It is bad in the moral composition, as it looks like pretension in the painted, or adulation in the painter; it is bad as a pictorial composition, as its gaudiness attracts the eye, and divides the attention with what is really worth looking at.

O'S. Hypercriticism, by Jupiter! a countess has as much right to her coronet as a scribbler has to his criticism.

Vol. True; but she has no right to spoil a good picture. Let us now look at Leslie's Tristram Shandy recovering the manuscript he had lost—and look at it attentively.

O'S. Where is it?

Vol. At the Royal Academy in its place, which your interruption is not. We have but few attempts this year at any thing like humour; we must, therefore, humour the few that we have got. Though well painted, the figures look too large, and occupy too much of the canvass; and there is not much refinement in either of the two human heads, though the tale is well made out. There is also a canine head, which cannot, though it ought to be overlooked—the introduction of the shock dog is shocking.

Ed. Do you call this praising a picture?

Vol. Yes. If these things only be bad, and all the rest of the performance be good—and you ought to infer it is so—is not that enough of praise to satisfy even a painter's vanity? However, if you like laudation in full cry, you may have it in the next, 51, by Collins, "Returning from the haunts of the sea-fowl." I have no fault to find there—but—

O'S. Oh! damn the but.

Vol. But I must say that there is a black cloud in the centre, that comes fearfully near; it seems to have taken a walk to within about two hundred yards of the spectator, and left its nebulous brethren in their

proper stations in the sky and on the horizon. Of all things, aerial perspective should be preserved.

Ed. I wish that you would mention one picture without these drawbacks upon your commendation.

Vol. I will—I can—I do. That portrait, surpassingly fine, by the President. Quiet, dignified, in a rich and yet subdued tone, this powerful painting must strike every one with a profound sentiment of admiration. Without robes, or coronets, or military panoply, there is a grandeur about this, that is of the soul. Sir Thomas Lawrence may have pleased the eye more in some of his pictures, but he never went so near to the heart.

Doctor. Is she then a very beautiful creature?

Vol. It is nothing but the picture of a placid old man.

O'S. What all those fine words about the picture of an old man! By all the sign-posts in Kilkenny, but there must be more in painting than I am aware of!

Ed. You may say that, my friend; it has not only its own poetry, but is also the most beautiful expression of poetry itself.

O'S. Always excepting, I suppose, the beautiful things it represents.

Ed. An enthusiastic and enlightened painter will say not. But let us drop the metaphysics of the art and consider its productions.

Vol. There is a good-enough thing by Clint, No. 59, the duel between Sir Toby and Sebastian; but No. 70, the Harvest in the Highlands, the figures by Landseer, and the landscape by Calcott, is really a masterpiece of art. The airy regions of the mountainous distance are not colour but real vapours, so beautiful is the illusion. It is a noble picture.

Doctor. Without a single *but*.

Vol. I beg your pardon. I was just going to add, *but*, if there had been more substance in the colouring, and greater distinctness in the mass of foliage in the middle ground, on the right hand of the picture, the effect of the whole would have been perfect; but as it is, it is really magical.

Ed. Then let us be content. Perhaps had we the good fortune to hear the artists in their defence, we might alter our opinions as to the alleged defect.

Vol. Never! They might tell us why we are pleased and displeased, but the eye is the umpire, after all. If the veriest clown that plods the fields saw trees in his landscape, such as are represented in that picture, he would immediately walk up to them to discover what caused their strange appearance. 87, Mrs. Joy, by Chalon, is, indeed, the very personification of beauty. It is a rapturous display of all that is enchanting in the breathing and thinking flower, in the midst of the glowing and the odour-giving ones. In the figure and adornments of the lady, all the costly adjuncts of aristocracy are made finely subservient to the creation of loveliness almost heavenly. After all, a well dressed woman—but I'll say no more—but if I had a wife who ever brought before me such a vision of beauty as that representation of Mrs. Joy, I should never again bear to see her in her night-cap.

Ed. Oh fie! ladies never wear such things.

Mort. (with a deep sigh.) But wives do. I've got a wife.

O'S. Happy dog! Have you been long yoked, sir?

Mort. My wife says it is *only* seven years—but I'm a fortunate man. I've been longer living these seven years than I was living the previous forty. That's what I understand by a wife bringing "a crown of glory and length of days" to her husband.

Ed. It appears you will die of a good old age.

Vol. There's a picture of Constable's, rough and showery as usual; and now we come to another of Turner's—the Bridge of Sighs, and Ducal Palace, at Venice; and we shall bring that and the Venice from the Dojona, by Stanfield, 247, under our view at the same time; and when you go to the rooms, Mr. Editor, just take the trouble to walk from one to the other, and compare them. They are nearly the same views—and how different! Turner has certainly been frightened out of his yellow fever, but he is now growing white and pallid. But to return to these two pictures. Stanfield's water, distance, and foreground, leave nothing to be wished for. There is a purity in the air of his picture, that seems to have been produced by something less material than mere paint; whilst his fore-ground is rich, elegant, and accurately drawn. Even over the whiteness of the building the artist has contrived to fling a depth of tone that is surprising. Now walk to Turner's picture and see how all these things are there managed. His foreground, and his Canaletti painting are monstrous. No one could know what the jumble of colour meant, but for the catalogue. Whilst even the coping stones of the buildings in the distance are made out with considerable accuracy, the things that the spectator might be supposed to be able to reach with his hand, are made up into an indistinct confusion of all the hues of the rainbow.

Ed. Are you not too severe? Is not the foreground meant as a display of fine colouring, and the distance, of drawing? May there not be some occult beauty in what you are so profuse to disparage?

Vol. Painting should not make itself occult in the display of its beauties. But we will dismiss Turner at once, by saying, that he has four other pieces exhibiting, 125, 146, 169, 462, only one of which is a little jaundiced. They are mostly sea pieces—and they are rather pallid than otherwise; but after the recovery of his style from such a violent yellow fever, no wonder that for a time it should look rather pale. (*Clock strikes.*) Bless me! two o'clock, and I'm to be with my Lord Vanderput at half-past one, to furnish him with an opinion—for he has none of his own—upon a Claude, which he wants to buy, and that I know was painted last week in Titchfield Street. I like to encourage his lordship's taste for the ancient masters. I'll go through the catalogue, Mr. Editor, when we next meet.

[*Exit hastily.*]

O'S. A very pleasant, sensible gentleman enough—with his ancient masters! An excellent friend he'd make.

Ed. He would; you might trust him in anything—excepting to buy a picture for you.

Doctor. Now that acid-looking gentleman has departed, I think I may venture just to read you a part of a satire that I have begun, upon the Whig government, with your permission, Mr. Editor.

Ed. Oh! go on, Doctor—though no papist, I make it a rule now and then to do penance.

O'S. Pass over your snuff box, Mr. Editor; I like to be prepared—drowsiness is the devil.

Doctor. I think, gentlemen, I enunciate better standing. (*Reads.*)
“The Whigs—a Satire, in Fourteen Cantos—Canto the First. The exordium—

When men are rogues, and yet possess not art
To grace with wit or sense the roguish part;
With dulness, when they've not the saving gift
Of good intentions—

Here, gentlemen, I want a rhyme.

O'S. Turn them all adrift.

Enter Don. (*The Doctor hastily puts up his manuscript.*)

Ed. Well, Don, where the deuce have you been hiding yourself? Mr. Percy has been looking after you in vain, these three days.

Don. That's a capital idea! Why he might have found me any where—everywhere—been very busy—a world of trouble on my hands.

Ed. Aye! I'll grant that you are one of the most laborious idlers, and most industrious loungers, about town. What news of the theatres?

Don. For mercy sake don't ask me. Every thing is topsy-turvy. Legitimacy is decidedly at discount—in the drama as well as—stay, I knew I had a question to ask you. Now, gentlemen, who do you think is the greatest man in Madrid at the present moment?

Ed. Why, the prime minister, I suppose.

Don. You suppose wrong. I'll give it you in ten—

O'S. I say the young queen.

Don. No, captain—do you give it up? Yes—I see you do—well, the greatest man is Francisco Montes.

Ed. And who the devil is he?

Don. What a question! why, the celebrated *Torero* (bull-fighter) Montes, is quite the fashion—and the taste for bull-fights is consequently reviving. The young exquisites are all endeavouring to copy his manner, his dress, and even his language—the ladies are mad after him. When he enters a coffee-house, or any other public place of entertainment, he is never suffered to pay the reckoning. The print-shops exhibit his portrait—in fact, Francisco Montes is the idol of the whole Madrid population.

Ed. And is he deserving of such enthusiasm?

Don. Certainly, as far as killing bulls go. He actually trifles and plays the fool with the most savage and appalling animals, as if they were as many little puppies. He goes into the Circus—turns round the bull—defies him—places his cap on one of his horns—worries him a thousand ways, until the moment arrives for despatching the tremendous animal. Montes is a man not merely possessing extraordinary agility and strength of limb, combined with singular courage, but he must be thoroughly versed in the knowledge of the redoubtable enemies with whom he has to contend—a mistake of a single inch in the evolutions he performs, would make him forfeit his life.

O.S. This must be a fine time for such a man—the *Jura* of the young princess, and public rejoicings to be celebrated on this joyful occasion at Madrid, will afford great scope to the favourite *Torero*.

Don. Certainly. Probably he will be able to place half a dozen of his relations either in the church or in the army.

Ed. Well, but I want to know something about the theatres.

Don. And what should *I* know about the theatres? I don't trouble myself about such matters *now*—they say, however, that great things are in contemplation.

O.S. Such as that Mr. Bunn curtails the actors' salaries merely for the public good. By-the-bye, is the Victoria Theatre likely to answer?

Don. I think it ought, if Messrs. Abbott and Egerton keep their promise; they intend to reform the thing altogether.

Ed. Aye—including the neighbourhood? no trifle that, I should imagine.

Don. O never mind: the neighbourhood will reform itself in due process of time.

O.S. Were you at the Opera on Pasta's benefit?

Don. I was—the new opera disappointed me—Bellini's *Norma* enjoyed a celebrity abroad that made me augur favourably of its success in London. As a composition, it wants much efficient force and fire. Mere noise is but an indifferent substitute for the burst of genuine passion.

Ed. Bellini is not remarkable for energy. I think that he only excels in those melodies that are addressed to the gentler feelings.

Don. I think the English have scarcely done justice to Bellini. The music of this composer, though, as I have said, deficient in force and fire, is remarkable for a deep expression of tenderness. He understands the softer feelings better than any composer alive. *Il Pirata* is a beautiful opera, and now that Rossini is taking a long nap, in my humble opinion the musical sceptre in Italy devolves on Bellini.

Mort. I don't know much about Italian music, but I certainly admire "Home, sweet Home," and the "Soldier Tired."

Don. Odious! the fact is, sir, that you Englishmen have most heretical opinions on the subject of music. Pray Mr. ———, did you ever go to the Italian Opera?

Mort. I did once, to see Velluti. Such squalling! and then—the behaviour of the audience.

Don. What do you mean?

Mort. They were chattering so loud, it was impossible to hear. Complete silence was only restored when the ballet began.

Ed. Very proper. Talking of the ballet—perhaps the Italian Opera was never so rich in this department as at the present moment. What do you think of *Inez de Castro*?

Don. Why, you cannot call that a *ballet*, where the only dancing is totally unconnected with the action of the piece. It is a serious pantomime, and very good, certainly, if there was a little less exaggeration. I doubt, however, that the thing will take with the English.

Ed. And yet that is a bold assertion, considering how very partial

John Bull is to whatever presents a novel feature, or affects a singularity of any kind.

O.S. You may well say that ; or rather, that John Bull is the most capacious *gull* that ever existed. Johnny delights in *humbug*, if at all patronized by the higher classes. Now what can be more preposterous than the sympathy and enthusiasm excited in favour of foreigners when the *natives* themselves are in a deplorable state of want of those feelings—think of the *fancy fair* in the Hanover-square rooms !

Mort. Distressed foreigners ! Bless me ! I suppose they mean Signor Paganini, Tamburini, Rubini, Douzelli, Pasta, Malibran, Cinti, with the mighty cohort of dancers and musicians of all nations, that have taken possession of our theatres, and actually expelled the *native* performers from their own dwelling.

Ed. Oh ! perhaps they mean by distressed foreigners, the bevy of soi-disant counts, viscounts, barons, and chevaliers, that invade London during the season, with the *malice prepense* of conjuring some foolish girl's, or ridiculous matron's fortune into their noble pockets.

Doctor. Talking of *humbug*, I apprehend that one of the most striking specimens of the sort is the one offered by the Richmond minstrel.

Ed. Who the deuce is he ?

Doctor. I should imagine some *obsolete* strolling player or chorus singer, who has had the cunning to conceive that it was far preferable to *bamboozle* foolish people out of their money by *humbug*, than starve upon five shillings a-week in a second-rate country theatre. Well, then, this ingenious mountebank disguises himself with a red wig and a theatrical dress, affects a few airs, and casts some ridiculous glances, intended to convey an expression of tender languor, and forsooth you find the good people of Richmond flocking to the terrace to admire the *stroller*, and make fools of themselves. The said minstrel has neither voice, science, feeling, person, or address.

Ed. Then in the name of wonder, how does he contrive to achieve the miracle ? *what* has he got ?

Doctor. Why, simply *humbug*—a quality that, if discreetly used, may avail the possessor as much, or often more, than real merit.

Ed. Holloa, Don, you are silent—what ails you now ?

Don. I was in deep cogitation. I am puzzled to determine, whether, among the wonderful inventions and improvements some genius may discover a method of getting through life without the aid of theology, medicine, and law. How beautifully the whole social structure might be simplified and strengthened, if these fearful—

Ed. Gently, my good friend—this will never do ; if you are to be prosy, you'd better resume your reflective mood. As I am just arrived, I wish to learn the news. How do we get on at the Garrick ?

Don. Can't tell. I only know they have been emulating the worthy common council-men with a most stupendous turtle, reported to contain a hundred pounds of delicious green fat : the interesting stranger arrived lately from Jamaica.

Ed. The Garrick is certainly one of the most pleasant places in town—a sort of brotherhood—of good fellowship exists between its members, that is scarcely to be found in any other club or society in

London. Only two things are wanted to render it a most flourishing establishment, as I told our friend Franco. A little more attention to the dinners, and a continuation of abuse from certain weekly journals. By-the-bye, I regret to hear that the project of a female club is totally abandoned.

Don. Great pity; but to make amends there is some talk of forming a mixed club—what a resource for political petticoats, eh?

Ed. Stop a moment, let us have no politics here. Most humbly do I abandon this profound pursuit to my brethren of Blackwood's, Fraser's, and the New Monthly. I shall only observe one thing on the matter. I should like to convene a meeting for the purpose of petitioning parliament to allow his majesty to dine wherever he pleases; and furthermore, to declare that no treasonable construction can be put on eating *cotelettes à la soubise*—*salmi de perdreaux*, or *suprême de volaille*, in any particular street or square in the west end.

Doctor. A very wise provision. Certainly, their majesties should be permitted to enjoy as much liberty in this respect as any of their loyal subjects. And now, gentlemen, good morning; talking of eating just puts me in mind that I must attend a dinner at the Freemason's for the good of charity. [Exit.

Don. Aye! that's another of your wonderful English contrivances—charity-dinners! a most wise and profound scheme to gorge with bad viands and miserable wines, and enrich the objects of the charity, *id est*—tavern-keepers. Now, charity-balls I can easily comprehend.

Ed. That's more in your line; but still, to me 'tis a matter of doubt whether a quadrille, or a *galopade*, are more efficient *charity-conductors*, than the tickets, white, green, or blue, with the N. B.—*Dinner precisely at six—tickets one guinea, wine included.*

Don. I know some worthies so fervently devoted to this sort of charity, that they have actually gained a tremendous rotundity of paunch in the zealous exercise of such Christian duties. In fact, there is a regular set of *charitable gluttons*, whose faces you are sure to see at every pious meeting of the kind. I am truly edified at all this, especially when one of the most ancient of the fraternity, who has been a regular attendant, gets up for the *two hundredth time* to make a speech, which commences—*Gentlemen*, UNACCUSTOMED as I am to public speaking, &c. Now, observe the modesty, nay humility of the devout gormandizer—he will not take any merit to himself for the two hundred previous speeches, but with more exemplary self-denial—counts them all for nothing; then again, fancy what an extraordinary degree of self-abnegation there must be in the man who, although he has been previously informed that his health will be drunk, rises in confusion, and says “*that the honour was totally unexpected.*” Of course, he could not for a moment suppose that the committee were in earnest when they put *his* name in the list of toasts—a most pious incredulity this truly!

Ed. Ha! ha! You must know that the surest road to John Bull's heart, is *viâ stomach*. But come, talking on the matter, I think we may as well adjourn to the club, and see what the *cuisinier* has done for us to-day. [Exeunt.

THE SPANISH BARBER.¹

BY DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA.

CHAPTER IV.

Suspension of Hostilities—I quit Mendrugo's Shop—The World before me—A Canine Companion—His Indiscretion—The Butcher and his Myrmidons—Hue and Cry—Another Dilemma—A Recollection of Father Cascabel—Vagaries of Fate—A profound Syllogism—How to persuade and convince—Visit to a *Figon*—The Company there, and strange Conversation—My Fears and Horror—Curious Meat Pies—A formidable Cook—I escape sound—My obligation to Mendrugo—A bit of Moral.

“MASTER Gil, your departure yesterday was certainly abrupt; what in the name of wonder made you in such a hurry?”

“Why, I told you, sir; it was the young marquess of San Justo, an amiable, generous man, if ever there was any in Spain.

“Some interesting affair *de cœur*, eh?”

“No, sir, 'tis simply an affair of purse; the foolish young nobleman has been sadly handled at *Monte*, and must have a large sum of ready cash to meet his debts of honour.”

“Ha! ha! and you are his money-agent. Well, Master Robledo, you are the most multifarious tonsor that ever did honour to his calling;—and now pray go on with your story.”

“Well, Don Felix, as I told you, we made a very picturesque group. Like skilful fencers, we felt in no hurry to inflict blows, but rather watched the attitude of the opponent, and kept ourselves on a most scientific system of defence; thus, sir, we might have remained till doomsday, if Mendrugo, (who had the good sense to perceive I was in earnest,) had not thought proper to make overtures for a treaty of peace.”

“‘Certainly,’ said he, in a growling tone; ‘you deserve a severe thrashing, but as it is your first offence, I’ll forgive you.’

“Saying this, he put the stick aside, whilst I, thinking it might be a *ruse de guerre*, felt no inclination to forego my means of defence—the pride of the barber was hurt.

“‘O you suspicious rascal,’ cried he, annoyed at my prudence, ‘there, take the stick, and learn to trust men of honour.’

“Mendrugo surrendered his weapon, and then indeed I was satisfied with his sincerity. His cadaverous visage at the time presented a most curious specimen of disappointed vengeance and ludicrous rage, struggling to affect composure. Mendrugo’s magnanimity in forgiving me, when he could not possibly do otherwise, afforded me a high idea of his good sense, and I should always advise pugnacious persons *to forgive* their enemies, before the said enemies contrive to break their bones. Peace being declared in the barber’s shop, I considered myself the victor, notwithstanding my master’s magnanimity in pardoning. I could not help smiling contemptuously on the shaver, who on his side affected not to perceive my disdainful demeanour. Suddenly I exclaimed, ‘Master Mendrugo, I wish to quit your shop this instant.’

“‘Blessed St. Joseph—what do you mean, boy! quit my shop! where will you find such another place?’

¹ Continued from p. 154.

“ ‘Not easily, I grant,’ answered I, with a significant smile. ‘Indeed, Señor Mendrugo, ’tis precisely the singularity of this place that induces me to seek another, more in accordance with the wants of frail humanity.’

“ ‘As for wages—I swear that——’

“ ‘Pray don’t swear—I believe you! but all the wages in the world—wages in *perspective*, I mean—cannot tempt me to adopt a rigorous course of abstinence, such as is practised in this house of penance.’

“ Surely the dog Valiente understood what I was saying, for at that very word *abstinence* he set up a most piteous growl, accompanied by a look of remonstrance to Mendrugo, that would have softened the heart of the most obdurate barber in Spain. I would not lose more time in parley, and so, Don Felix, much to my master’s chagrin and disappointment, I packed up my baggage, which was easily and commodiously contained in a pocket handkerchief, and prepared to leave the shop. This I did, after making a most profound bow of mock respect to the penurious tonsor, a compliment which he returned by a murmur, indicative no doubt of a hearty malediction, which he was unwilling to pronounce in a more audible manner. I had again the world before me! a spacious range, no doubt, even for the most gigantic genius—the most ambitious mind. Yes, Don Felix, as I left Mendrugo’s shop, I had the world *before* me; but what do you think I had *after* me?”

“ No *Alguaciles*, I trust—you could not yet have merited the attention of such worthies?”

“ *Alguaciles!* O no, señor—but simply—the poor dog Valiente, who seeing me leave the shop in search of better fortune, very prudently determined on adopting the same plan, in order to escape the tragic fate of goldfinches, chaffinches, canary birds, and the rest of the feathered victims. I could not say I felt proud of my companion, or rather follower. It was, without comparison, the most villainous specimen of canine ugliness, combined with starvation, that ever disgraced his tribe. It would take me too much time to enter into a correct description of the miserable creature—so I shall leave the task to your imagination. Indeed, what dog of the least pretensions would have put up with the atrocity of the cruel Mendrugo? It is with dogs precisely the same as with men—some are born to comfort and luxury—others to blows and kicks. A caprice many a time decides the destiny of a worthless man—another caprice also makes the fortune of an indifferent dog. A noodle, the Lord knows why, is made a bishop—an industrious man struggles through life without hope or success. The same fate that makes bishops and canons, presides over the destinies of curs and puppies. One starves in a kennel—frightening little children with its dismal figure and piteous barking—whilst another, endowed with less sagacity and kindly feeling, is pampered in a lady’s lap—having servants and lacqueys to attend him in the very same way as the above-mentioned bishops and canons. This I may say——”

“ No, for heaven’s sake—that will do—say no more.”

“ Beg pardon, Don Felix, I have an unfortunate itching for moralizing, that I could never conquer. Indeed, señor, a man of my ex-

perience may indulge in a little of this sort of pastime. But to return to my follower. I looked at him, and said nothing; I suppose he concluded that silence gives consent, and therefore, without further ceremony, adhered closely to my steps.

"I strolled through the streets about an hour, without any determined plan for the guidance of my future conduct. Should I offer my services to another barber? or to a gentleman in want of a valet? Visions of future prosperity danced before my sight. I was to become a celebrated man; but how this miracle was to be performed, was not quite perceptible to my mind. I had a vague impression that I was born to run a very adventurous career—this was a kind of article of faith with me; but in the meantime I felt almost famished, and certainly it was indispensable I should keep myself from starving if I really wished to see my presentiments fulfilled.

"As I was indulging in these day-dreams, suddenly a great clamour startled me from my reverie—a confused noise of men and women hallooing, and of dogs barking, drew my attention. I cast a look behind, whence the uproar proceeded, and to my no small surprise, perceived the starving Valiente—that most unfortunate of dogs, running with all his might towards me, closely pursued by a crowd of boys and men, who were throwing stones with great assiduity. I could not at first imagine what offence the poor animal had committed; but my doubts were soon removed: up came the dog to me, and as he arrived, he deposited a large piece of meat at my feet, in token, I suppose, of submission and vassalage: the luckless animal was panting for breath, so desperate had been the chasing. But observe, now, Don Felix, what followed; first followed a butcher, of most sinister appearance, in a prodigious fit of ill humour. The said butcher headed a powerful battalion of vagabonds, of all sizes and descriptions, armed with sticks and stones, and making a most overpowering confusion.

"I now perceived the real position of the case. My starving canine follower had taken the liberty of paying a visit to the butcher's, without the usual requisite of money. Well, sir, for this trifling oversight, he was subjected to a most terrific castigation. I felt for the poor creature—but alas! I was soon obliged to transfer my sympathy to another and more deserving object."

"And what object was that?"

"My own dear self, Don Felix. No sooner had the formidable butcher sated his fury on the unfortunate carcass of my follower, than turning to me, he cried out in a stentorian voice, that gave sure indication of the hearty state of his lungs, 'Well, Master Thief, and what reward do *you* expect?'

"I—I expect no reward—what do you mean? Your words are perfectly unintelligible."

"We will make them plain, by *Santiago*. Are you not ashamed to teach your dog these thieving habits?"

"I never taught the dog any habits either of thieving or otherwise."

"How can you say so, when we have such unanswerable proof before our eyes? Look at that meat, you young villain; I wonder how much you have stolen already this morning."

"I perceived that the affair was taking an unpleasant turn, and therefore I lost no time in presenting a most eloquent remonstrance of my innocence. But my powers of oratory were of little avail with the ruffianly mob. One of these, a dirty blackguard, without shoes and stockings, and owner of one single eye of most sinister expression, bawled out, 'I know the rascal and his dog well enough; he is an old offender, and changes his name continually—he last called himself Pero Redondo—his brother was hanged at Cordova.'

"My brother hanged at Cordova?"

"Yes, for highway robbery—he belonged to the troop of *El Estudiante*. Your father was originally a cobbler of Andujar.'

"*Virgen Santissima!*' ejaculated I with all the fervour of my soul, 'what abominable stories are you telling about me—a fine description you give of my family!'

"And your mother,' proceeded the rascal, with imperturbable coolness, 'your mother was a notorious girl of the town—she came from Malaga—where she had been flogged. Vaya! it was owing to the wicked Pepa Sorna, your mother, that many a worthy man was sent to the galleys—indeed she was strongly suspected of having had a finger in the murder of a reverend friar. As for your father, all the world knew he was a regular thief, and he affected to be a cobbler only to carry on his other pursuit with greater security.'

"I protested my innocence in the most emphatic terms, but my earnestness of tone and manner served only to convert suspicion into certainty; they were all well disposed to believe any story, however absurd, provided it went to prove my depravity. The storm which I had seen approaching at length burst over my devoted head; from words they proceeded to blows—the butcher set the example, which was most zealously followed by his attendants—the dog also came in for a share in this new distribution of favours. With what decided *gusto* and energy did they all go to work! Ah, Don Felix! the recollection of my unfortunate impersonation of the guardian angel came vividly to my mind. I thought at the time that the tremendous thrashing which the reverend *padres* had thought proper to inflict on that memorable occasion, could never be equalled by mortal power. I was mistaken—I had now a *striking* opportunity of convincing myself that friars are not the only efficient distributors of blows and kicks. These were showered in profusion, but in order no doubt that they should convey a moral, they were accompanied with sundry pithy and energetic sentences, in language certainly not very select, nor indeed, decidedly decent.

"*Torna hijo de P—,*' exclaimed one, 'take this, and learn to correct your vicious habits—specially your infamous lies.'

"Confess that your name is Pero Redondo,' vociferated one.

"Aye! confess quickly that your name is Pero Redondo,' reiterated three more.

"But my name is *not* Pero Redondo.'

"Another shower of blows came upon me by way of *striking* arguments, to convince my rebellious mind.

"*Maldito de Dios!* why can't you speak truth, and shame the devil; was not your father a notorious thief?"

"Was not your mother a noted —?" said another.

“ ‘Gentlemen,’ cried I, in agony ; ‘consider that these are not proper questions to put to a dutiful child.’

“ ‘There must have been very few dutiful children among my persecutors, for my pathetic remonstrances failed to produce the least effect ; they were ferociously determined to convince me, not only that I was the villain Pero Redondo, but that my parents had been celebrated in the history of human depravity. I felt shame, rage, and pain ; but alas ! the severe castigation I was undergoing began to subdue my spirit, and I threw myself on the ground, groaning and writhing in a most woful manner. My distressing situation did not excite the smallest touch of pity among my savage tormentors. The dog howled dismally ; his complaints and mine mingled in most appalling discord, yet nothing could soften the butcher and his myrmidons.

“ ‘Confess that your name is Pero Redondo. Are you not Pero Redondo ?’

“ ‘By this time, really, the debate had been so prolonged, the arguments so overpowering, that not to be convinced would have argued folly and criminal obstinacy on my part ; therefore I quickly returned, ‘Yes, yes, I am Pero Redondo, and be d——d to you.’

“ ‘*Caramba !* I knew we should bring him to at last.’

“ ‘And was not your father ——, the cobbler of Andujar, a most notorious thief ?’

“ ‘Certainly, certainly, my father, the cobbler of Andujar was, as you say a notorious thief ; and I dare say my *other* father was also a thief in his way.’

“ ‘What *other* father ? Come, no joking.’

“ ‘Beg pardon, gentlemen ; but as you have done me the honour of assigning a noted —— for a mother, I conclude there is no great impropriety in my laying claim to more than one male parent.’

“ ‘My confession put an end to the severe course of penance I was undergoing. The butcher and his rabble began to disperse, leaving me almost unable to walk, so smart had been the favours with which they thought it expedient to indulge me. No sooner were they gone, than I ejaculated in a very plaintive manner, ‘Poor Gil Robledo, and so it has been clearly demonstrated to you, that your real name is Pero Redondo, and that your parents were two renowned reprobates !’”

“ ‘Ha ! ha ! Poor Gil, what a strange way to convince a man !’

“ ‘Strange way, Don Felix ! Believe me, it is not so strange as you may suppose. I have had many opportunities of ascertaining that men are oftentimes *convinced* something after the manner that I was on this distressing occasion. What argument can be more conclusive than force ?—what proof appeals to the mind with greater efficacy than a blow ? In my opinion, there are two systems of sound logic—the *suaviter* and the *fortiter*. By using the first, you persuade and convince by soft means, vulgarly called a *bribe* ; the second is less agreeable, and it was precisely the one adopted in my unfortunate case. I only regretted one thing, and that was, that my comprehension should have been so dull as to have required the redundancy of arguments that were employed. However, knowledge and experience are not to be obtained without personal trials and sacrifices, and I consoled myself with that soothing reflection, that *I should know better another time*. Yes, Don Felix, I made a solemn vow never to show

any discrepancy of opinion when there was nothing to be got by it—except those striking favours which recalled to my mind that my real name was Pero Redondo, not Gil Robledo!

“Well, Señor, my situation now was truly pitiable. Despite of my philosophy and resignation, I could not but repine at the atrocity of my fate, that subjected me to such cruel trials. ‘Conduct is fate;’ if so, I should like to learn in what possible way had I deserved the inhuman thrashing I had received. Here was I kicked, and cuffed, and abused—turned into the villain Pero Redondo, and compelled to confess that my papa was a thief, and my mamma something worse! Very reputable creatures truly!—and why? Simply because I could not bring my mind to starve in a rascally barber’s shop—because I endeavoured to fulfil to the best of my power the very first of our natural duties—self-preservation!”

“That is very edifying, Master Gil; but consider, that had the dog not stolen the meat, your accident would never have taken place.”

“Well, and what do you mean to prove?—that it was just and equitable that I should suffer for the faults of another? Don’t you see the caprice of fortune clearly demonstrated—a starving dog takes French leave of his master, and follows my steps, without the least encouragement on my part—the said famished animal makes free with some meat; and from these two simple facts, see what strange conclusions are drawn—*If you refuse to starve in a barber’s shop, and a miserable dog does the same, and that dog takes some butcher’s meat scot free—these premises will, by a chain of incontrovertible argument, go to prove that you are an arrant rascal, that your brother was hanged for highway robbery, that your father was a thieving botcher, and your mother a regular prostitute!* O the wonderful powers of logic!—O magical effect of deep ratiocination! A syllogism like the one I present, ought certainly to reconcile every reasonable man to this profound science. Perhaps some foolish persons will stare, and shake their silly skulls at this my splendid syllogism; but to such opaque *ignoramus*es I will say—Go, and study algebra, and then perhaps you will be wiser.

“And now, Don Felix, what do you suppose was my first impulse after my executioners had cleared the field, and I had a little time to collect my ideas, which had been so much flurried in the process of the debate?”

“Really, I cannot surmise.”

“Sir, a sense of gratitude instigated me to testify my sincere acknowledgments to the author of the favours I had received—the lean, wretched, and most Ugolino-emulating-dog was moaning—and I felt an impulse to afford him additional cause for such an occupation. However, he seemed to guess my intention, and, to deprecate the impending tempest, he cast so piteous and imploring a look, that I was literally disarmed, and my vindictive longing was suddenly converted into a feeling of compassion. I forgave the miserable animal: and then a puzzling idea came across my mind. I wondered whether the dog, in dropping the stolen meat at my feet, was actuated by a kind impulse or a sinister motive—whether he wished to afford me succour or to escape punishment, by making the butcher suppose

that he (the dog) was merely an innocent instrument, and that I was the real offender. Alas! I could not solve this perplexing enigma; and that has been my case often through life. Tantalizing fate of man! to be left constantly in the dark as to the *true motives* that bring about human actions!"

"That will do, Master Barber: now go on with your narrative."

"I crawled at a snail's pace to the nearest *figon*,* and squatted myself on the ground in an obscure corner. Valiente followed my example. It was a low and uncomfortable place; but my sense of humility, and the dismal state of my finances, made me choose that miserable tenement in preference to a more exalted hostlerie. Three *Gitanos* were sitting at a narrow table, busily engaged in despatching an enormous *ragout*, the steam of which was certainly no provocative to appetite. Although I had no reason to be dainty, still the colour, smell, and whole aspect of the dish I considered no bad substitute for an emetic. The *Gitanos*, however, seemed to entertain a different opinion, and they were washing down the black infernal viands with copious draughts of sour wine. Two or three snatches of these worthies' conversation shocked me exceedingly.

"'No, Tortado,' said one; 'I don't think this is horse flesh—the flavour is very different from that.'

"'Well, I'll swear,' observed another, 'this is no cat's *guisado*.† I can trace a cat through the most intricate disguises of strange sauces—vinegar, pepper, and cayenne. When I kept the *figon* in the *Macarena*, I used to serve three or four cats regularly to my customers, consequently I ought to know something of cat's meat.'

"'Certainly, Corneja,' said Tortado, 'you ought to know. Well, do you think that this is *Christian* flesh?'

"'Why, you must be aware that this house is celebrated for certain pies—I assert nothing. But the *pasteles de difuntos*‡ have acquired a celebrity which mayhap will awaken the curiosity of the police.'

"'Well, but this is no pie.'

"'Still, what serves the purposes of a pie can likewise be turned to account in a *guisado*.'

"'True. *Virgen santa!* that being the case,' interposed Tortado, piously crossing himself, 'we ought to pay all due respect to the dead; and in a case of doubt, why 'tis as well to be on the right side.'

"'Justly observed—*Dios le ampare—Requiescat in pace*.'

"'Amen!' answered the other two, in a most pious tone and manner.

"I was shocked and frightened out of my wits at this extraordinary scene. Already did I fancy the infernal *cuisinier* casting an eye upon me, and calculating into how many pies I might be converted. 'Holy St. Joseph!' ejaculated I, mentally, 'protect me in this fearful hour.' The landlord came in, and my horrors became darker and

* Low eating-house.

† Ragout.

‡ Dead men's pies—a pastrycook had been guilty of this peccadillo. How many men he had despatched could never be ascertained, but he carried on a very extensive business.

darker. *Valgame Dios!* what a sinister expression of countenance! He looked most assuredly like a thorough concocter of *pasteles de difuntos*. My flesh began to quake, a cold shiver pervaded my whole frame. Who knows, but half an hour might only elapse between the awful moment in which the fearful pastrycook fixed his savage eye upon me, and—and—O horrible!—the tremendous moment of my slaughter! Probably the very next day some portion of my dear self would be cooked and served up to a convivial set of Gitanos. The image of a rump-steak pie filled me with awe! And was I born for this?—to have my brains fried and all my limbs turned to gastronomic purposes! I was in a *stew*!—a rump-steak pie!—O frightful! I already felt as if I could no longer sit; there seemed to be a *vacuum* between me and the ground—my head began to turn with fear, and my teeth to chatter. The *Gitanos* finished their horrible repast.

“*Que tal compadres,**” said the formidable cook, ‘how do you like it?’

“‘Delicious!’ answered the Gitanos.

“‘Ah! you should come to-morrow; I shall have some of my exquisite meat pies.’

“I felt ready to expire at this announcement. No doubt, the infamous landlord had settled it in his mind to make pies of me. A cold perspiration bathed my whole frame. I no longer remembered the smart flagellation which I had undergone; all my miseries and sufferings dwindled to nothing compared with the frightful image of being converted into—say about half-a-dozen *pasteles*! But I frightened myself prematurely. I ought to have reflected that I did not offer a tempting subject to the landlord: the rigorous course of abstinence observed at the barber Mendrugo’s house, rendered me unfit for the purposes of the *cuisine*. My famished looks, and skinny sickly appearance, were certainly any thing but inviting to an intelligent cook. But, alas! sir, I was then in no state to make these sensible reflections. At this moment the landlord came up to me, and said, in a remarkably harsh tone of voice, ‘Well, young vagabond, what do you want here?’

“I trembled from head to foot, and in a most submissive manner ventured to answer, ‘I crave your pardon, good señor—I want nothing.’

“‘Then why tarry here? I suppose you are thinking of my delicious meat pies,’ he said, and cast a scrutinizing look—O! what a moment was that!—‘Begone, sirrah, such as you, have no business here.’

“Dulcet—heavenly sounds! I sprang on my legs, and obeyed the kind invitation. The sapient cook gave me an expressive kick, which I received with all possible affability; for alas! what was this parting favour in comparison to the fate I had anticipated—kicks or rump-steak pies? The first of course. Well, Don Felix, I hastened out of that iniquitous place—that residence of crime and horror—with astonishing expedition. Valiente followed me, but he might have

* Well, compeers.

stayed behind without the least danger ; he was certainly a far less desirable object than even myself.

“ As I hurried from the abominable *figon*, a highly moral idea struck me. ‘ Ah ! had I been fresh, robust, and blooming, as when I entered Seville, I should not have escaped the cook’s sanguinary art. Thus my sojourn at Mendrugo’s had been of essential service ; that fasting which I thought would put an end to my existence, was the means of saving my life. Alas, poor mortals ! ye know not what is good for you—many a time, what you consider a great misfortune, is the secret instrument of a better destiny—you suffer a trial which saves you from a greater ! Here, Don Felix, I must stop.”

(*To be continued.*)

S E R E N A D E

Written for Mozart’s Air, “ Away with Melancholy,” with Madame Catalani’s Variations.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THE matin bells are pealing,
From tower and turret gray ;
And fairy steps are stealing
O’er beds of breathing bloom, away.
Awake ! from golden slumbers,
That chain thee, Love, from me ;
Let Music’s softest numbers
Unlock the spell that hangs o’er thee.
Oh ! fly with me, o’er land and sea,
Where steps may rove, and hearts may love—
Where nestling sweet, ’mid boughs that meet
Of tangled vine, or eglantine,
Our cot shall rise ’neath roseate skies,
Where Love, unwatched, may breathe her sighs.

My gallant bark is lying
Beneath thy lattice, dear ;
And spicy gales are sighing,
To waft thee to Love’s rosy sphere—
There’s freedom on the billow,
And music in the wind !
Then, Ellen, quit thy pillow,
Those silken braids of jet to bind—
And fly with me, o’er land and sea,
My long denied, my plighted bride :
In myrtle shades, and mystic glades,
Where Tasso roved, and Petrarch loved ;
We’ll wing away the golden day—
Oh ! fly with me—away ! away !

PETER SIMPLE.¹

As the admiral was not one who would permit the ships under his command to lie idle in port, in a very few days after the dignity ball which I have described, all the squadron sailed on their various destinations. I was not sorry to leave the bay, for one soon becomes tired of profusion, and I cared nothing for either oranges, bananas, or shad-docks, nor even for the good dinners and claret at the tables of the army mess and gentlemen of the island. The sea breeze soon became more precious to us than any thing else, and if we could have bathed without the fear of a shark, we should have equally appreciated that most refreshing of all luxuries under the torrid zone. It was therefore with pleasure that we received the information that we were to sail the next day to cruize off the French island of Martinique. Captain Kearney had been so much on shore that we saw but little of him, and the ship was entirely under the control of the first lieutenant, of whom I have hitherto not spoken. He was a very short, pock-marked man, with red hair and whiskers, a good sailor, and not a bad officer; that is, he was a practical sailor, and could show any foremast man his duty in any department—and this seamen very much appreciate, as it is not very common; but I never yet knew an officer who prided himself upon his practical knowledge, who was at the same time a good navigator, and too often by assuming the Jack Tar, they lower the respect due to them, and become coarse and vulgar in their manners and language. This was the case with Mr. Phillott, who prided himself upon his slang, and who was at one time "hail fellow well met" with the seamen, talking to them, and being answered as familiarly as if they were equals, and at another, knocking the very same men down with a handspike if he was displeased. He was not bad tempered, but very hasty; and his language to the officers was occasionally very incorrect; to the midshipmen invariably so. However, on the whole, he was not disliked, although he certainly was not respected as a first lieutenant should have been. It is but fair to say, that he was the same to his superiors as he was to his inferiors, and the bluntness with which he used to contradict and assert his disbelief of Captain Kearney's narratives often produced a coolness between them for some days.

The day after we sailed from Carlisle Bay I was asked to dine in the cabin. The dinner was served upon plated dishes, which looked very grand, but there was not much in them. "This plate," observed the captain, "was presented to me by some merchants for my exertions in saving their property from the Danes when I was cruising off Heligoland."

"Why, that lying steward of yours told me that you bought it at Portsmouth," replied the first lieutenant; "I asked him in the galley this morning."

"How came you to assert such a confounded falsehood, sir?" said the captain to the man, who stood behind his chair.

¹ Continued from p. 177.

"I only said that I thought so," replied the steward.

"Why, didn't you say that the bill had been sent in, through you, seven or eight times, and that the captain had paid it with a flowing sheet?"

"Did you dare to say that, sir?" interrogated the captain very angrily.

"Mr. Phillott mistook me, sir," replied the steward. "He was so busy damning the sweepers, that he did not hear me right. I said, the midshipmen had paid their crockery bill with the fore-topsail."

"Ay! ay!" replied the captain, "that's much more likely."

"Well, Mr. Steward," replied Mr. Phillott, "I'll be d——d if you ar'n't as big a liar as your"—(master, he was going to plump out, but fortunately, the first lieutenant checked himself, and added)—"as your father was before you."

The captain changed the conversation by asking me whether I would take a slice of ham. "It's real Westphalia, Mr. Simple; I have them sent me direct by Count Troningsken, an intimate friend of mine, who kills his own wild boars in the Hartz mountains."

"How the devil do you get them over, Captain Kearney?"

"There are ways and means of doing every thing, Mr. Phillott, and the first consul is not quite so bad as he is represented. The first batch was sent over with a very handsome letter to me, written in his own hand, which I will show you some of these days. I wrote to him in return, and sent him two Cheshire cheeses by a smuggler, and since that they came regularly. Did you ever eat Westphalia ham, Mr. Simple?"

"Yes, sir," replied I; "I partook of one once at Lord Privilege's."

"Lord Privilege! why he's a distant relation of mine, a sort of fifth cousin," replied Captain Kearney.

"Indeed, sir," replied I.

"Then you must allow me to introduce you to a relation, Captain Kearney," said the first lieutenant; "for Mr. Simple is his grandson."

"Is it possible! I can only say, Mr. Simple, that I shall be most happy to show you every attention, and am very glad that I have you as one of my officers."

Now although this was all false, for Captain Kearney was not in the remotest manner connected with my family, yet having once asserted it, he could not retract, and the consequence was, that I was much the gainer by his falsehood, as he treated me very kindly afterwards, always calling me *cousin*."

The first lieutenant smiled and gave me a wink, when the captain had finished his speech to me, as much as to say, "You're in luck," and then the conversation changed. Captain Kearney certainly dealt in the marvellous to admiration, and really told his stories with such earnestness, that I actually believe that he thought he was telling the truth. Never was there such an instance of confirmed habit. Telling a story of a cutting-out expedition, he said, "The French captain would have fallen by my hand, but just as I levelled my musket, a ball came, and cut off the cock of the lock as clean as if it was done with a knife—a very remarkable instance," observed he.

"Not equal to what occurred in a ship I was in," replied the first lieutenant, "when the second lieutenant was grazed by a grape shot, which cut off one of his whiskers, and turning round his head to ascertain what was the matter, another grape shot came and took off the other. Now that's what I call a *close shave*."

"Yes," replied Captain Kearney, "very close indeed, if it were true; but you'll excuse me, Mr. Phillott, but you sometimes tell strange stories. I do not mind it myself, but the example is not good to my young relation here, Mr. Simple."

"Captain Kearney," replied the first lieutenant, laughing very immoderately; "do you know what the pot called the kettle?"

"No sir, I do not," retorted the captain, with offended dignity. "Mr. Simple, will you take a glass of wine?"

I thought that this little *brouillerie* would have checked the captain; it did so, but only for a few minutes, when he again commenced. The first lieutenant observed that it would be necessary to let water into the ship every morning, and pump it out, to avoid the smell of the bilge water. "There are worse smells than bilge water," replied the captain. "What do you think of a whole ship's company being nearly poisoned with otto of roses? Yet that occurred to me when in the Mediterranean. I was off Smyrna, looking out for a French ship, that was to sail to France, with a pasha on board, as an ambassador. I knew she would be a good prize, and was looking sharp out, when one morning we discovered her on the lee bow. We made all sail, but she walked away from us, bearing away gradually till we were both before the wind, and at night we lost sight of her. As I knew that she was bound to Marseilles, I made all sail to fall in with her again. The wind was light and variable; but five days afterwards, as I laid in my cot, just before day-light, I smelt a very strong smell, blowing in at the weather-port, which was open; and after sniffing at it two or three times, I knew it to be otto of roses. I sent for the officer of the watch, and asked him if there was any thing in sight. He replied 'that there was not;' and I ordered him to sweep the horizon with his glass, and look well out to windward. As the wind freshened, the smell became more powerful. I ordered him to get the royal yards across, and have all ready to make sail, for I knew that the Turk must be near us. At daylight there he was, just three miles a-head in the wind's eye. But although he beat us going free, he was no match for us on a wind, and before noon we had possession of him and all his harem. By-the-bye, I could tell you a good story about the ladies. She was a very valuable prize, and among other things, she had a *puncheon* of otto of roses on board——"

"Whew!" cried the first lieutenant. "What! a whole puncheon?"

"Yes," replied the captain, "a Turkish puncheon—not quite so large, perhaps, as ours on board; their weights and measures are different. I took out most of the valuables into the brig I commanded—about 20,000 sequins—carpets—and among the rest, this cask of otto of roses, which we had smelt three miles off. We had it safe on board, when the mate of the hold, not slinging it properly, it

fell into the spirit room with a run, and was stove to pieces. Never was such a scene; my first lieutenant and several men on deck fainted; and the men in the hold were brought up lifeless: it was some time before they were recovered. We let the water into the brig, and pumped it out, but nothing would take away the smell, which was so overpowering, that before I could get to Malta I had forty men on the sick list. When I arrived there I turned the mate out of the service for his carelessness. It was not until after having smoked the brig, and finding that of little use, after having sunk her for three weeks, that the smell was at all bearable; but even then, it could never be eradicated, and the admiral sent the brig home, and she was sold out of the service—they could do nothing with her at the dock-yards. She was broke up, and bought by the people at Brighton and Tunbridge Wells, who used her timbers for turning fancy articles, which, smelling as they did, so strong of otto of roses, proved very profitable. Were you ever at Brighton, Mr. Simple?"

"Never, sir."

Just at this moment, the officer of the watch came down to say that there was a very large shark under the counter, and wished to know if the captain had any objection to the officers attempting to catch it?

"By no means," replied Captain Kearney; "I hate sharks as I do the devil. I nearly lost 14,000*l.* by one, when I was in the Mediterranean."

"May I inquire how, Captain Kearney?" said the first lieutenant, with a demure face; "I'm very anxious to know."

"Why the story is simply this," replied the captain. "I had an old relation at Malta, whom I found out by accident—an old maid of sixty, who had lived all her life on the island. It was by mere accident that I knew of her existence. I was walking upon Strada Reale, when I saw a large baboon that was kept there, who had a little fat pug dog by the tail, which he was pulling away with him, while an old lady was screaming out for help; for whenever she ran to assist her dog, the baboon made at her as if he would have ravished her, and caught her by the petticoats with one hand, while he held the pug dog fast by the other. I owed that brute a spite for having attacked me one night when I passed him, and perceiving what was going on, I drew my sword and gave Mr. Jacko such a clip, as sent him away howling, and bleeding like a pig, leaving me in possession of the little pug, which I took up and handed to his mistress. The old lady trembled very much, and begged me to see her safe home. She had a very fine house, and after she was seated on the sofa, thanked me very much for my gallant assistance, as she termed it, and told me her name was Kearney; upon which I very soon proved my relationship with her, at which she was much delighted, requesting me to consider her house as my home. I was for two years afterwards on that station, and played my cards very well; and the old lady gave me a hint that I should be her heir, as she had no other relations that she knew any thing of. At last I was ordered home, and not wishing to leave her, I begged her to accompany me, offering her my cabin. She was taken very ill a fortnight before we sailed, and made a will leaving

me her sole heir; but she recovered, and got as fat as ever. Mr. Simple, the wine stands with you. I doubt if Lord Privilege gave you better claret than there is in that bottle; I imported it myself ten years ago, when I commanded the *Coquette*."

"Very odd," observed the first lieutenant, "we bought some at Barbadoes with the same mark on the bottles and cork."

"That may be," replied the captain; "old established houses all keep up the same marks; but I doubt if your wine can be compared to this."

As Mr. Phillott wished to hear the end of the captain's story, he would not contradict him this time by stating what he knew to be the case, that the captain had sent it on board at Barbadoes; and the captain proceeded.

"Well, I gave up my cabin to the old lady, and hung up my cot in the gun-room during the passage home. We were becalmed abreast of Ceuta for two days. The old lady was very particular about her pug dog, and I superintended the washing of the little brute twice a week; but at last I was tired of it, and gave him to my coxswain to bathe. My coxswain, who was a lazy fellow, without my knowledge used to put the little beast into the bight of a rope, and tow him overboard for a minute or so. It was during this calm that he had him overboard in this way, when a confounded shark rose from under the counter, and took in the pug dog at one mouthful. The coxswain reported the loss as a thing of no consequence; but I knew better, and put the fellow in irons. I then went down and broke the melancholy fact to Mrs. Kearney, stating that I had put the man in irons, and would flog him well. The old lady broke out into a most violent passion at the intelligence, declared that it was my fault, that I was jealous of the dog, and had done it on purpose. The more I protested, the more she raved; and at last I was obliged to go on deck to avoid her abuse and keep my temper. I had not been on deck five minutes, before she came up—that is, was shoved up; for she was so heavy that she could not get up without assistance. You know how elephants in India push the cannon through a morass with their heads from behind; well, my steward used to shove her up the companion ladder just in the same way, with his head completely buried in her petticoats. As soon as she was up, he used to pull his head out, looking as red and hot as a fresh boiled lobster. Well, up she came, with her will in her hand, and looking at me very fiercely, she said, 'Since the shark has taken my dear dog, he may have my will also,' and throwing it overboard, she plumped down on the carronade slide. 'It's very well, madam,' said I; 'but you'll be cool by-and-bye, and then you'll make another will.' 'I swear by all the hopes that I have of going to heaven that I never will!' replied she. 'Yes, you will, madam,' replied I. 'Never, so help me God, Captain Kearney! my money may now go to my next heir, and that, you know, will not be you.' Now, as I knew very well that the old lady was very positive, and as good as her word, my object was to recover the will, which was floating about fifty yards astern, without her knowledge. I thought a moment, and then I called the boatswain's mate to *pipe all hands to bathe*. 'You'll excuse me, Miss Kearney,' said I, 'but

the men are going to bathe, and I do not think you would like to see them all naked. If you would, you can stay on deck.' She looked daggers at me, and, rising from the carronade slide, hobbled to the ladder, saying, 'that the insult was another proof of how little I deserved any kindness from her.' As soon as she was below, the quarter boats were lowered down, and I went in one of them and picked up the will, which still floated. Briggs having no stern windows, of course she could not see my manœuvre, but thought that the will was lost for ever. We had very bad weather after that, owing to which, with the loss of her favourite pug, and constant quarrelling with me—for I did all I could to annoy her afterwards—she fell ill, and was buried a fortnight after she was landed at Plymouth. The old lady kept her word; she never made another will; I proved the one I had recovered, at Doctor's Commons, and touched the whole of her money."

As neither the first lieutenant nor I could prove whether the story was true or not, of course we expressed our congratulations at his good fortune, and soon afterwards left the cabin to report his marvellous story to our messmates. When I went on deck, I found that the shark had just been hooked, and was hauling on board. Mr. Phillott had also come on deck. The officers were all eager about the shark, and were looking over the side, calling to each other and giving directions to the men. Now, although certainly there was a want of a decorum on the quarter deck, still the captain having given permission, it was to be excused; but Mr. Phillott thought otherwise, and commenced in his usual style, beginning with the marine officer.

"Mr. Westley, I'll trouble you not to be getting upon the hammocks. You'll get off directly, sir. If one of your fellows were to do so, I'd stop his grog for a month, and I don't see why you are to set a bad example; you've been too long in barracks, sir, by half. Who is that?—Mr. Williams and Mr. Moore—both on the hammocks, too. Up to the fore-topmast-head, both of you directly. Mr. Thomas, up to the main; and I say, you youngster, stealing off, perch yourself upon the spanker boom; and let me know when you've rode to London. By God! the service is going to hell. I don't know what officers are made of now-a-days. I'll marry some of you young gentlemen to the gunner's daughter before long. Quarter deck's no better than a bear garden. No wonder, when lieutenants set the example."

This latter remark could only be applied to O'Brien, who stood in the quarter boat giving directions, before the tirade of Mr. Phillott stopped the amusement of the party. O'Brien immediately stepped out of the boat, and going up to Mr. Phillott, touched his hat, and said, "Mr. Phillott, we had the captain's permission to catch the shark, and a shark is not to be got on board by walking up and down on the quarter deck. As regards myself, as long as the captain is on board, I hold myself responsible to him alone for my conduct; and if you think I have done wrong, forward your complaint; but if you pretend to use such language to me, as you have to others, I shall hold you responsible. I am here, sir, as an officer and a gentleman, and will be treated as such; and allow me to observe, that I consider the quarter deck more disgraced by foul and ungentlemanly language,

than I do by an officer accidentally standing upon the hammocks. However, as you have thought proper to interfere, you may now get the shark on board yourself."

Mr. Phillott turned very red, for he never had come in contact in this way with O'Brien. All the other officers had submitted quietly to his unpleasant manner of speaking to them. "Very well, Mr. O'Brien; I shall hold you answerable for this language," replied he, "and shall most certainly report your conduct to the captain."

"I will save you the trouble; Captain Kearney is now coming up, and I will report it myself."

This O'Brien did, upon the captain's putting his foot on the quarter deck.

"Well," observed the captain, to Mr. Phillott, "what is it you complain of?"

"Mr. O'Brien's language, sir. Am I to be addressed on the quarter deck in that manner?"

"I really must say, Mr. Phillott," replied Captain Kearney, "that I do not perceive any thing in what Mr. O'Brien said, but what is correct. I command here; and if an officer so nearly equal in rank to yourself has committed himself, you are not to take the law into your own hands. The fact is, Mr. Phillott, your language is not quite so correct as I could wish it. I overheard every word that passed, and I consider that *you* have treated *your superior* officer with disrespect—that is, *me*. I gave permission that the shark should be caught, and with that permission I consequently allowed those little deviations from the discipline of the service, which must inevitably take place. Yet you have thought proper to interfere with my permission, which is tantamount to an order, and have made use of harsh language, and punished the young gentlemen for obeying my injunctions. You will oblige me, sir, by calling them all down, and in restraining your petulance for the future. I will always support your authority when you are correct; but I regret that, in this instance, you have necessitated me to weaken it."

This was a most severe check to Mr. Phillott, who immediately went below, after hailing the mast heads and calling down the midshipmen. As soon as he was gone, we were all on the hammocks again; the shark was hauled forward, hoisted on board, and every frying-pan in the ship was in requisition. We were all much pleased with Captain Kearney's conduct on this occasion; and, as O'Brien observed to me, "He really is a good fellow and clever officer. What a thousand pities it is that he is such a confounded liar." I must do Mr. Phillott the justice to say, that he bore no malice on this occasion, but treated us as before, which is saying a great deal in his favour, when it is considered what power a first lieutenant has of annoying and punishing his inferiors.

We had not been more than a week under the Danish island of St. Thomas, when we discovered a brig close in shore. We made all sail in chase, and soon came within a mile and a half of the shore, when she anchored under a battery which opened its fire upon us. Their elevation was too great, and several shots passed over us and between our masts.

"I once met with a very remarkable circumstance," observed Captain Kearney. "Three guns were fired at a frigate I was on board of, from a battery, all at the same time. The three shots cut away the three topsail ties, and down came all our topsail yards upon the cap, at the same time. That the Frenchmen might not suppose that they had taken such good aim, we turned up our hands to reef topsails; and by the time that the men were off the yards, the ties were spliced, and the topsails run up again."

Mr. Phillott could not stand this most enormous fib, and he replied, "Very odd indeed, Captain Kearney; but I have known a stranger circumstance. We had put in the powder to the four guns on the main deck, when we were fighting the Danish gun-boats, in a frigate I was in, and as the men withdrew the rammer, a shot from the enemy entered the muzzle, and completed the loading of each gun. We fired their own shot back upon them, and this occurred three times running."

"Upon my word," replied Captain Kearney, who had his glass upon the battery, "I think you must have dreamt that circumstance, Mr. Phillott."

"Not more than you did about the topsail ties, Captain Kearney."

Captain Kearney at that time had the long glass in his hand, holding it up over his shoulder. A shot from the battery whizzed over his head, and took the glass out of his hand, shivering it to pieces. "That's once," said Captain Kearney, very coolly; "but will you pretend that that could ever happen three times running? They might take my head off, or my arm, next time, but not another glass; whereas the topsail ties might be cut by three different shot. But give me another glass, Mr. Simple; I am certain that this vessel is a privateer. What think you, Mr. O'Brien?"

"I am every bit of your opinion, Captain Kearney," replied O'Brien; "and I think it would be a pretty bit of practice to the ship's company, to take her out from under that footy battery."

"Starboard the helm, Mr. Phillott; keep away four points, and then we will think of it to-night."

The frigate was now kept away, and ran out of the fire of the battery. It was then about an hour before sunset, and in the West Indies the sun does not set as it does in the northern latitudes. There is no twilight: he descends in glory, surrounded with clouds of gold and rubies in their gorgeous tints; and once below the horizon, all is dark.

As soon as it was dark, we hauled our wind off shore; and a consultation being held between the captain, Mr. Phillott, and O'Brien, the captain at last decided that the attempt should be made. Indeed, although cutting out is a very serious affair, as you combat under every disadvantage; still the mischief done to our trade by the fast-sailing privateers, was so great in the West Indies, that almost every sacrifice was warrantable for the interests of the country. Still Captain Kearney—although a brave and prudent officer—one who calculated chances, and who would not risk his men without he deemed that necessity imperiously demanded that such should be done—was averse to this attack, from his knowledge of the bay in which the

brig was anchored ; and although Mr. Phillott and O'Brien both were of opinion that it should be a night attack, Captain Kearney decided otherwise. He considered that although the risk might be greater, yet the force employed would be more consolidated, and that those who would hold back in the night, dare not do so during the day. Moreover, that the people on shore in the battery, as well as those in the privateer, would be on the alert all night, and, not expecting an attack during the day, would be taken off their guard. It was therefore directed that every thing should be in preparation during the night, and that the boats should shove off before daylight and row in shore, concealing themselves behind some rocks under the cliffs which formed the cape upon one side of the harbour ; and, if not discovered, remain there till noon, at which time it was probable that the privateer's men would be on shore, and the vessel might be captured without difficulty.

It is always a scene of much interest on board of a man-of-war, when preparations are made for an expedition of this description ; and as the reader may not perhaps have been witness to them, it may perhaps be interesting to describe them. The boats of men-of-war have generally two crews ; the common boats' crews, which are selected so as not to take away the most useful men from the ship, and the service, or fighting boats' crews, which are selected from the very best men on board. The coxswains of the boats are the most trustworthy men in the ship ; and on this occasion have to see that their boats are properly equipped.

The launch, yawl, first and second cutters, were the boats appointed for the expedition. They all carried guns mounted upon slides, which ran afore and aft between the men. After the boats were hoisted out, the guns were lowered down into them and shipped in the bows of the boats. The arm-chests were next handed in, which contain the cartridges and ammunition. The shot were put into the bottom of the boats ; and so far they were all ready. The oars of the boats were fitted to pull with grummets upon iron thole-pins, that they might make little noise, and might swing fore and aft without falling overboard, when the boats pulled alongside of the privateer. A braker or two, (that is, small casks holding about seven gallons each,) of water was put into each boat, and also the men's allowance of spirits, in case they should be detained by any unforeseen circumstances. The men belonging to the boats were fully employed in looking after their arms ; some fitting their flints to their pistols, others, and the major part of them, sharpening their cutlasses at the grindstone, or with a file borrowed from the armourer—all were busy and all merry. The very idea of going into action is a source of joy to an English sailor ; and more jokes are made, more merriment excited at that time, than at any other. Then, as it often happens that one or two of the service boats' crews may be on the sick list, urgent solicitations are made by others that they may supply their places. The only parties who appear at all grave, are those who are to remain in the frigate, and not share in the expedition. There is no occasion to order the boats to be manned, for the men are generally in, long before they are piped away. Indeed, one would think that it was a

party of pleasure instead of danger and of death, upon which they were about to proceed.

Captain Kearney selected the officers who were to have the charge of the boats. He would not trust any of the midshipmen on so dangerous a service. He said, that he had known so many occasions in which their rashness and foolhardiness had spoilt an expedition; he therefore appointed Mr. Phillott, the first lieutenant, to the launch; O'Brien to the yawl; the master to the first, and Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, to the second cutter. Mr. Chucks was much pleased with the idea of having the command of a boat, and asked me to come with him, to which I consented, although I had intended, as usual, to have gone with O'Brien.

About an hour before daylight, we ran the frigate to within a mile and a half of the shore, and the boats shoved off; the frigate then wore round, and stood out in the offing, that she might at daylight be at such a distance as not to excite any suspicion that our boats were sent away, while we in the boats pulled quietly in shore. We were not a quarter of an hour before we arrived at the cape forming one side of the bay, and were well secreted among the cluster of rocks which were underneath. Our oars were laid in; the boats' painters made fast; and orders given for the strictest silence. The rocks were very high, and the boats were not to be seen without any one should come to the edge of the precipice; and even then, they would in all probability, have been supposed to have been rocks. The water was as smooth as glass, and when it was broad daylight, the men hung listlessly over the sides of the boats, looking at the corals below, and watching the fish as they glided between.

"I can't say, Mr. Simple," said Mr. Chucks to me, in an under tone, "that I think well of this expedition; and I have an idea that some of us will lose the number of our mess. After a calm comes a storm; and how quiet is every thing now! But I'll take off my great coat, for the sun is hot already. Coxswain, give me my jacket."

Mr. Chucks had put on his great coat, but not his jacket underneath, which he had left on one of the guns on the main deck, all ready to change as soon the heavy dew had gone off. The coxswain handed him the jacket, and Mr. Chucks threw off his great coat to put it on; but when it was opened, it proved that by mistake he had taken away the jacket, surmounted by two small epaulettes, belonging to Captain Kearney, which the captain's steward, who had taken it out to brush, had also laid upon the same gun.

"By all the nobility of England!" cried Mr. Chucks, "I have taken away the captain's jacket by mistake. Here's a pretty mess! if I put on my great coat I shall be dead with sweating; if I put on no jacket I shall be roasted brown; and if I put on the captain's jacket I shall be considered disrespectful."

The men in the boats tittered; and Mr. Phillott, who was in the launch next to us, turned round to see what was the matter. O'Brien was sitting in the stern sheets of the launch with the first lieutenant, and I leant over and told them.

"By the powers! I don't see why the captain's jacket will be at all hurt by Mr. Chucks putting it on," replied O'Brien; "unless, in-

deed, a bullet was to go through it, and then it won't be any fault of Mr. Chucks."

"No," replied the first lieutenant; "and if one did, the captain might keep the jacket, and swear that the bullet went round his body without wounding him. He'll have a good yarn to spin. So put it on, Mr. Chucks; you'll make a good mark for the enemy."

"That I will stand the risk of with pleasure," observed the boatswain to me, "for the sake of being considered a gentleman. So here's on with it."

There was a general laugh when Mr. Chucks pulled on the captain's jacket, and sunk down in the stern sheets of the cutter, with great complacency of countenance. One of the men in the boat that we were in, thought proper, however, to continue his laugh a little longer than Mr. Chucks considered necessary, who leaning forward, thus addressed him: "I say, Mr. Webber, I beg leave to observe to you, in the most delicate manner in the world—just to hint to you—that it is not the custom to laugh at your superior officer. I mean just to insinuate, that you are a d——d impudent son of a sea cook; and if we both live and do well, I will prove to you that if I am to be laughed at in a boat with the captain's jacket on, that I am not to be laughed at on board the frigate with the boatswain's rattan in my fist; and so look out, my hearty, for squalls, when you come on the forecastle; for I'll be d——d if I don't make you see more stars than God Almighty ever made, and cut more capers than all the dancing masters in France. Mark my words, you burgoo-eating, pea-soup-swilling, trousers-scrubbing son of a bitch!"

Mr. Chucks having at the end of this oration raised his voice above the pitch required by the exigency of the service, was called to order by the first lieutenant, and again sank back into the stern sheets with all the importance and authoritative show, peculiarly appertaining to a pair of epaulettes.

We waited behind the rocks until noon-day, without being discovered by the enemy; so well were we concealed. We had already sent an officer, who, carefully hiding himself by lying down on the rocks, had several times reconnoitered the enemy. Boats were passing and repassing continually from the privateer to the shore; and it appeared that they went on shore full of men, and returned with only one or two; so that we were in great hopes that we should find but few men to defend the vessel. Mr. Phillott looked at his watch, held it up to O'Brien, to prove that he had complied exactly with the orders he had received from the captain, and then gave the word to get the boats under weigh. The painters were cast off by the bowmen, the guns were loaded and primed, the men seized their oars, and in two minutes we were clear of the rocks, and drawn up in a line within a quarter of a mile from the harbour's mouth, and not half a mile from the privateer brig. We rowed as quickly as possible, but we did not cheer until the enemy fired the first gun; which he did from a quarter unexpected, as we entered the mouth of the harbour, with our union jack trailing in the water over our stern, for it was a dead calm. It appeared that at the low point under the cliffs, at each side of the little bay, they had raised a water battery of two guns each.

One of these guns, laden with grape shot, was now fired at the boats, but the elevation was too low, and although the water was ploughed up to within five yards of the launch, no injury was received. We were equally fortunate in the discharge of the other three guns; two of which we passed so quickly, that they were not aimed sufficiently forward, so that their shot fell astern; and the other, although the shot fell among us, did no further injury than cutting in half two of the oars of the first cutter.

In the meantime, we had observed that the boats had shoved off from the privateer as soon as they had perceived us, and had returned to her laden with men; the boats had been dispatched a second time but had not yet returned. They were now about the same distance from the privateer as were our boats, and it was quite undecided which of us would be first on board. O'Brien perceiving this, pointed out to Mr. Phillott that we should first attack the boats, and afterwards board on the side to which they pulled; as, in all probability, there would be an opening left in the boarding nettings, which were tied up to the yard-arms, and presented a formidable obstacle to our success. Mr. Phillott agreed with O'Brien; he ordered the bowmen to lay in their oars and keep the guns pointed ready to fire at the word given, and desiring the other men to pull their best. Every nerve, every muscle was brought into play by our anxious and intrepid seamen. When within about twenty yards of the vessel, and also of the boats, the orders were given to fire—the carronade of the launch poured out round and grape so well directed, that one of the French boats sunk immediately; and the musket balls with which our other smaller guns were loaded, did great execution among their men. In one minute more, with three cheers from our sailors, we were all alongside together, English and French boats pell-mell, and a most determined hand-to-hand conflict took place. The French fought desperately, and as they were overpowered, they were reinforced by those from the privateer, who could not look on and behold their companions requiring their assistance, without coming to their aid. Some jumped down into our boats from the chains, into the midst of our men; others darted cold shot at us, either to kill us or to sink our boats; and thus did one of the most desperate hand-to-hand conflicts take place that ever was witnessed. But it was soon decided in our favour, for we were the stronger party and the better armed: and when all opposition was over, we jumped into the privateer, and found not a man left on board, only a large dog, who flew at O'Brien's throat as he entered the port.

"Don't kill him," said O'Brien, as the sailors hastened to his assistance; "only take away his gripe."

The sailors disengaged the dog, and O'Brien led him up to a gun, saying, "By Jasus, my boy, you are my prisoner."

But although we had possession of the privateer, our difficulties, as it will prove, were by no means over. We were now exposed not only to the fire of the two batteries at the harbour mouth which we had to pass, but also to that of the battery at the bottom of the bay which had fired at the frigate. In the meantime, we were very busy in cutting the cable, lowering the topsails, and taking the wounded men on

board the privateer from out of the boats. All this was, however, but the work of a few minutes. Most of the Frenchmen were killed: our own wounded amounted to only nine seamen, and Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, who was shot through the body, apparently with little chance of surviving. As Mr. Phillott observed, the captain's epaulettes had made him a mark for the enemy, and he had fallen in his borrowed plumes.

As soon as they were all on board, and laid on the deck—for there were, as near as I can recollect, about fourteen wounded Frenchmen as well as our own—tow ropes were got out forwards, the boats were manned, and we proceeded to tow the brig out of the harbour. It was a dead calm, and we made but little way, but our boats' crew, flushed with victory, cheered, and rallied, and pulled, with all their strength. The enemy perceiving that the privateer was taken, and the French boats drifting empty up the harbour, now opened their fire upon us, and with great effect. Before we had towed abreast of the two water batteries, we had received three shots between wind and water from the other batteries, and the water was pouring fast into the vessel. I had been attending to poor Mr. Chucks, who lay on the starboard side, near the wheel, the blood flowing from his wound, and tracing its course down the planks of the deck, to a distance of some feet from where he lay. He appeared very faint, and I tied my handkerchief round his body, so as to stop the effusion of blood, and brought him some water, with which I bathed his face, and poured some into his mouth. He opened his eyes wide, and looked at me.

"Ah, Mr. Simple," said he, faintly, "is it you? It's all over with me; but it could not be better—could it?"

"How do you mean?" inquired I.

"Why, have I not fallen dressed like an officer and a gentleman?" said he, referring to the captain's jacket and epaulettes. "I'd sooner die now, with this dress on, than recover to put on the boatswain's uniform. I feel quite happy."

He pressed my hand, and then closed his eyes again, from weakness. We were now nearly abreast of the two batteries on the points, the guns of which had been trained so as to bear upon our boats, that were towing out the brig. The first shot went through the bottom of the launch, and sunk her; fortunately all the men were saved; but as she was the boat that towed next to the brig, great delay occurred in getting the others clear of her, and taking the brig again in tow. The shot now poured in thick, and the grape became very annoying. Still our men gave way, cheering at every shot fired, and we had nearly passed the batteries, with trifling loss, when we perceived that the brig was so full of water, that she could not swim many minutes longer, and that it would be impossible to tow her alongside of the frigate. Mr. Phillott, under these circumstances, decided that it would be useless to risk more lives, and that the wounded should be taken out of the brig, and the boats should pull away for the ship. He desired me to get the wounded men in the cutter, which he sent alongside, and then to follow the other boats. I made all the haste I could, not wishing to be left behind, and as soon as all our wounded

men were in the boats, I went to Mr. Chucks, to remove him. He appeared somewhat revived, but would not allow us to remove him.

"My dear Mr. Simple," said he, "it is of no use; I never can recover it, and I prefer dying here. I entreat you not to disturb me. If the enemy take possession of the brig before she sinks, I shall be buried with military honours; if they do not, I shall at least die in the dress of a gentleman. Hasten away as fast as you can, before you lose more men. Here I stay—that's decided."

I expostulated with him, but at that time two boats full of men appeared, pulling out of harbour to the brig. The enemy had perceived that our boats had deserted her, and were coming to take possession. I had therefore no time to urge Mr. Chucks to change his resolution, and not wishing to force a dying man, I shook his hand and left him. It was with some difficulty I escaped, for the boats had come up close to the brig; they chased me a little while, but the yawl and the cutter turning back to my assistance, they gave up the pursuit. On the whole, this was a very well arranged and well conducted expedition. The only man lost was Mr. Chucks, for the wounds of the others were none of them mortal. Captain Kearney was quite satisfied with our conduct, and so was the admiral, when it was reported to him. Captain Kearney did indeed grumble a little about his jacket, and sent for me to inquire why I had not taken it off Mr. Chucks, and brought it on board. As I did not choose to tell him the exact truth, I replied, "That I could not disturb a dying man, and that the jacket was so saturated with blood, that he could never have worn it again"—which was the case.

"At all events, you might have brought away my epaulettes," replied he; "but you youngsters think of nothing but gormandizing."

I had the first watch that night, when Swinburne, the quartermaster, came up to me, and asked me all the particulars of the affair, for he was not in the boats. "Well," said he, "that Mr. Chucks appeared to be a very good boatswain in his way, if he could only have kept his rattan a little quiet. He was a smart fellow, and knew his duty. We had just such another killed in our ship, in the action off Cape St. Vincent."

"What! were you in that action?" replied I.

"Yes, I was, and belonged to the Captain, Lord Nelson's ship."

"Well, then, suppose you tell me all about it."

"Why, Mr. Simple, d'ye see, I've no objection to spin you a yarn now and then," replied Swinburne, "but as Mr. Chucks used to say, allow me to observe in the most delicate manner in the world, that I perceive that the man who has charge of your hammock, and slings you a clean one now and then, has very often a good glass of grog for his *yarns*, and I do not see but that mine are as well worth a glass of grog as his."

"So they are, Swinburne, and better too; and I promise you a good stiff one to-morrow evening."

"That will do, sir; now then I'll tell you all about it, and more about it too, than most can, for I know how the action was brought about."

I hove the log, marked the board, and then sat down abaft on the

signal chart, with Swinburne, who commenced his narrative as follows.

"You must know, Mr. Simple, that when the English fleet came down the Mediterranean, after the vacation of Corsica, they did not muster more than seventeen sail of the line, while the Spanish fleet, from Ferrol and Carthagena, had joined company at Cadiz, and 'mounted to near thirty. Sir John Jarvis had the command of our fleet at the time, but as the dons did not seem at all inclined to come out and have a brush with us, almost two to one, Sir John left Sir Hyde Parker, with six sail of the line, to watch the Spanish beggars, while he went into Lisbon with the remainder of the fleet, to water and refit. Now, you see, Mr. Simple, Portugal was at that time what they calls neutral, that is to say, she didn't meddle at all in the affair, being friends with both parties, and just as willing to supply fresh beef and water to the Spaniards as to the English, if so be the Spaniards had come out to ax for it, which they dar'n't. The Portuguese and English have always been the best of friends, because we can't get no port wine any where else, and they can't get nobody else to buy it of them; so the Portuguese gave up their arsenal at Lisbon, for the use of the English, and there we kept all our stores, under the charge of that old dare-devil, Sir Isaac Coffin. Now it so happened, that one of the clerks in old Sir Isaac's office, a Portuguese chap, had been sometime before that in the office of the Spanish ambassador; he was a very smart sort of a chap, and sarved as interpreter, and the old commissioner put great faith in him."

"But how did you learn all this?" Swinburne.

"Why, I'll tell you, Mr. Simple; I steered the yawl, as coxswain, and when admirals and captains talk in the stern sheets, they very often forget that the coxswain is close behind them. I only learnt half of it that way, the rest I put together when I compared logs with the admiral's steward, who of course heard a great deal now and then. The first I heard of it was when old Sir John called out to Sir Isaac, after the second bottle, 'I say, Sir Isaac, who killed the Spanish messenger?' 'Not I, by God,' replied Sir Isaac, 'I only left him for dead;' and then they both laughed, and so did Nelson, who was sitting with them. Well, Mr. Simple, it was reported to Sir Isaac that his clerk was often seen taking memorandums of the different orders given to the fleet, particularly those as to their being no wasteful expenditure of his majesty's stores. Upon which Sir Isaac goes to the admiral, and requests that the man might be discharged. Now, old Sir John was a sly old fox, and he answered, 'Not so, commissioner—perhaps we may catch them in their own trap.' So the admiral sits down, and calls for pen and ink, and he flourishes out a long letter to the commissioner, stating that all the stores of the fleet were expended, representing as how it would be impossible to go to sea without a supply, and wishing to know when the commissioner expected more transports from England. He also said, that if the Spanish fleet were now to come out from Cadiz, it would be impossible for him to protect Sir H. Parker with his six sail of the line, who was watching the Spanish fleet, as he could not quit the port in his present condition. To this letter the commissioner answered, that

from the last accounts, he thought that in the course of six weeks or two months they might receive supplies from England, but that sooner than that was impossible. These letters were put in the way of the d——d Portuguese spy clerk, who copied them, and was seen that evening to go into the house of the Spanish ambassador. Sir John then sent a message to Ferro—that's a small town on the Portuguese coast to the southward, with a despatch to Sir Hyde Parker, desiring him to run away to Cape St. Vincent, and decoy the Spanish fleet there, in case they should come out after him. Well, Mr. Simple, so far d'ye see the train was well laid. The next thing to do was to watch the Spanish ambassador's house, and see if he sent away any despatches. Two days after the letters had been taken to him by this rascal of a clerk, the Spanish ambassador sent away two messengers, one for Cadiz, and the other for Madrid, which is the town where the king of Spain lives. The one to Cadiz was permitted to go, but the one to Madrid was stopped by the directions of the admiral, and this job was confided to the commissioner, Sir Isaac, who settled it some way or another; and that was the reason why the admiral called out to him, 'I say, Sir Isaac, who killed the messenger?' They brought back his despatches, by which they found out that advice had been sent to the Spanish admiral—I forget his name, something like *Magazine*—informing him of the supposed crippled state of our squadron. Sir John, taking it for granted that the Spaniards would not lose an opportunity of taking six sail of the line—more English ships than they have ever taken in their lives—waited a few days to give them time, and then sailed from Lisbon for Cape St. Vincent, where he joined Sir Hyde Parker, and fell in with the Spaniards, sure enough, and a pretty drubbing we gave them. Now it's not every body that could tell you all that, Mr. Simple."

"Well, but now for the action, Swinburne."

"Lord bless you! Mr. Simple, it's now past seven bells, and I can't fight the battle off St. Vincent's in half an hour; besides which, it's well worth another glass of grog to hear all about that battle."

"Well, you shall have one, Swinburne; only don't forget to tell it to me."

Swinburne and I then separated, and in less than an hour afterwards I was dreaming of despatches—Sir John Jarvis—Sir Isaac Coffin—and Spanish messengers.

CLAVINGER'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.¹

CONTAINING OPINIONS, CHARACTERS, &c. OF HIS COTEMPORARIES.

LORD L. G., now a peer, a tall man, called handsome, but with a fair, regular, unmeaning, yeomanlike face, was, when in the House of Commons, the proudest looking man I ever knew. He was, or seemed, reserved and shy, but had nothing in him. I never could guess on what grounds this family assumed such haughty airs; they are not of the old nobility, though not absolutely new: they are sprung from country baronets, of no better quality than three hundred others; and their original wealth came from a marriage with rich Staffordshire traders. They never were heard of in history, till they got their peerage in the reign of Queen Anne. Since that time they have always been rank Tories and courtiers. Now why should the servility of having dangled about a Court for two or three generations entitle a man to carry himself insultingly to others? Lord G. is maternally a Scotchman! He has filled political offices, to which his mean abilities are totally incompetent! The world is like women, who, as Waller says,

——— “ Born to be controll'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold ;”

the most empty pretensions, long sustained with firmness, will succeed in gaining admission with others. Another family of G——, now very overbearing, are newer still: they never came into public life till the middle of the last century—and have not yet shaken off the heavy looks of the ploughman-like squire! They are fond of confounding the *e* with the *a*. They have too much flesh and *bottom* about them, to give room for any lively display of talent. They have no imagination; no spirituality; but are Tories mounted by mechanism;—perhaps by the force of *steam*!! Heavy goods require the crane, the chain, and the wheel, to get them aloft; and if they tumble again, inundate the soil, like blubber!

The greater part of the rich nobility in England have obtained their fortunes by marriage; some by the grant of church-lands at the reformation, as Russel, Seymour, Cavendish, Herbert, Petre. There remain scarcely any feudal properties, unless we reckon those of Abergavenny, Berkeley Stanley, Howard, and Percy. The Grosvenor property is quite new; from a London marriage! The Temple property was made by Lord Cobham, as paymaster! Lowther and Lambton come from modern working of coal-mines, though I believe the lands in which they are found may be of ancient inheritance.

Horace Walpole—though I do not think he had any heart—was very amusing: but his vivacity was commonly humour, rather than wit. When he could not find a piquant anecdote among his historical stories, he could *invent* one. He had been brought up in the eye of

¹ Continued from vol. vi. p. 98.

all the corruption and luxury of a powerful minister, who held the reins longer almost than other statesman in our annals. He naturally, therefore, thought all virtue to be a pretence. He had of course seen very much of the world, and therefore knew the manners of courts, and loved all its ceremonies and etiquettes. Nevertheless, he had not entirely rubbed off some relics of the Norfolk squireship of his family. I could trace it in some of his expressions, and some of his opinions, when I used to call on him, and found him in his dressing gown, with feet wrapped up in flannel, at his house in Berkeley Square, and listened with delight to his flow of anecdote and drollery. I often wondered how he could endure the company of Pinkerton—a most vulgar and repulsive man—without character, and always abusively bitter: but it was done by gross flattery, not unmingled with fear, on Walpole's part.

I sometimes met there a Sir Charles Blagden—(I think that was his name)—a physician, now forgotten. He seemed, unlike physicians, cold and reserved; for physicians are almost always easy and fluent talkers. The greatest talker among them I ever met with, was Dr. Turton. Horace Walpole—then Lord Orford—had literary coteries, who encircled him, and paid their court to him; but scarce any one put any dependence upon him.

George Ellis, the poet, the favourite of Lady Malmsbury, the son of a West Indian, had pushed himself into the petty world of fashion at the palmy time of West Indian influence, and was a complete *petit-maitre*; but he was highly accomplished, very lively, very elegant in his taste, and had some sparkles of genius. His *Specimens of Old English Poetry*, first published in one volume octavo, about 1785, was a selection made with admirable skill and tact. He had all the airs of aristocracy, thinking, like a duke's valet, that because he lived with the high, he was high himself. West Indian blood is, in general, not of the best. He has given an amusing account of his friend, *Lewis Way*, in the preface to the *Tableaux*. He wrote in prose elegantly, if not strongly. I knew but little of him: his coxcombical manners were not of my cast. I was apt to be more rude to him than I ought. But the little, ugly, waspish strap, Billy Gifford, was my aversion. Not all his future success in life—not the wealth which he gained—not the society and caresses of the great—not even the familiarity, the luxuries, the table, the *guests*, the *beautiful companions*, with all the alluring and open charms of that gayest of the gay, the *first* Lord Grosvenor, could shake off Gifford's ugly form, dress, and mien, of the shoemaker's shop!

“ The midnight orgies, and the syren dames,
When Age presided over youthful games,
There the stern moralist, whose cynic tongue,
O'er evil a repelling demon hung,
Enjoy'd the luxuries his satire curst,
And was himself an imp among the worst.”

Heroic Epistle to W. G. 1797.

This epistle was attributed at the time to Peter Pindar: I believe it came from an acquaintance of mine who died soon after. In those days old Lord Grosvenor's orgies were well known, especially at his

house at Newmarket, and W. G. was one of his guests. Of Lady Grosvenor his wife, who perhaps may not be yet dead, and who remarried General Porter, there is no occasion to speak. She was a Vernon of Staffordshire. There is a book too well known, once congenial to the history generally reported of her life. Lord Grosvenor's name is ancient, but merely provincial, till his grandfather married the London heiress, and obtained the ground on which so many of the new London houses have been built—not an *historic* source of wealth and nobility! His lordship's motto is—“*Honor virtutis præmium!*—lege “*pecuniæ*” pro “*virtutis!*” I was acquainted with the present Marquis of Westminster, and Viscount Pimlico, forty-five years ago. He then spouted Greek, as fire-eaters spout flame. His spouting was a good deal too hot for me: I got out of his way as soon as I could. The families of Cheshire Squires are venerably old; but they are also venerably provincial, stupid, and boorish. My own male ancestor, Eustace Fitznigel, was Baron of Halton in Cheshire immediately after the Conquest. Will the Marquis of Westminster, and Viscount Pimlico, himself venture to deny it? Will his lordship deny, that the Baron of Halton was ten times as great as all the Grosvenors put together, even though they may spout Greek and fire for generations to come? The Marquis set out in life as a violent Tory, an adherent to his friend Billy Pitt. A few years ago he changed sides all at once, it is said for some disappointed object of ambition. Several squibs were then put forth, one beginning—

“ Lord Pimlico was a great man,
Lord Pimlico was a great man,
As big as a rat
When pursued by a cat,
He cannot get into a hole,” &c. &c.

Some of my friends attributed this to me, but I had no hand in it. It was printed in more than one paper of the day, and perhaps might be penned by Gifford himself. It was at that time reported that the earl had asked for a dukedom. The wags then hinted many titles for the dukedom, which I will not repeat, because some of them were too indecent, though they had some wit. Another motto of the family is—“*Sola nobilitas est virtus.*” And a poem, in allusion to this, was addressed to the late Lord G.

“ To the Right Hon. Lord G.
“ If virtue only is nobility,
Then how could honours be dispens'd to thee?” &c. &c.

And here let me say a few words in my own defence. I have been accused of too much tendency to satire, severity, and sarcasm. This would imply that I am a misanthrope, without any kindness in my nature. I can boldly say, that this is not the case. I have all an Irishman's exuberant warmth about me: I have all my life been a dupe to my own excess of confidence in others. The least appearance of good in another will induce me to put trust in him, and believe that he is what he pretends to be.

If the characters given by me, which are deemed too severe, are unjust, and at the same time bear internal marks of proceeding from

prejudice and private passions, then this censure of me is fairly pronounced. But if in the cool judgment of impartial and intelligent people, these portraits are found to be generally correct, and drawn to the life by an observant and faithful pencil, then I claim praise instead of censure: and in that case to protest against me is to protest against all satire, as contrary to morals and human kindness. So Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Hall, Butler, Dryden, Boileau, Pope, Young, must be condemned to the flames: and the veil must not be withdrawn from turpitude, but a universal candour cover all. If the features I seize are found to have no resemblance, or to be caricatures, then I presume they will carry their own antidote with them. But if they have any interest, I cannot avoid supposing it is the likeness which gives the interest.

Though I have spent much of my long life in books, I have spent much also in the bustle and conflicts of active life. It has been the first effort of my mind since the age of twenty, to penetrate into the hearts and characters of men, and always to look beyond the surface. To live in a fool's paradise, and see men other than they are, can tend to no good. Nothing is more serviceable to society than to draw off the mask from men of intrigue and *ruse*. To give credit to abilities where they exist; to show the fallacy of mere plausible pretensions, is to advance the cause of intelligence and truth. In proportion as real genius and sound talents are encouraged, will genuine knowledge and virtue make their way. When sophistries and falsehoods are propagated, they generally come not merely from a turbid and poisoned fountain, but from one which was never genuine! They betray not only an imperfection of heart, but an imperfection of intellect. In proportion to the amount of genius is the amount of truth. This we see in Dante, Petrarch, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, and Burke. To leave, therefore, false magicians in possession of the field, is to neglect our duty. Let us see mankind as they are; let us expose charlatans, and hang up the perfidious—extortioners—the gluttony of avarice—the drinkers of human blood,

“Fit garbage for the hell-hound, Infamy!”

As, notwithstanding I have been engaged all my life in literature, I have not yet put forth my name, the authority with which I sometimes speak will by some be thought an unfounded arrogance. The generation with which I was most intimate, is almost all gone to the grave before me.

Comparatively I know little of the living: and they know less of me. In common society I am not known as an author: and I have always carefully concealed it. I am treated as a wild Irishman, allowed to indulge in the national habit of shooting with the long bow! I often smile at the incredulity of my company: weak people are always sceptical in the wrong place, and childishly credulous where they ought to doubt. I know a man of this cast, yet who pretends to be a literary man—who lives upon gossip—who gives faith to every old woman's story; yet who is always seized with a fit of the most absurd and insulting cavils, where there is no place for an atom of doubt! There is something in this, which at once excites contempt and anger.

The person all this while persuades himself that he is the most candid of men; and, that above all others, he has a philosophic freedom from a petty curiosity; though his delight is to search into people's wills, and know the most minute circumstances of their affairs. He has the demure look of a puritan, and the sanctimonious words of a Methodist, though he has been a rake (if not a Lovelace—he had not the fashion of a Lovelace,) in his day. I cannot, therefore, entirely acquit him of hypocrisy.

I have seen good men, who seem to be rather like glorious spirits. Romilly was one, and his son is the same.

One of the greatest charlatans I ever knew was Huskisson. He won his way from a mean birth and education to high places, by a serpentine adroitness and cunning, the tricks of an attorney, and the arithmetic of a Jew's clerk. His accentuation was that of a Staffordshire farmer, and his combination of words those of the apprentice of a druggist. His mischievous, sophistical, and dishonest Agricultural Report, 1822, has done incredible evil, and now begins to be seen through.

Sturges Bourne was of a different mould, mind, and body—minute, dry, self-sufficient, captious. If I had to name the most self-sufficient man I ever encountered, I should say Sturges Bourne was the man. He appeared to me to have some industry, but no talent. I used to visit a friend in Hampshire, long since dead, where little S. B. used to hold manorial courts as steward to the Dean and Chapter of Winchester—an office generally executed by an attorney; and I then supposed him to be an attorney, and treated him accordingly. He always looked askew at me afterwards when he got into high offices. He was made Chairman of the Committee on the Poor Laws, 1817, as an adroit man to keep out doctrines not agreeable to the government; and I happen to know that he would take no notice of any evidence in the Report contrary to his own bigoted notions, and the notions that government had instructed him to disseminate. Tom Courtenay was called on to assist him in drawing up the Report; the rest of the Committee were never consulted, unless perhaps Davies Gilbert, who was full of crotchets. I speak this deliberately, because I had an intimate friend in that Committee, now dead. Lord Castle-reagh behaved with the utmost candour, and paid as much attention as his other avocations would allow him. But the most troublesome fellow was old Curwen; a man full of twists and ignorant perversities, but disgustingly pleased with himself; who thought himself the Solon, and the leading patriot of the House of Commons: however, he was not so weak and ridiculous as his cousin Christian, the law-professor.

Tom Courtenay is a man of extraordinary industry, but slow; and takes a great deal more weight than he can carry. I believe him to be an upright, honourable man, with some of the most illustrious blood in Europe in his veins, both paternally and maternally—which he cares nothing about, and which he shows as little as any man in his outward mien. William Courtenay, his brother, I should suppose to be more quick; but less deep: he has a more polished address, figure, and countenance.

I never met with a man, who mingled aristocracy and democracy

so oddly in his cranium as Davies Gilbert. He has deep-indented opinions—I may say prejudices—as to almost every thing, but has the courage outwardly to support nothing ; so that he left people with the belief that he agreed with them, at the moment when he absolutely despised them in his heart for their opinions: and then his smiles and his frowns were measured out by the exact scale of the degree of favour in which he saw men with others.

Who are the great? they who think themselves so? No! The greatness of station is empty. Only the union of genius and virtue is greatness. Let the reader look at many of those, who in these days have been raised to exalted functions! In most cases it has been effected by pure intrigue, corruption, or accident.

As I have said before, I desire to treat cautiously of the living. We have brilliant men still above ground; but the greater part sleep in their tombs. Croker's talents have displayed themselves of late beyond all expectation. Wealth also begins to find its due consideration in this hitherto-aristocratic nation. It is said that Mr. A. B. is to be raised to an earldom at once; and to be created Baron Exchange, Viscount Alley, and Earl of Carpet! The said Mr. A. B. like his friend Huskisson, can make plausible arguments on any side, by involving it in an enigma of figures! As to Sir R. P., his character is well hit in the first article of "The Metropolitan Magazine," for March, 1832, which is altogether a very sound and important article.

There is no rational doubt that the grand cause of the distress of the agricultural population, is the extinction of the *one-pound* notes! But it seems—

" Revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hic labor, hoc opus est!"

The present ministry apparently have not the courage to do it. No subject is so misunderstood at this moment as political economy. It has been bedeviled by Huskisson, Ricardo, Maculloch, and others, till it has been made the greatest instrument of evil.

Louis XV. died when I was about eighteen. I have a perfect recollection of the arrival of the news. I was then at a villa of my father's, near Dublin. The quidnuncs predicted evil to Great Britain from it. The American war was brewing. Several officers, with whom I was acquainted, had served in regiments in America. They knew the temper of the people, and were sure it must end in rebellion. Our army then was in a very mean and corrupt state. Our generals were old women. The commander-in-chief, General A., was a man of mean talents and mean condition. He was of a sort of yeoman's family in Kent. Every thing in the way of promotion in the army went on in the most shameful manner. Sir William Howe was a most incompetent general—given up to his pleasures. I remember seeing some years afterwards in England, Sir H. M., now a general, in full regimentals, with hair powdered, and a pig-tail, a captain of a company at ten years old!!! But all that sad history is well known; and I will not go over it again.

Horace Walpole foresaw the French revolution twenty years before it broke out. Even the Duke de St. Simon foresaw it a century before! Louis XIV. laid the seeds of it. A great reformation was necessary; but the principles on which the revolution was conducted, and its instruments, were wicked. But the old governments of Europe required some cleansing to their Augean stables. However, the revolution of France has been the downfall of England. It has loaded it with a debt, from which it never can recover but by sponging it. There was great croaking in the American war: but what a time of ease was it, compared with the present! I do not say that taxation falls exclusively upon land, because the tax-gatherer takes part of the fruit of the labourer upon the manufactured article; but it falls on the land in a great degree. Lord Bexley's idea that a funded debt is a treasure for future use, is an inconceivable delusion! I suppose he cannot get out of his brain the impressions of the old Prusso-Dutch-merchant, from whom he sprung; as *Baring* sports the *muzzled bear*!

Let no mercantile man be secure of his wealth! How many falls have we lately seen! Sir Peter Pole—Manning—Maberley—Morland—Stirling—Stephenson—Marsh—Simson and Bruce, *etc. etc.*! No man in commerce, therefore, ought to be insolent with his wealth.

As I began my literary career with poetry, I have been often asked what I purposed to myself from that sort of exercise of my mind? Such questions generally appear to me the questions of fools. First, one pursues the bent of nature without thinking about the *cui bono*! Secondly, if one should think of this, the *bonum* of genuine poetry is both extensive and refined. My readers would be soon tired of me, if I entered into a dissertation upon poetry. But only a few friends admit that I have any poetical power; they say I can throw out squibs and epigrams. I tell them I have written a pathetic and romantic novel, once sufficiently popular, though anonymous. They laugh in their sleeves, or smile with doubt—not believing any such to be mine. I will not tell them the name, because it contains some piquant personalities. "What!" they cry, "such a volatile, talkative, vain, sarcastic fellow as you, to have written and published a popular and pathetic novel fifty years ago, and not to have betrayed it then, or since! It is impossible—quite impossible—Clavering! Even a fool would not believe it! Go your own way." I answer, "Indulge your own scepticism—think yourself wise, and be a dupe to your own ignorant conceit."

The English and Scotch do great injustice to the national capacity of the Irish. Because we are lively and imaginative, they think we are not deep. It is the light and warmth of the sun which penetrates the earth with any effect. It avails not to pierce the soil by the pressure of the point of cold iron. It will reach a barren stratum, which it cannot turn into fertility. Now I contend, that we sons of Erin have as good and solid sense, as either of our rival countries. Was not Burke as deep as he was brilliant? What is Plunket? What is Croker? What was Canning? What is Shiel? What was Sheridan? What was Goldsmith with his pen? And as to ready

wit, surely they cannot eclipse us. In old nobility we beat them, or at least equal them. What say they of the Butlers, the De Burghs, the Fitzgeralds, the Dillons, the Plunkets, the De Courcys? I do not wish to keep out of mind the Nevilles or Humes, the Courtenays, Douglasses, Campbells, &c.

I am proud of my own family; I will not conceal it; and I boldly assert that few can contend with it. Its first ramifications were Earls of Lincoln, Earls of Kent, Earls of Ulster, Earls of Clanrickard, Barons Vesci, Barons Clavering, &c., as is evident from our old authentic peerages. I am a junior branch: I admit Sir Thomas Clavering to be the present head of those who bear my name. All the arguments, or rather declamations and witticisms, against birth, are mere spite, envy, and jealousy. Ovid's hemistichs sound very prettily.

" Quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco !"

And no person of sense can think that they are any thing more than empty words. If true, they go to the nihilification of property and every thing inherited. They who abuse it most, would make the highest sacrifice to obtain it.

Yet I do not admit the pretensions of all, who give themselves airs on the ground of it. I could not help smiling the other day on recognizing an anecdote in Lord Nugent's *Hampden*, of the rise of the ancestor (true enough) of a certain Tory earl, who now with his countess, (a demi-shop countess too,) gives himself such insufferable tosses among the leaders of the *haut ton*. Now I do not allow this to be legitimate nobility. I could give a profusion of amusing anecdotes on this topic, but I forbear to point out too clearly. I speak of a family whose names have occurred every where for the last two hundred years; but I denounce the source whence they sprung as impure and rotten.

It is curious to observe how in these mushroom days, the greater part of the old nobility retire into their fastnesses and solitudes. Rise up through the sandy roads from Tunbridge Wells to the village of Trant, look down upon the wooded wilds of Lord Abergavenny at *Eridge*. See the Greys of Stamford, the Talbots, the Duke of Beaufort, the Devereuxes, the St. Johns, the Stourtons, the Delawarrs, the true Berkeleys, the male Hastings's, the Cliffords, the Comptons, the Careys. These are the main part of the old names. Who leads the House of Commons now? Two leading names are Peel and H—. Where were these names found forty years ago? And who are among the talkers of the Upper House? I need not name them: they speak for themselves. But some of them are assuredly of the same class as those of the two commoners I have noticed.

I do not think that this stirring up of the mud from the bottom is a good thing for the health of the state. It will soon sink again, stagnate, and produce pestilential vapours.

The capriciousness of memory seems to me among the unaccountable mysteries of our nature. With me it comes and goes, just as Johnson describes the case to have been with Collins's whole mind.

My dreams are brighter than my waking thoughts. Sometimes my faculties are in a positive stupor; and then I arouse myself again by living among my ancestors. They say I am pedigree mad. It is then a glorious madness. But I assure these detractors that I am not mad. And I assure them that my claims of illustrious descent are not chimerical. My faculties are capable of busying themselves upon earth; and I know mankind as they are, with all their obliquities, as well as they do. I admit that I prefer to live among my own creations, and to have a world after my own humour. I have a sharp eye for social life notwithstanding.

I love solitude; but I also love society;

"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

Johnson speaks of "the table and the bottle," in his Life of Collins, as stimulants "which flatter and seduce." They are stimulants which sometimes stir up brilliant lights from the collisions of intellect. They may sometimes make me too talkative and incautious. I will not assert that the vulgar saying, *in vino veritas*, is always correct: I think it generally is. Sometimes it makes me fierce; sometimes it throws round me a radiance of visions. Thus Burns in Tam O'Shanter says,

"Tam was happy, Tam was glorious;
O'er all the ills of life victorious."

(By-the-by, I have had the delight of being in company with Burns three times :) I may say more of him hereafter. I am at this moment all occupied with myself.

I laugh to myself, when I am called a mere flighty Irishman, in the vulgar sense,—as if I was only fit for a madcap, and a roarer over the glass! The truth is, that I have no *aboriginal* Irish blood in my veins; we have always married among Strongbowians, or English—the Butlers, the De Burghs, the Fitzgeralds. I have a considerable stretch of land too; but I inherited it overbalanced with mortgages:—and then the cursed lawyers, how they feed upon our hearts' blood! All the law of England and Ireland is in favour of creditors; and almost all creditors are Jews and Shylocks. But Lord W—— wishes to make it worse still: at any rate, if a new legislator, he is not an educated and enlightened one. But he at least is skilful in jobs.

It is impossible to support an aristocracy, if money is to take a prominent part in it. I do not mean to advocate a nobility, of whom the mass are poor: but very illustrious blood may occasionally counterbalance the want of a large fortune. If wealth without birth is not properly admissible to the peerage, want both of birth and wealth is quite intolerable,—unless in some rare instances of high personal merit. The Upper House ought not to be filled with the mediocres: but mere wealth, if it were treble the amount of Alexander Baring's, ought to be rejected with scorn. Let such a man do his worst. My pride has been to enrich my own male stock by streams from the Nevilles, Percys, and Cliffords—and I have it. Let the herald look

at all the quarterings with Clavering on the tattered banners over the graves of my forefathers. I have spoken of Charles Nevile, the last Earl of Westmorland. I myself am descended from one of his aunts. The fall of that house is a most affecting story. I shall again urge my namesake to print it. I cannot tread upon another's ground; or I would give the tale myself. Were there no Annesleys alive, I would also give the strange history of that less illustrious race, from the time when the first peer mischievously dropped a stool on Strafford's gouty toe. I have some faint recollection of old Julia Donovan. I visited Lady Shrewsbury at Rome: I think she is descended from her.

This puts me in mind of the Earl of Shrewsbury, whom I am glad to see restored to, or rather confirmed in, the *Earldom of Waterford*; a title which the Beresfords had indecently assumed for their new marquisate. Such assumptions by new peers are as mean as they are insulting; and no government ought to concede them—whatever may be the job, or parliamentary influence. But we see men flourishing with these new titles in a most audacious manner. The late Earl of Shrewsbury had a curious but inoffensive character: he was not a little wrong in his head: he had an intense aristocratical pride of birth, but he interfered with no one, and was content to gaze upon the splendour of his own blazoned pedigree! He rarely spoke, and would not permit at his table ladies lightly dressed. He never mixed with the world; but once took a new house in Bryanstone Square, solely to give a most superb ball, that he might that night draw away all the fashionables from the prince's court. I was present at that ball. I have seen the beautiful seal of arms of his ancestor John Talbot, the hero, the first Earl of Shrewsbury, in the collection of Monsieur de Courcelle, at Paris. And see this old earl's portrait in Bysshe's *Upton de re Militari*, and in Pennant's *Tour through the Midland Counties*. The Irish Talbots are numerous; I do not know when they branched off.

Some of my acquaintance ask me why I fill my head with all these trifles? I do not fill my head with them: I leave space enough for innumerable other ideas; but I deny them to be trifles. They illustrate the history of civil institutions and manners. They who call them so, either speak what they do not think, or are very ignorant and stupid: probably all three; a glorious union.

THE ORIGINAL.

"Take heed of yourselves, for the devil is abroad."

IVANHOE.

"If thou beest the devil,
(First having crost myself,)
Have at thee."

THE CHANCES.

I wish that Sterne was living, or that Swift, in the full exercise of his satirical and playful powers, could revisit the merry little world to whose amusement he so greatly contributed during his sojourn on it. How gladly then would I resign my goose quill into either of their hands, in order that full justice might be done to the strange being to whom I am about to introduce my readers; but it may not be. For although those bright lights of literature still burn brilliantly, the oil which fed them is exhausted, and upon myself devolves a task, deserving of a better pen, and a more redolent fancy. "THE ORIGINAL!" By the spirit of Shakspeare I do marvel at my boldness. What! presume to describe a perfect "Original!" designate the sketch by so daring a title! and venture to pursue the object, when all mankind, from Solomon downwards, unite in asserting that *nothing* is original—*nothing* new under the sun?—'twere better almost to write upon *nothing*; yet that is done by nine-tenths of our scribblers every day. Well, then, I will go on as at first intended, and introduce my readers to an original character, who existed during the reign of our third George, and the records of whom have as yet escaped the searchers after novelty; though mark me, reader—the attempt is about as reasonable as would be the endeavour of a man to confine an elephant within a mousetrap; yet let us recollect, that the strength of Samson was confined to a lock of hair. And now speed we on to our purpose.

In the year of our Lord 1776, and in a populous village, within one hundred miles of London, resided a little man, with a red nose, named Jedekiah Mainchance. His calling was to draw wills, arrest all unlucky debtors within twenty miles of his residence, and set his neighbours by the ears—*id est*, he was an attorney. His family consisted of his beloved wife Dorothea—a little, roundabout dame, and in her way a bit of an original—and his son, Barnaby Mainchance; now he was a "special Original"—a jewel of an original, and as perfect a one as ever Dame Nature obtained a patent for making. In addition to these there was a daughter, Miss Angelica Mainchance, rather an original young lady, aged seventeen—Simon, the factotum, also cast in an original mould. And lastly on the list were an original lap-dog, with one ear, an original cat, without a tail, and an original horse, that was blind of one eye, and could not see with the other. In short, one and all, from master to horse, were originals, and these, with a few others, form the *dramatis personæ* of my story.

I shall not attempt an elaborate description of the individual peculiarities which characterised this family, but rather suffer them to be developed in the course of a series of events which I am about to record; and having thus performed the overture, I will withdraw the curtain, and begin.

It was one shining morning, towards the end of August, that our he-

roine, Angelica Mainchance, wandered across a grassy lawn, jewelled by the sunbeams playing on the dew which lay on the verdant carpet, towards a small grotto, or summer-house, at its extremity ; and, by the side of which ran a streamlet with busy haste to fill up the measure of a lake that quietly expanded its lucid bosom in the distance. Her step was irregular—now tripping with eager speed along the path, and anon slackening, whilst the maiden looked timidly around to see if aught living beside the lark and herself was abroad. It would seem not, for silence held her empire unbroken by the sound of human voice, or human tread, and with renewed confidence the fair adventurer again bounded lightly forward until she reached the grot, where, throwing herself upon a rustic seat at its entrance, fell to a contemplation of her own bewitching countenance in the glassy brook which bubbled by. And never did costly mirror reflect one more beautiful—nor one more unlike the members of her family—for Angelica equalled the brightest exotic ever reared by poet's fancy in the gardens of imaginary beauty. Her lips were like a bursting rose-bud—her cheeks like the flower in full bloom—and her eyes like the dew-drops which at evening gem it. Her ringlets were of ebon dye, and flowed in wanton locks upon a bosom which might have vied with the lily leaf in whiteness. Angelica was rather tall than otherwise, and a certain witchery sported round her form, with each of its movements, that imparted to her an appearance of something unearthly, and caused men to sigh as they looked upon her, and to pass on with an idea that so celestial a being was never formed for them ; consequently, the maiden imbibed a high and mighty opinion of her beauteous self, and wilfully resolved to favour the addresses of no ordinary lover : the common herd was therefore kept at all due distance.

As the said lady was indulging in those cogitations best known to herself, she heard the sound of an approaching footstep, but from some unaccountable whimsy she turned not round, though the scarlet flood which tinged her cheek and temple might have warned an observer that it excited no little interest in her bosom. Nay, the very fluttering of her heart as it alternately swelled and depressed the muslin boddice forming its covering, proved the fact. Well, the person, whoever he might be, advanced so near that only a cluster of rose trees separated the parties. Still Angelica remained immovable, until a voice exclaimed in deep, yet harmonious accents, "Angelica!—my fairy idol, is it thou?" Angelica smiled as, without turning her head, she replied, "Come and see, Alfred." And at the next moment she beheld at her feet the form of a young officer, whose sparkling black eyes were fixed in fondness upon her.

"How shall I ever requite this kindness, my own beautiful girl?" passionately exclaimed the youth, pressing the maiden's taper hand to his lips.

"By keeping your distance, Mr. Ensign Thorner," returned Angelica, looking awfully prim, and drawing herself up as stiff as a queen on her coronation day.

"Why this perverseness, Angelica—do you doubt my love?" said the ensign.

"Why, who ever accused you of loving at all, Mr. Dolorous?" said Angelica.

Now the ensign was dismally puzzled at all this, and, after a moment's consideration, he rose, and with a magnificent air of grandeur, said, "Has it come to this, Angelica? Is this the welcome I am to receive after twelve long months' absence? Speak—but haply some other holds your heart ; if so, repeat your commands, and I will be gone for ever."

"Lord, how you plague one! There, sit you down," said Angelica, making room for him by her side, then leaning her arm upon his shoulder, she suffered the assumed frown to vanish from her brow like shade be-

fore sunshine, and with a countenance beaming with every charm that youth and affection could inspire, she added in a softened tone, "And now tell me, Alfred, how you have sped since last we parted—what success has attended your arms—and whether I may hope that you are now in a condition to—to—" A blush prevented her from saying more. Alfred caught her to his heart, and whispered in reply, "Now indeed my beautiful love is herself, and I will tell her all she wishes to learn. In the first place, I have sped like other soldiers of fortune—been knocked about in the world—received a few wounds—nay, do not be alarmed, Angelica, for none equalled that which you inflicted—and received but small thanks in recompense. Secondly, victory has declared against us, and independence succeeded in unfurling her standard on the 'topmost height' of Bunker's hill. Thirdly, and lastly, I have returned as poor as I departed, consequently am in no plight to renew my solicitations to Mr. Mainchance for his daughter's hand."

Angelica laughed, but a tear was in her eye, as she gaily, yet tremulously said, "Well, well, Alfred, we must hope that fortune will one day prove more auspicious; in the mean time, you had best endeavour to conciliate my papa as much as possible."

"And pray how am I to get at him? You surely forget that he forbade me the house," said Alfred.

"Well, I will try and devise some scheme to remove the prohibition."

"Aye, do, my sweet girl. But what, when I am admitted?"

"What a question for a lover! Why, in the first place, you must laugh at all his jokes."

"But that is impossible, Angelica; his is such mysterious wit that I cannot understand it."

"Tush!" said Angelica. "Whenever you see him laugh, do you the same, and you will never miss a single jest he utters. In the next place, avoid the appearance even of a smile when my brother speaks."

"Slife! how am I to avoid it?" interrupted Thorner; "the fellow is so irresistibly comic, so outrageously ludicrous, that I am frequently in danger of suffocation when in his company."

"Think, Alfred, of the effect your mirth would have upon my happiness," returned Angelica. "You must also become more prudent, and strive to wipe away the stain which your former irregularities left behind."

"Would that guineas were like wet wafers, and stuck to one's fingers," rejoined Alfred, "and then I might stand a chance of obeying you. However, having no guineas at present to lavish, I must, perforce, do so. But this is all foreign to the purpose, Angelica. I came here to repeat my vows of fidelity—to hear them re-echoed from those crimson lips, and to catch the warm words upon my own, as thus they stole a thrilling kiss." Suiting the action to the word, he pressed forward his head, but Angelica, playfully drawing hers back, placed her hand between, and caught the salute upon its silken surface.

"Fairly foiled, most doughty cavalier," said she, laughing, "the ship *Good Intent*, reached not its destined port! The next time you meditate an attack by surprise, I would advise you not to hoist the standard of your intentions in those unjustifiably delighted-looking eyes, lest the enemy—as in the present instance—become aware of your approach."

"Nay, I have drawn the sword, and thrown away the scabbard, therefore, most pertinacious, I am in honour bound to win or die," cried the ensign, endeavouring to remove the fair barrier which still intervened, when just as he was about succeeding, his eye caught a corresponding feature rising above the clump of rose trees hereinbefore mentioned, and fixed in a stare of stupid astonishment upon the lovers; after a pause of a few moments the bushes gave way, and a form revealed itself from

between their foliage, which a Cervantes only could have imagined—a Hogarth only have painted. In person, he was tall and gaunt, with the lubberly awkward carriage of a youthful giant; black, thin hair was plastered over a broad low forehead, beyond which projected a pair of goggling grey eyes that stood sentry over a flat turned-up nose, which, in its turn, overhung a mouth with an eternal grin, expressive of mild stupidity—though an observer might have detected great acuteness and roguery as well. His kness bent gracefully inward, and tenderly saluted each other at every opportunity. High broad shoulders—long arms—large red hands—spindle shanks—and splay feet, were the extra beauties with which nature had gifted his form.

“And who in the name of symmetry and beauty are you?” exclaimed the young ensign, with martial fierceness. The intruder, on being thus addressed, drew up his eye-lids, and suffered a something like life to sparkle in the orbs beneath; this was followed by a sudden relaxation of his stolid muscles, as if a signal had been fired from his eye for intellect to rally upon his countenance, and opening his mouth, he pointed to Angelica, and ejaculated, “Safe!—*she* knows.”

“Oh! Alfred, it is Simon, my father’s head man, and we are undone for ever,” said Angelica to her lover.

“Not if I can prevent it,” returned Alfred. “I will pick a quarrel with him, and then break his bones; but don’t be alarmed.” He then strode up to Simon, and assuming a terrible frown, cried, “Pray, sir, how dare you remain covered in the presence of this lady and me? Were we to change situations, I should take my hat off when I approached you.”

“But you needn’t, if you didn’t like,” said Simon, with great apparent simplicity.

“And is that, sir, all you know of good breeding?”

“I’m likely to know more if I stop long in your company,” replied the man, bowing.

“Confound the fellow, there is no affronting him,” muttered Thorner; but while he was perplexing himself to think of some new plan of attack, the man moved off. “Stop,” cried Alfred, “a word with you.” Simon, however, continued his retreat, and Alfred, fearing he would discover all, moved after him, and succeeded in grasping his arm, exclaiming at the same time, “Where the deuce are you running?”

“Safe! To breakfast,” was the reply.

“And what rarity has been provided that you are in such *haste*?”

“*Hasty* pudding,” cried Simon, releasing himself with a jerk; and galloping off like a dromedary, he soon reached the house, which he entered, and burst into his master’s presence without ceremony. That gentleman was laudably engaged in feeding the hungry, and administering to the wants of the athirst; *i. e.* he was at breakfast. On the opposite chair sat his beloved plump spouse, and, upon a settle, well stuffed with feathers, by his side, was majestically enthroned the gaunt form of Barnaby—of whom, more anon. The little party was somewhat discomposed at the abruptness of Simon’s entrance; indeed, Mainchance the elder actually put down his cup of chocolate untasted, after having raised it to his very lips; and pointing a nose enriched with a carbuncle of the first water at the factotum, sternly said, “What means this untimely intrusion? Begone! The belly hath no ears.” The worthy unsophisticated Simon was, however, so big with the intelligence he had to impart, that he remained gaping and staring on the threshold, without power to recede, or utter a single word.

“I say you,” cried Mr. Jedekiah Mainchance, testily, “don’t stand grinning like a laughing hyena, but speak. What is the matter?”

Simon remained silent.

"Thou semblance of a Cheshire cat," vociferated Barnaby, "an' thou dost not reply, I shall of a verity lose my temper."

Simon gave a lusty roar, which served as an advance guard in effecting an opening for his words, which immediately leaped through the breach of his mouth in a most confused style. "There are six officers in nine of your gardens, making love to twelve Miss Angelica's—safe!" was his singular announcement.

"Then I smell a strong scent of an elopement," cried Mainchance, starting from his seat; but at that moment the door opened, and Angelica herself entered, with as demure a look upon her countenance as her laughing features could well assume. It was now that dame Deborah broke silence, and launched into a lengthy discourse, (she was prone to lengthy discourses,) upon the impropriety of young ladies being abroad so early in the morning; especially—as she very wittily observed—in a garden where *bachelor's buttons* seemed to grow spontaneously. Mainchance then took up the subject, and after exhausting all he had to say upon it, was followed by Barnaby. The poor maiden heard with exemplary patience all the prosings of the triumvirate, and then expressed herself wonderfully surprised at their mistake, assuring them, that as she hoped for a sweetheart, she had merely taken her morning ramble to gather *heart's-ease*, but, to her disappointment, only found *love-lies-bleeding*.

Playful as were these words, yet there was a pathos, so appealing, so musical in the tone with which the last sentence was uttered, that any but her wooden-faced and stony-hearted relations would have at once entered into the feelings which it expressed. But they knew nothing of that agony which a girl under the influence of her first love feels, when she is obliged to abstain from breathing the name of one around whom her affections cling, because he is poor, or guilty of some other such pride-created crime; and, with great severity, rebuked her for striving to deceive them. Mainchance then directed that she should be locked up during the day by way of punishment, (they did those kind of things then,) and desiring his son's company in the study, waddled out of the room, while Barnaby, gravely bidding his sister a good morning, slowly followed.

We have elsewhere stated that Mr. Barnaby Mainchance was a "special original;" he was continually pondering, (or, to borrow Addison's favourite term—"speculating") upon things, their attributes, and consequences; inasmuch, that no subject could be touched upon in his presence without an interruption from him. This invariably consisted of a reiteration of the word which had attracted his attention, (generally in an interrogative tone,) whatever it would probably lead to, its contingencies, and finally, the result most likely to accrue therefrom. This, however, did not proceed from that obesity of intellect which leads men to dwell upon trifles only, and then think themselves observers of the world; but rather from a recondite method of considering matters, which led him to take a rapid and prospective view of things, (from concerns of the most unimportant nature to those of the utmost magnitude,) and draw the most sound deductions from them in consequence. Thus, his mind being always charged, it was impossible to restrain him from popping out his prophetic syllogisms every time a person spoke in his presence. For exemplification—he was one day lost in thought by the fireside, when his sister archly asked him if he should like to take unto himself a wife? "A wife?" said he, starting from his reverie. "A wife?" children—squalls—an unquiet house!"

Now here was the thesis—"a wife," which he pursued to its probable consequences—"children:" he then dwelt on its contingency—"squalls," and rounded off its period with the natural result—"an unquiet house."

On another occasion, upon handing a glass of wine to a young lady, at an assembly, he was informed that she was betrothed to an officer in the army. "An officer," echoed he, replacing the liquor upon the salver from which he had taken it—"an officer?—challenges—duels—the sexton!" We trust the enlightened reader will now be able fully to appreciate the philosophical absurdities of Mr. Barnaby Mainchance.

He had only that morning arrived from Oxford, where he had been completing his studies preparatory to adopting some profession as a future livelihood, and it was to welcome him that Angelica had been sent for, when Simon so inopportunately broke upon the few moments she had stolen to pass with Alfred. Barnaby was tall in person, and pedantic in appearance, yet an expression of philanthropy shone upon his otherwise plain countenance, that was evidently the refraction of a benevolent mind.

When Mainchance and his son reached the study, the former carefully closed the door, and seating himself in an easy chair, motioned Barnaby to his side, and in an under tone thus addressed him. "It is now time, my boy, to treat you as a man worthy of being trusted, and unfold to you some of the grand secrets, to which you have hitherto been a stranger."

"Whereat I entertain a truly filial pride," said Barnaby.

"I expected as much," returned his father, drawing still closer. "But I must premise what I have to say by observing, that from this moment you must completely alter your habits, for at present you smell too strongly of honesty."

"It is the best policy," said Barnaby.

"That is a good plebeian motto, but I would have you more wise."

"I would be 'wise as the serpent—but without its guile.'"

"Be better still, Barnaby—be a wise rogue——"

"Rogue? Crime—discovery—Jack Ketch," ejaculated Barnaby.

"Pooh!" said Mainchance, "'Tis only simple rogues who come to that; and, as a proof of it, I hereby confess unto you—that though I pass for a very upright attorney at law, yet there is not in England a greater knave!"

Barnaby raised his hands with astonishment, and then with a gravity that might be termed solemnly ridiculous, said, "If you've any good news I'll trouble you, but pour no more of thine hebenous secret into mine ear—'a still tongue maketh a wise head.'"

"A truce with your proverbs," said Mainchance, angrily.

"They are the wisdom of nations," quietly observed Barnaby.

"No doubt—but I am too old to be instructed by them," returned Mainchance.

"An old dog will learn no tricks," persisted his son.

"Listen, without interruption," pursued the father. "When I was young, no rat had ever less to begin the world with; I, however, thought that by a strict adherence to the lessons of rectitude I had learned from my teachers, fortune would be tempted to smile upon me; but, God save the mark! I grew poorer every day, and so I bethought me of turning over a new leaf—and I did so—and I associated with attorneys—and I got into the office of one—and I saw with microscopic eye the smallest opportunity for gain, and seized it. I never was over-reached in my life, for when I entered the apartments of speculation, I always took care to look under the carpet to see if the floor was clean. I was, as it were, engaged in a game at blind-man's-buff with all mankind; and though apparently hood-winked, contrived to reserve a peep hole for myself, by which I was enabled to catch whom I pleased. Thus wealth oozed through a thousand channels into my coffers. I articed myself to my master—became an admitted member of his glorious profession, succeeded

to his widow and country business at his death, and by one master-stroke, secured the means of placing myself above the reach of want for ever."

Barnaby cocked his nose, and eagerly demanded by what master-stroke he had attained that end; in reply to which Mainchance drew his son to that part of the room most distant from the door, and for nearly ten minutes spoke in a tone so low, that it could not reach the key-hole.

"The devil!" exclaimed Barnaby, when his father had concluded.

"Yes," returned the old lawyer; "and now if I can get rid of Thorner, and accomplish my schemes regarding Angelica—in which I shall need your assistance—you shall immediately go to London; and if money can place you on the woolsack, there you shall be seated before I die."

Barnaby gazed upon his father with an expression which it was impossible to define. A covert smile played upon his features, yet they expressed a sort of dissatisfaction, blended with sternness and sarcasm, as he drily replied, "The woolsack! verily I have heard of those who 'went out for wool, and returned shorn.'"

Further controversy was now prevented by the entrance of Simon, who announced that Ensign Thorner was at the gate, and requested a conference with Mr. Mainchance.

"Ho, ho!" said the lawyer, "I didn't bargain for so early a meeting—this smells of a dispute—however, show him up, Simon."

"Safe!" cried our hero of the rose-bush, "the six ensigns shall be here in nine minutes," and he disappeared.

"Shy of the sense," said Barnaby. This was a favourite expression when he meant to imply a deficiency; for instance, if any person spoke of an "ouse," or an "orrible og," Barnaby would give a sly wink, and exclaim, "shy of the h."

"You are mistaken in that man;" said Mainchance; "he is an oddity, I confess; but as excellent a rogue as ever came under the hangman's hands; I make him my prime agent."

"The devil!" (another of Barnaby's favourite exclamations;) "but why doth he amplify so marvellously?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled the old lawyer; "you don't comprehend Simon's oddities yet, I perceive. You know it is a favourite plan of mine, when I discharge a servant, to mark upon a board the fault for which he lost his situation, under the idea that future hirelings may avoid a commission of the like, and that thus I may in time gain one who is faultless. However, I have, to my cost, found my plan nearly useless, *inattention* being the fault more frequently registered than any other, which Simon perceiving, he determined to avoid it by obeying my every instruction to the very letter: thus, when he drew out a *capias ad satisfaciendum*, (for I frequently employ him in my office,) I told him it was usual where a man broke a window, or knocked another down, to septuple or otherwise increase the number, and insert a charge against him, as having destroyed seven panes, bruised eight noses, and so forth. I say, you Barnaby, d'ye catch the idea?"

"Undoubtedly. He septuples, or otherwise increases every thing else in consequence," said Barnaby, taking a pinch of snuff.

"Yes; and were I to dislocate my collar bone, he would tell you I had broken half a dozen—safe! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Funny dog—comic rogue—ingenious rascal!" said Barnaby, and the door at that moment opening, Ensign Thorner entered, followed by Simon himself.

After settling himself upon his seat with all the gravity of a judge, Mainchance asked the reason of this intrusion, to which the young soldier replied in manly terms, that the motives which led him to disobey

the lawyer's injunctions, were a wish to peruse his father's will, and a determination to force its behests, should any property have been left him in any of the clauses. From this, and some other discourse, it appeared that Thorner had been left under the guardianship of Mainchance by the will of his father; and the young gentleman having now arrived at the age of discretion, deemed himself entitled to something beyond the sum which had been expended in the purchase of his commission. For a few minutes Mainchance was evidently dismayed at Thorner's boldness; he having frequently assured him that the cost of the ensign's outfit was, in pure charity, advanced from his own private purse; but the crafty lawyer soon recovered himself, and arraying his forehead with a shield of triple brass, boldly asserted that he had not a farthing belonging to Alfred in his possession.

"Let me, then, see the will," said Thorner.

"A just request—'seeing is believing,'" added Barnaby.

With just grin enough to give an expression of conscious triumph, and habitual cunning, to his square countenance, our effector of causes rose from his seat, and taking a small key from a pocket cut in the inside of his waistcoat, he crossed to an iron safe, (*"Safe, he knows,"* ejaculated Simon, as he went,) and carefully unlocking it, delivered from its dark womb, a block-tin box, which he placed on the table. "Now, young sir," said he, resting his hand upon the lid, "you shall see how idle are your conjectures, and how equally idle your threats." He then raised the lid, removed a wire screen that served as an additional protection, and took out a bundle of papers, which he arranged in "mystic order" upon the table. "Here," he added, as he laid them down one by one, "here is an account of mine against your late father—here is a promise of payment—here is the deed appointing me your guardian; and here is the will!"

"Read it," exclaimed Thorner.

Mainchance gave another grin, but of a more sardonic nature than the first, and reseating himself, he placed the outside of his left foot upon his right knee, so as to form a sort of desk whereon to unfold the important document; ten tedious minutes were next wasted in wiping his spectacles, fixing them on aright, and a thousand etceteras, until the ensign's patience was nearly exhausted. At length all was adjusted, and in a prosing tone, Mainchance perused the testament from the first word to the last; the sum of which was, that on account of the debts due from the testator unto Jedekiah Mainchance, he the said testator left unto him the whole of his property, with the exception of a certain sum therein named for the board, education, and purchasing of a commission for Alfred Thorner, the said testator's only son, &c. &c. This sum, Mainchance added, when he had concluded, was insufficient for the purpose intended, and therefore he had, as before mentioned, made it up from his own hoards.

"Mark, now, how a plain tale shall put thee down," said Alfred, rising with indignation, as Mainchance refolded the parchment.

"Tell it quickly, then, and be accurate in your manœuvres—that is—tell no lies," said Barnaby.

Without noticing this interruption, Thorner thus continued. "Whilst fighting in America, I saw a veteran of the opposite party struck down by an English soldier, who, notwithstanding the cry of quarter, was about to dispatch his prostrate enemy, when I, unwilling that our cause should be tarnished by needless acts of cruelty, stepped forward and prevented him. The battle over, I was wandering amid the heaps of slain, when an old man addressed me, in whom I recognized the person whose life I had saved. We fell into conversation, and he being wounded, I led him to my tent, where, during our discourse, we touched upon the passing events, and our own connexion with them, by which he gained

from me some circumstances of my life, together with my name. In a short time a proposal was sent from the American camp for an exchange of prisoners, which was acceded to, and my new acquaintance departed; but as he shook my hand on leaving, he placed in it a small packet, and instantly quitted me, without a word. Guess, Mr. Mainchance, my astonishment, when, on opening it, I discovered this document, by which I am left to the guardianship of another person besides yourself, and entitled to the whole of my father's fortune on becoming of age!"

"The devil!" said Barnaby, looking askance at his father.

"I didn't bargain for this. I smell a strong scent of forgery," cried Mainchance, attempting to snatch the paper, which Thorner had unfolded, whilst he yet spoke. But the active young man sprung aside, and placing it in his bosom, said, "Not so fast, sir. If you will give me your daughter's hand, together with half the sum I am entitled to, I will immediately commit this document to the flames—otherwise I will lay it before the lord chancellor, and demand the strictest investigation, with retribution upon your head!"

"I defy you—I'll do no such thing—I'm secure in my own innocence," shouted the lawyer, stamping with rage.

"Father," said Barnaby, with a severe countenance—"think again. 'The battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift.' 'Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just.'"

Jedekiah Mainchance was, however, inexorable, and Thorner, finding him resolute in remaining so, departed in a terrible huff, vowing to make Europe ring with his wrongs.

During this scene, Angelica was disconsolately seated at the window of the room in which she was confined. She had seen her lover admitted to the house, and her heart beat high with hope. She reflected on his engaging manners, and affection taught her to think that even her stern, unfeeling father would not be insensible to them. "Besides," thought she, "my papa, I know, will think it compatible with prudence to comply with Alfred's wishes, as he will then get rid of one whom he is continually reminding of her faults. O yes!—It is impossible to be otherwise, and fortune still has happiness in store for us!" All hail, ye little sophistries of love that can thus staunch a bleeding heart; and whose alchemic powers can thus convert things which are not, into things that be!

Angelica was prevented from soliloquizing further by the entrance of Barnaby. She was surprised at the unusually respectful and affectionate manner in which he greeted her, and immediately conceived the hope of winning him over to her interests. With all a woman's quickness, she ruminated upon the best method of effecting her purpose, and at once decided that could she persuade him to fall in love, he would be as ductile in her hands as virgin gold. No sooner had she come to this conclusion, than she prepared to act upon it. "Is that you, brother?" she asked, by way of commencement.

"It's supposed to be," replied Barnaby, who seldom vouchsafed a decisive answer to any question.

"For this relief much thanks," said Angelica, placing a chair for him by her side, "and now tell me, Barnaby, what said my father to Ensign Thorner?"

"Thorner?—thorny—thorn in our sides," ejaculated Barnaby.

"Fie, brother!—You keep me in an eternity of suspense."

"Eternity!" reiterated the eccentric Barnaby; "and, after all, what is eternity? '*A moment standing still.*' But, to relieve you, Alfred hath departed with ruined hopes——"

"Then his offer is rejected?" said Angelica, turning paler than before.

"It's supposed to be," answered Barnaby, in a commiserating tone;

"Alfred was shy of the prudence, Dad was shy of the good humour, and so they shy'd each other."

"Ah! Barnaby, had you but put in a word, 'twould have been otherwise," said Angelica; "but you know nothing of the tender passions; yet there might be some hope, could I induce you to turn Benedict."

"Benedict!" interrupted Barnaby, starting from his seat, and upsetting a footstool which cocked up its four legs like a cat rolling on her back. "Benedict! what, forsake my religion, and turn monk?" he added, with pious horror.

"La! brother," said his sister, "you are (to borrow your favourite phrase) 'shy of the comprehension.' Who could imagine that one, so versed in Shakspeare as yourself, should be ignorant that Benedict meant a husband?"

"O!" said young Mainchance, reseating himself. "But 'every man's nose will not do for a shoe-horn,' nor I for a married man."

"True," returned the young lady, "you are too formal—too learned. Besides, I know you set our sex at nought, and consider us as mere trifles, of no greater value than one of the acorns on yonder oak."

"Acorns!" said Barnaby, "acorns! trees—ships—acquisitions of territory! Are these trifles? But you are mistaken: no one admires your sex with more devotion than myself, for woman is a cordial for all diseases of the mind—she is a flower amid a world of thistles—a nymph amid a band of satyrs—in short, she is the attic salt which seasons the dish of mortality. Yet philosophy has still greater attractions. Not but that I love to speculate upon your natures as well as upon any other beautiful work of the Infinite, (I should be shy of the soul were it otherwise;) yet need the sage, who wishes to divine the qualities of the sea, overwhelm himself in its waves? Thus it is with many bachelors; they are calumniated for remaining single, when their sole reason is a wish not to subject any woman to the innumerable restraints, especially that of silence, ["O la!" exclaimed Angelica,] which it would be necessary to impose upon them for the sake of study."

Angelica sighed as Barnaby concluded this, the longest speech she had ever heard him utter, and at once abandoned every hope of future happiness. Her brother surveyed in silence her grief-marked features, and his stolid countenance relaxed into an expression of sympathy; but it was so like the melancholy look of an ourang outang, that had Angelica been in the mood, she could have laughed outright. Indeed, it was Barnaby's misfortune always to seem most ridiculous, when he wished to appear most grave. He was aroused from the contemplative mood into which he had fallen, by Simon, who came to inform him that Mainchance had walked out, and left a message for Barnaby to meet him in the study at seven in the evening. Accordingly when that hour arrived, Barnaby once more proceeded to the lawyer's sanctum, where the old gentleman, and his tool Simon, were already waiting.

"Is a third party to be present?" asked Barnaby.

"Safe!—*you* know—*I* know—*we* know," said Simon, significantly.

"Yes, yes, it's all right," said Mainchance; "and now to business. This discovery of young Thorner's, if he impart it to any being alive, will ruin us."

"Entirely?" inquired Barnaby.

"Beyond redemption; for my schemes are so complex in construction, and so dependent upon each other, that if one be ever so slightly damaged, it disarranges the whole machinery of the rest."

"That," said Barnaby, "reminds me of an old nursery jingle—

A twister of twist, twisted some twist;
And the twist that he twisted was three twisted twist;
If the twist, that he twisted, should untwist *one* twist,
The twist, that untwisted, would untwist the *twist*."

"I wish you would twist your tongue into silence, and endeavour to assist me with your advice," interrupted Mainchance. "I say you! If the devil walked the earth, as in olden times, what an invaluable ally might be procured."

"Ally!" said Barnaby. "Contracts—fettters—dissolutions—'out of the frying pan into the fire.'"

"Fire and furies! hold your tongue, once more, and hear me speak."

"I am dumb," said Barnaby. "But first tell me, did I ever see old Davies—the man of whom you told my ear this morning?"

"Yes," answered Mainchance. "But you were too young to recollect him. That was his picture," he added, pointing to the portrait of a stern looking man, suspended against the opposite wall. Barnaby looked towards it, but what was his astonishment on perceiving the lifeless eyes of the painting brighten into life, and then move. At the same time a hollow dismal sound was heard to proceed from underground, and, in another minute, a thick sulphurous smoke began to curl in volumes from every corner of the room.

"O! master—see—see!" shouted Simon, looking bewildered around.

"I smell a strong scent of sulphur," cried Mainchance.

"Sulphur!—smoke—fire—the devil!" exclaimed Barnaby.

"We shall be damned!" roared Mainchance, in a convulsion of agony.

"Safe!" said Simon, sinking on his knees.

"Stand up for your master, you cowardly dog," cried Mainchance, crouching behind him, and resting his chin upon his head.

"I will protect you," said Barnaby, standing upright in the rear, so that the trio presented the appearance of a monster with three heads.

Meanwhile, the smoke gradually thickened, until not an article in the room was distinguishable: presently the vapour dispelled, or rather, appeared to concentrate into a human shape, for as soon as objects became again visible, the sire, the son, and the servant, beheld a stranger of awful aspect standing in the centre of the room, and clothed in sable garments, which were fashioned in a style not more quaint than *outré*, nor more peculiar than terrific. The dress resembled a natural cover more than an artificial one, for it consisted of a series of scales, like the skin of a dragon, fitted closely to his shape; round his waist was coiled a large serpent, with a head shaped like a human skull; blue and green vipers were intermingled with his long black hair, and rendered more terrific a face, which wore the ghastly green hue of a putrescent corpse. From his broad shoulders hung a short, round, red cloak; his legs terminated in two huge cloven feet, and, to render the *tout ensemble* more horrible, a light blue flame played over his whole person, which was, in consequence, doubly conspicuous, especially as the smoke had extinguished the candles, and thus deprived the room of all light, save that which proceeded from a lamp over the door, and the illuminated being we have just described.

"Here I am, at your service," said he, very civilly.

Now, if Jedekiah Mainchance held any religious tenets at all, they were those of Catholicism; he had, therefore, a very *saving* faith in the devil, (no extraordinary circumstance, by the bye, at a time when even the learned believed that his infernal majesty had lately been allowed to tamper with mankind,) and thinking that it was all over with him, he roared out for mercy, whilst Barnaby, with unquailing eye, stepped majestically forward, and solemnly exclaimed, "Image of terror, whence comest thou? Art of heaven, or of earth?"

"Neither—I come from the regions of eternal fire," replied the stranger.

"The devil!" iterated Barnaby, recoiling.

"Don't mention it," replied Sootikens.

Meanwhile, Simon fell with affright on his face; but Mainchance,

pinching his ear, roared out for him to get up and fetch a Bible. No such book was, however, there; so Simon brought him a sheet of parchment, headed—" *The last Testament.*" Without any examination, the wily lawyer tucked this talisman under his arm, and hemming loudly in defiance, he boldly advanced until he was face to face with old Nick, and said, "I say you, here's a strong smell of an intruder! D'ye catch the idea?"

"Don't mention it," said Lucifer, composedly drawing a chair, and seating himself.

"Remarkably cool, upon my life," said Jedekiah, imitating the movement.

"I find it warm," said the other, glancing at his fiery vestments.

"Safe! *he* knows," chattered Simon.

Although Barnaby was a little superstitious—no infrequent inherent of strong minds—he was cautious of lending a belief to extraordinary events until he could be satisfied of their probability. Awe-stricken as he was, our "Original," therefore, determined to probe his father's guest, ere he formed an opinion concerning him. With this view, he knit his huge brows, and said, "Strange fellow, speak. Declare thy business—make known thyself—and be accurate in your manœuvres."

Nick smiled. "I forgot, he is the father of *lies*," thought Barnaby.

"Speak, and say you're not Beelzebub, or I shall go into seven swoons, safe!" said Simon.

Nick looked grave.

"An' thou dost not speak thou wilt disturb mine equanimity," added Barnaby, in a choleric tone.

"Speak, and be d——d to you," shouted Mainchance, in a passion.

"That now is an invocation which likes me. But you see that I anticipated the call, and am here."

"Offer your services elsewhere, I can do without them," said the old lawyer, uneasily.

"O! but you can't! *old Armstrong* is yet in being; he it was told young Thorner of your tricks—he it is who will shortly demand restitution at your hands—and he it is who——"

"It's the devil, sure enough," croaked Mainchance, starting up, "say, what are your wishes?"

"Rash man, forbear," said Barnaby, standing undismayed between his father and the fiend; to whom turning, he said, "First reveal yourself without equivocation, and then let *me* hear your proposals."

The arch fiend, with a most gentlemanly inclination of his head, in answer to Barnaby, proceeded to give a full account of his birth, parentage, and education; together with a recapitulation of his most celebrated actions from Adam to Roger Bacon; and of the alphabet of names by which he was known, beginning with "Auld Reikie," and ending with "Zamiel." "Having thus, I hope, convinced you of my identity," he continued, grinning sardonically, "I need not make any asseverations of my readiness to serve you. Remember, however unpleasant my appearance here may be, my good friend, the lawyer, owes it to himself. Had his acts been upright, my wing dared not have hovered near, but being sunk in sin as well as in difficulties, he has made me both willing and able to assist him."

Barnaby assented to this truth with a sigh, and turning sadly to his father, said—

" ' There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.' "

" Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral from the devil himself. "

"Pause—reflect—consider."

"I say you, always follow a conversation, leave older ones to lead it," cried Jedekiah. "Old Nick's a devilish fine fellow, and I'll give him employment. Leave me to outwit him in the end," he added, in Barnaby's ear.

"Don't mention it," said the devil, slyly winking, as much as to say, 'I heard you.' "I must have conditions—inducements."

"The bird won't come for whistling, you must throw crumbs to him," said Barnaby to Mainchance.

"But I'm afraid—I don't approve of the conditions he would impose," said Mainchance to Barnaby.

"Shy of the courage. 'The cat likes fish, but is afraid to wet her feet,'" said Barnaby to the devil.

"Pooh!" said the devil to Barnaby. "What I shall propose will be in the balance but as dust."

"Dust! clay—form—man! man!" reiterated Barnaby, pursuing his apostrophe further than he was wont—"life—intellect—A SOUL!"

"The very thing I want," cried the Deuce.

"Safe!" said Simon.

"I admire at you," cried Mainchance.

The matter was now discussed *pro* and *con*. Old Nick, in an easy, off-hand manner, threw the shuttle of argument from thread to thread of the discourse, until he had woven a tissue of sophistry sufficient to have entangled any common mind. But Barnaby watched warily, and heard heedfully, without being convinced that the sale of one's soul was a thing of small import; while his father followed with more art, but less tact, for he saw nothing to doubt, and attempted to acquire every advantage, without being obliged to pay the *ad valorem* duty. At length it was settled that the gentleman from below should show his ability to assist our lawyer, by devising an expedient for present help; that done, he was to name a price for future services, and in the event of its being refused, was at liberty to tender his proffers elsewhere.

"Here's a strong smell of an advantageous bargain," aspirated Mainchance in his son's ear; "for if he gives us but the skeleton of a plot now, I'll hang flesh upon it, so as to dispense with his further assistance."

Barnaby liked not this inkling to outwit even the devil, so he held his peace, and turning to him of Hades, motioned him to proceed. Sootikens, after a moment's deliberation, suggested that when Thorner again visited the house, two keepers should be in readiness to bind him hand and foot, and convey him to a private receptacle for lunatics, from whence it would be impossible to escape, while a certain portion of his fortune was annually handed over to the proprietor of the establishment. "I will keep human eyes from seeing the sight," added Lucifer; "and, moreover, will point out the means of improving upon these circumstances until unlimited wealth is at your command."

"Humph!" said Mainchance musingly; "I didn't bargain for so bold a plot—though it's not devised amiss."

"A miss? it's a master-piece," said old cloven-foot, with some indignation.

"Likely. Dangerous, nevertheless," responded Mainchance.

"Needs must when the devil drives," said Barnaby. "But let us hear what your friend Simon saith to what Nicholas the elder hath propounded. He hath been silent, and may be wiser than we; for 'a still sow sucketh all the draught.'"

"Safe! seven wise men couldn't have invented any thing safer. We know," said Simon, winking.

"Your advice stamps you fool as well as rogue," shouted Barnaby, his philosophy quite o'erthrown. "Father, by such contrivances, and such abettors, hast thou been brought to thy present pass; but pause ere you essay it."

"I have constructed a bridge to assist me over," interrupted Mainchance, in a white heat.

"Fiddle-de-dee! The plank may break and souse you into the mire. Call to mind the silk-worm's epitaph—

" ' I perish by my silk, which ought to save,
And weave the very threads that form my grave.' "

The man who having lost his way discovers a quay on one side, and a quick-set hedge on the other; a snare before him, and all the dangers he has past behind, is not more completely nonplussed than was the little fat-headed lawyer, who now goggled affrighted on all parties, whilst his paunch actually dwindled with fear, and made him resemble a Yarmouth bloater in a consumption. At length he sputtered, "I say, you Barnaby, prove the emergency of my danger, and I'll blow Old Nick to the Devil."

"I wager my life thou wilt," returned Barnaby.

"I take your bet. Down with the stake," cried Sooty, looking as if he had said something clever.

"Stake?—gambling—the *die*—MY DEATH!" said Barnaby, "I see my danger, and like the hunted hare, will double."

"If you *double*, I'll *quit*," observed Sootikens, in a huff.

"*Double or quits* you don't," cried his antagonist, violently seizing his throat; but the fiend shook him off, as a boy would a buzz, and extended his pointed talons. Barnaby, in high dudgeon, dipped his hand into his pocket, on which Mainchance and Simon hastily retreated, in expectation of seeing a loaded pistol produced. Barnaby, however, drew forth something more harmless; something which might securely be *sneezed* at—a snuff-box.

"Safe!" muttered Simon, wiping his forehead.

"Safe!" echoed Barnaby—"Security—*heedlessness*—DANGER!" and he snuffed up a dose of rappee.

"Don't mention it. Try this," said Nick, in a breath, as he likewise drew forth a large snuff-box, and presented it to our hero. Barnaby raised the lid—the box contained a blue powder. Barnaby did not like the appearance of it, so he hesitated. Meantime, his Satanic majesty edged up to Mainchance, and urged him to decide upon his intentions. Mainchance again looked round, and, instigated by Simon, at length pronounced himself willing to try the proposed experiment on Thorner.

"Then you are secure. When needed, summon me in the grotto," whispered the fisher of souls; then grasping the still speculating Barnaby's arm, he roared, "He's mine for ever!" So violent was this action that Barnaby dropped the box over which he had mused—it shivered into dust—a bright flame, succeeded by a dense volume of smoke, flashed from the fragments, and when this had gone, the demon was no more to be seen. Mainchance, followed by Simon, rushed from the place in a state of the wildest dread.

Nearly two hours after these events, the gentle Angelica Mainchance was aroused from a light slumber into which she had fallen, by a smart rap at her prison door. Though surprised, she felt no alarm—innocence never fears—and unhesitatingly gave her disturber permission to enter; on which the key was turned, the door flew open, and lo! not the devil, dear reader, but Simon, stood before her.

"Sir! what business brings you here at this late hour of the night?" inquired Angelica.

Simon in answer, said, that from feelings of compunction, he came to offer his services to repair the mischief occasioned by him in the morning. He then, without entering into particulars, informed his young mistress of her lover's danger, and engaged to bring him to the garden by a private entrance, and thus enable them to devise means for his safety.

Angelica laughed with joy, and then burst into tears—the opposing emotions of pleasure at the prospect of once more seeing Alfred, and grief for his misfortunes, played the deuce with her heart, and before she could collect her bewildered wits sufficiently to acquaint Simon with Thorner's abode, she uttered a thousand extravagant ejaculations, which, as they could only be understood by people in love, I will decline recording. At last, Simon's patience was exhausted. "Why don't you tell me where to find him? If I a'nt in time I shall be too late," was his sapient remark. Angelica, in some measure recovering herself, upon this pencilled a note to Alfred, and slipping some money with it into Simon's hand, withdrew to the window to count the stars, or rather, the intervening moments, until her expected interview.

Simon proved himself a skilful aide-de-camp, as in less than half an hour the letter was duly delivered, and Thorner, late as it was, hastened to meet his loved one. Angelica saw him approach, and casting aside all her wonted coyness, abandoned herself to the tide of her feelings, and flew into his arms.

Love in the eighteenth century was something like love—at least, it resembled it more than any thing at present does. There was more of passion—more romance—more heart-work about it, than is to be found in the dull matter-of-fact piece of formality which we term love in these days; and the smile of a woman's lip to her wooer was worth an ingot of gold. Then was the age for sordid parents, tyrannical guardians, and cruel uncles;—for warm hearts, twilight assignations, and elopements;—and for fond, devoted women, disinterested lovers, and enthusiastic hopes. Small marvel, then, that a meeting between Thorner and his mistress was an epoch of moment, and formed a rallying point for their brightest dreams of bliss: no troubles—no, not even impending ones—were now allowed to dim the dawn of returning hope. Side by side they wandered—her heart beating tranquilly against his breast—his arm round her waist—nature's carpet strewed with shining drops beneath them—a dark sky glittering with the golden fires of midnight above—and the open, animated, rich, *desert* world beyond them. In all this there was something to make the spirits light, and Thorner's pulse played with quicker movement as he whispered of the future to Angelica, and at length proposed an immediate elopement. "Let us," said he, "embrace this opportunity. 'Tis true we are poor, but who knows what is in store for us. Justice may eventually right me, and then we shall be rich in gold as well as love."

"In that respect I am as sanguine as yourself," said she, half blushing as his arm tightened round her. "Yet my father's commands! You know, Alfred, I am not at liberty to do as I would."

"Who shall dare to bind affection?" cried Alfred. "Nature created all things, animate and inanimate, free. The beast roams at liberty—the tree rises from the earth, and juts out into branches and leaves at will, without any interference from man—the ocean mocks the skies, or plunges from shore to shore without restraint; whilst the impetuous wind hurries man to a watery grave, or destroys in a moment the works he designed to last for ages, and he cannot prevent it. Shall man, then, who is unable to enchain the elements, dare lay trammels on the mind? No, no; believe me, Angelica, the supposition is antithetical to reason. Your soul is as unshackled as the casket now is which contains it, (Her waist was still bound by his arm, and her whole soul by his words.) Fly then without delay—exert your prerogative—obey the dictates of your mind—and we shall be happy."

A lover's logic is seldom refuted by the person to whom it is addressed. Angelica thought Alfred's arguments unanswerable, so she drooped her head upon his shoulder—that being the old-fashioned method of convey-

ing an affirmative in such cases—and ejaculating something about love and constancy, she submitted, in all the fulness of youthful confidence, to his prayer. “My own, for ever my own!” was all Thorner uttered, as he now hurried her to the gate; but when our heroine saw the little barrier open, and beheld the dull, silent road beyond it, she felt her resolution waver, and she turned to look on the home of her infancy. A stream of moonlight was playing upon it, the trained honeysuckle leaves shone like jasper beneath her window, and past joys flitted freshly o’er her memory. But then the ungentle, the unkind tones of her father’s voice came in imagination with them, and seemed like discord opposed to music, as Thorner prompted her to haste. She thereupon cast one more homeward glance, and, brushing from her cheek a tear, forced herself onwards, exclaiming, “Courage, my heart! Alfred, thy home shall be my home, and thy God my God.”

Never was the proverb of “Much falls betwixt the cup and the lip” more fully exemplified than in the present instance. Thorner, of course, went a little in advance lest any one might be outside the gate, little, however, anticipating such to be the case. What, then, were Angelica’s emotions as she beheld a cloth thrown over his head the moment he reached the road, by two men, who seized and conveyed him away so quickly, that resistance appeared as unavailing as it was impossible. She would have followed instantly, but found, to her discomfiture, that the gate had been slammed to, and fastened with a spring lock which she was unable to open. “He is gone, and I shall never see him more! Farewell happiness—farewell all that is dear to me!” she exclaimed, as her heart smote to breaking; and flinging herself upon the grass, she lost for a few moments her anguish in insensibility.

Poor unsuspecting girl! she little imagined that Simon was playing her false when he offered to befriend her; yet so it was, for Mainchance, fearing a discovery, should he execute his designs on Thorner’s liberty by daylight, had planned the trick which Simon executed to learn Alfred’s residence, and lure him to the house in order to secure him unobserved. This design, as has been seen, succeeded; and the confederates conveyed their dupe in triumph through an enclosure belonging to Mainchance, and thence to a chamber but little used in the house. This was done in preference to taking him direct there, in order to keep him in ignorance of the place of his confinement. On being left alone, Thorner—like all other heroes in distress—kicked up a terrible dust. He burst the cord which bound him, tore the cloak from his head, and roared in vain for help. At length, enfeebled, hoarse, and disappointed, he threw himself into a seat to feed on dreary anticipations of what was next to occur. His disordered thoughts, however, would not take the direction he intended, and instead of advancing to the future, they fell back upon the past with the intention of forcing a clue to the present, to accomplish which he ran over in his mind a few events which it is time to explain.

The favourite means employed by Jedekiah Mainchance, when young in business, for advancement in the world, was to ingratiate himself with the oldest and richest of his clients, with a view to being left executor to their wills; from which jobs he generally reached his hive well stored. Amongst these was a wealthy veteran officer named Thorner, who was so far misled by the lawyer’s arts, as to leave Mainchance, in conjunction with a respectable merchant named Martin Armstrong, guardian to his only son Alfred, and trustee of his effects. Shortly after signing his will, the colonel died, and Alfred was sent to school by his guardians. Thus things went on smoothly enough for a twelvemonth, at the end of which it so *fell out* that Armstrong *fell into* difficulties through the negligence of a person who had the care of some plantations belonging to him in America. To remedy this, his immediate personal appearance on the estate was re-

quired ; and, as he had been left a widower some weeks previous to his disaster, and not having any relations, he hesitated not to obey the requisition with all speed. Whilst in the daughter country, fortune so favoured him, that he abandoned all thoughts of ever returning to England, which had been his original intention : and meeting with a lady of great personal and mental charms he made her his wife, resolving to consider America his future home. Now all these circumstances struck the trusty Jedekiah Mainchance as offering him a fair lift in mounting the ladder of fortune. Armstrong was out of the way, perhaps for ever ; Alfred was too young to be acquainted with the true state of his affairs ; and what kinsmen the lad possessed were too distantly related, or too much occupied in their own affairs, to remember that such a being existed. "What, then, could be easier than to manufacture a sham will in the place of the real one?" thought the crafty knave. Thoughts are free, and so were actions with him ; and so—and so the thing was done.

Very well ; so far, so good. But as Alfred grew up, he conceived a fondness for dissipation and Miss Mainchance ; and the first-mentioned passion made the second an event by no means wished by the young lady's papa, especially as he had other views for her. Now, how to dispose of the young spark ? Oh ! the first blush of hostilities between England and her colonies solved the problem. "We will make a soldier of him, and good luck to the ball that knocks his head off," said Mainchance to his fat spouse Deborah, and rubbing his hands gleefully at the idea.

Action upon decision—Thorner was sent off to America.

At this period, Martin Armstrong became a second time a widow, and anxious to preserve a lasting memorial of his deceased wife, he cut a lock of hair from her marble brow. Whilst so doing, he recollected having retained a similar memento of his first partner. "They shall repose together," he said, with a sigh, as he proceeded to search for the locket containing it, and, as the most probable place for finding it, he unfastened a small portmanteau in which, before leaving England, he had packed several of her letters, and which (from unwillingness to revive unpleasant emotions) he had never since opened. What was his astonishment, however, on raising the lid, to find that he had unthinkingly brought with him the will of his late friend, Colonel Thorner ; Mainchance being only possessed of an attested copy, and as he had not corresponded with that person (or, indeed, with any one else) for many years, he judged it unsafe to transmit the lost deed to England, without first learning how affairs stood there ; but before he had an opportunity of writing, the war broke out, and Armstrong joined the republican party. Thinking it more than probable that he should encounter some of Thorner's relations amongst the British officers, Martin with much foresight always carried the will about his person, and we have already seen the upshot. Alfred's likeness to his father caused Armstrong to inquire his name and circumstances ; the young man's answers induced him to suspect that Mainchance had used foul play, so he related the above circumstances to Thorner, added to the detail a few words of advice, and gave up the important document to his keeping.

All these things did our hero recapitulate to himself in his prison, until the momentary idea flashed across him that he had been imposed upon, and that Armstrong had treacherously given him a forged instrument for the purpose of revenging himself for being taken prisoner ; but scarcely had he rejected the ridiculously chimerical thought, before Mainchance entered with Simon at his heels. Alfred's conjectures were now at an end, and the light of morning, which now dawned, revealed to him the place of his confinement in spite of Jedekiah's precautions. The lawyer, though hardened in villany, somewhat feared the ultimate step

of sending Thorner to a madhouse ; he had consequently now come with an offer of liberty, on condition that Alfred immediately quitted Great Britain, and gave up the will of his father.

"Were it in my possession, you should have my life first," exclaimed Thorner, indignantly. "But learn, to your utter confusion, that I have already reposed it in the hands of a responsible person, who will not fail to exact justice."

"Safe!" said Simon.

"Then," said Mainchance, with that hideous grin which ever exulted on his lip when knavery was uppermost in his thoughts—"Then bid adieu to the bright world for ever. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and each succeeding to-morrow until the day of death, will find you in a spacious apartment twelve feet square—your only prospect four white walls—your only fare, bread and water—your only clothing, chains—your only sport, the lash—your only consolation, the scream of lunatics—your only hope, the GRAVE!" With these fiendish words he departed.

Thorner was for a time terror-stricken ; humanity seemed to leave him, and he feared that he was becoming indeed mad. Presently the blood mounted to his head, his face burnt—it seemed as though a flame of fire played round his eye-lids, and that he viewed objects through the smoke which it emitted. At last he roused himself sufficiently to uplift his voice, and he cried aloud, "Come back, wretch ! Hear me speak, Mainchance—fiend !—devil !"

"Who wants the devil ? I am at his elbow," said a voice close by. Thorner turned round, and saw standing near him, the same mysterious, awful being which had appeared to Mainchance !

Meantime our philosophical and eccentric friend, Barnaby, who always rose at daybreak, walked abroad to enjoy his morning cogitations, and spout Greek to the lark and flowers, also to snuff the fresh air, and eke some brown rappee. Nathless, his usually complacent mind appeared ill at ease ; for after his classical harangue was over, a thoughtful, not to say uneasy, shade dimmed his serene and benevolent brow, and he sighed aloud. One would have supposed an echo near, for he heard a response to the sigh, followed by a subdued murmur and a sob, like unto the bemoanings of a woman. The sound appeared to proceed from beyond a row of tall acacias near which Barnaby stood ; so he approached the spot, and looked to the right and to the left, to see what might be there, and beheld a fair young creature, not more than sixteen years old, struggling in the arms of the redoubtable Simon, who seemed to be making himself more familiar than agreeable.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners," ejaculated Barnaby. "Yon she is *sans* protector ; then will my father's son gird up his loins and smite in her defence." So saying, he bared his arm to the elbow, displaying sinews like ropes beneath. He took one huge pinch of snuff, he speculated one moment on the best mode of attack, then, like a lion roused from slumber, shook his sides, and flew to the scene of action.

"Safe ! *He* knows," shouted Simon, at Barnaby's approach. The next minute he was *non est inventus*.

Meanwhile the girl was so alarmed at Barnaby's sudden appearance and ferocious aspect, that she sunk in a swoon on the grass before him.

"Is this a *faint* or a *feint* ?" said Barnaby.

After this he stood stock still and as mute as a fish, patiently awaiting her recovery. Still she continued insensible, and he had ample time to gaze upon a set of features which rivetted his eyes more than did ever an ode of Homer in the original text. She was, in truth, a perfect little Venus, and withal so delicate and so fair, that she seemed a creature of imagination more than reality. Her dress was neat and simple, consisting of a plain grey silk frock, a row of coral round her neck, and a gipsy

hat tied with blue ribbons, from beneath which a fall of flaxen ringlets reposed gently upon her bosom.

"Sweet soul, I wish she'd recover," said Barnaby; and finding, after another minute had elapsed, she yet remained lifeless, he exclaimed, "Swoons—danger—death—coroner's inquests!" all the while capering about with affright. Suddenly he ceased his pancratical feats, and putting his finger to his nose, said, "Oh, oh! I have it at last; 'tis within the verge of probability that water may be serviceable here. At all events the classics authorise the notion, and I will now fathom its truth." Any but a wise man would have thought of this before: Barnaby's learning, however, did not mar the *execution* of his project, and as a rivulet hard by furnished the means, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing two blue eyes open, and shine upon him in gratitude for his pains. "May the universal Disposer of events be praised, and may he shower down blessings upon thee!" ejaculated Barnaby, with delight.

"Ah!" exclaimed his fair charge, gazing upon him and detecting benevolence of heart in his looks: "The wisher of that wish will, I am sure, befriend me. Simon, too, said that you knew all. In the name of mercy, then, assist me to find my father.

"Thy father! you have lost him, then?" said our hero.

"Yes, indeed I have; he has been absent from home all night," sobbed the girl.

"Ha! tell me his name, and be accurate in your manœuvres," said the Original.

"My name, stranger, is Jessy —"

"Enough," interrupted Barnaby; "thy sire is in safety, and anon will enclose you in his arms."

"You know my father?" said Jessy, inquiringly.

"A few," answered young Mainchance. "But say, have you any friend or relation to whom I can convey you until his return?"

"Not one in this place: but I have many dear and *near* relations, but they are *far distant*," replied Jessy.

"Ubiquitous souls!" said Barnaby.

Just then the twain were approached by Angelica, who wandered about the garden like a perturbed spirit; for though she had not recognized her father in one of the men who bore Thorner away, she justly surmised that he was concerned in the outrage, and in consequence she was afraid to venture in doors until sent for. Escape, it will be recollected, had been rendered impossible. At perceiving Barnaby actually smiling upon a woman, Angelica's sadness for a moment gave way to her naturally buoyant humour, and resting her fair hand upon his shoulder, she sportively whispered, "So, so, brother; Achilles has ceased to be invulnerable."

"Riddle-me riddle-me ree," said Barnaby.

"Pish! you understand me," pouted Angelica. "I have found you out at last. You *can* forsake philosophy for a petticoat."

"Petticoat! you mean a woman," returned her brother.

"To be sure I do; but pray introduce me to my future sister-in-law."

Though Barnaby was seldom guilty of a laugh, he made sundry efforts to force one on this occasion. But he urged his diaphragm in vain—the subject was too serious to tickle it. This set him reflecting; reflection produced absence of mind; and, forgetting what had happened, he was slowly leaving the spot without heeding Angelica's request, when the gentle Jessy, clasping her hands, besought him not to let her depart without seeing her father, and being assured of his safety.

"I cry you mercy," said Barnaby, returning; "thy wish shall be gratified in an hour. Meantime, remain in care of this young lady."

"Your sister," remarked Jessy.

"It's supposed to be," coincided Barnaby. "Angelica," he added, "take this fair young creature to your chamber, and there keep her like the apple of your eye. An hour hence bring her to the summer-house, where I impignorate my honour she shall see her father. I will explain all hereafter."

"Mysterious as usual, but I obey you," said his sister, kindly taking the hand of Jessy, who silently curtsied her thanks to Barnaby, and passed her arm through Angelica's. They were a lovely pair to look upon, and our hero felt as if his whole soul was drawn after them as they departed. If truth must out, Barnaby's heart was cut up like minced meat. He had waged war against marriage all his life in the cause of philosophy; and now felt inclined to desert his own colours, because, forsooth, a certain archer, named Cupid, of the adverse party, had chanced to hit him. Yes, gentle reader, Jessy's eyes pierced him through and through.

The sciences on one side, and a charming girl of sixteen on the other! Oh, it was awful! It was a predicament in which none could assist him but a woman—at least, so thought Barnaby. "Sister Angelica, come here," was the spontaneous effusion of his lips on this conviction.

Angelica returned, and inquired his wishes. Barnaby looked foolish, and replied, "Nothing."

Again Angelica turned to go, and again Barnaby mustered courage to recall her. "Teazer," said she, with playful petulance, "what would you?"

Barnaby placed one hand upon his breast and extended the other, erected his form, elongated his neck, winked, blushed, hemmed three times, and thus began. "The needle—the mariner's unerring guide across the trackless waters—after pointing, during a passage of hundreds of weary miles, with undeviating aim towards the north, no sooner arrives within a few leagues from the pole, than, like the breeze-governed weathercock, it veers capriciously aside, becomes shy of the consistency, inaccurate in its manœuvres, and flies from the very haven which before it seemed longing to reach. Thus may I typify myself. Such has been the mysterious and unaccountable vacillations of *my* resolves: ardent, determined on the attainment of knowledge, I rested my eye on its source, and set sail to reach it. The sea of cares which impeded, the storms which thwarted, and the winds of contrary doctrine which blew from every quarter, were insufficient to relax my gaze, though they played the devil with me; for I cheerfully tacked with the gale, shifted the yards, guided the helm, and keeping the north pole of my desires in sight, made a sure, though slow progress onwards." Here he paused.

"Well," said Angelica, "I know all this. You have already passed the frozen regions of doubt, and may safely calculate upon reaching the land of your hopes, as the wished-for port must now be visible."

"True," returned Barnaby, "and here my disquietudes should cease; but lo! like the loadstone, I have altered my course, and am now steering towards a directly opposite strand. Angelica, I saw, I admired, I loved! What must I do after this confession?"

"Restore young Love to freedom, and preserve your consistency," answered Angelica, archly.

"Go, saucy one; don't be quizzical. Yon lingering girl hath captivated me in the net of admiration. To me she appears guileless as heaven, and one whose young mind might be moulded at will. What thinkest thou?"

"You know, brother, I never saw her before; yet I confess that my heart is strangely inclined towards her, and I feel a confidence in the sweet simplicity of her looks that assures me of her purity. Yes, Barnaby, you may rely upon her virtue. She is as innocent as the air we inhale."

"Innocent as air? Air!—oxygen and nitrogen—separation—combustion—œcumenical destruction! However, I give thee credit for the intent of thy comparison. Shall I, then, wed the Jessy?"

"If you can make her love you—yes, by all means," said Angelica.

May I die if Barnaby did not kiss his sister when she had spoken. "Dear girl," said he, gaily, "thank you for this advice—it jumps with my own wishes. But you must teach me to make love; for though the abstruse languages are as familiar as household words to me, yet I am a stranger to the language of a lovesick heart."

"That heart will teach you itself. You have already become quite redundant, so fear not," returned Angelica.

"Then hie thee hence to Jessy, and bring her to me," said Barnaby, screwing his courage to the sticking-place.

His sister obeyed; and in a few moments brought back the wondering Jessy. The crisis was now big with fate. Barnaby essayed to speak, and succeeded in giving utterance to a murmur, but his heart failed him, and he could not modulate the sound into words. Angelica now took his hand by way of encouragement, and Jessy looked inquiringly on both. At length Barnaby, twisting his mug into something like a tender expression, said, "The patriarch Jacob toiled seven years for the hand of her he desired; I will do more, and sacrifice the labours of twenty years for thee. Maiden, the least imaginable fraction of a second is sufficient for me to decide upon my conduct in matters of the most vital interest, and as I could never for my life let a purpose grow cool, pardon the inaccuracy of my manœuvres, if I at once affirm that I love thee. Maiden, I stand upon the threshold of anxiety—what am I to hope?"

This extraordinary and unexpected declaration coming so suddenly from a perfect stranger, petrified poor Jessy, and in due course put her into such a fluster, that the little thing was bewitched, and bursting into tears, she leaned on Angelica's shoulder, and sobbed out, "Dear young lady; pray, pray explain the meaning of all this."

"Strange as it may appear," replied Angelica, "my brother really loves you. He is not one to trifle on such a subject, and a falsehood is his abhorrence. Therefore let me beg of you, in a calmer moment, to bestow some consideration upon his suit. I think I can recommend him as one who will ever prove constant."

"Of a verity I will, for never did the pure mirrors of poesy reflect the image of love more truly than doth my breast—never did painter feel a more fervid glow while contemplating the beautiful realities which he strives to imitate, than that which thrills my frame, and attunes my heart-strings to every soft emotion, while looking on thy seraphic face. Never did idolator sink in holier rapture before the glorious orb he adores, than I do now before thee, with the humble hope of winning a solitary word of kindness."

With these words the inspired Barnaby bent his head in lowly reverence, as if to a deity. We have once or twice noticed the philanthropic expression which our hero's sedate phiz was at times enabled to assume, owing to the connexion existing between it and the heart; but now his face indicated sentiments far loftier, that ennobled and stamped with truth every syllable he uttered. Jessy thought him quite handsome at the moment, but she knew not what to say or do, so she twiddled her curls, and twiddled her necklace.

Barnaby twiddled his thumbs.

At length Jessy. "This, sir, is a proposal so important, and so totally unlooked for, that I know not in what manner to reply; in addition to which I am as yet scarcely more than a child, and unable to decide on so momentous an occasion; spare me, then, I beg from saying more—I do not know my own heart."

"Examine it, dear girl, and see what of esteem for my brother is there," interposed Angelica; who, it should be observed, was ignorant of the duration of her brother's and Jessy's acquaintance.

"I certainly feel grateful for his kindness in relieving my fears this morning," returned Jessy, becoming distressed, "but (to reduce immateriality into matter,) the new-born sentiment can only consist of a few grains of esteem,—perhaps but of a few atoms."

"Atoms?" repeated Barnaby. "Consolidation—mass—a world."

"Hence you would infer that a few atoms of esteem may possibly form a world of love? Well, well; talk to my father on the subject, and permit me to retire," said Jessy, faintly.

Her request was seconded by Angelica, who whispered her lovelorn brother, that Jessy's words certainly conveyed some encouragement; on which he clasped his hands, and exclaimed, as his enthraller once more quitted him, "Fair fall thee, gentle one, whether thou art mine or not, and hallowed be holden the hour when first thine eyes flashed back the light they so much resemble."

"I say, you Barnaby, what are you up to?" exclaimed Mainchance, at that moment coming up.

"Star gazing!" said Barnaby.

"Or *eye* gazing—which?" rejoined his father; "I'll swear I saw a petticoat."

"Each act smells of the same nosegay, I believe. I'm supposed to be in love," said Barnaby, rising from his knees.

"Heaven defend us! But she is rich, mayhap?" cried Mainchance, with mingled dismay and expectation.

"Infinitely," said Barnaby; his lip slightly curling.

"That's a good boy; has she proved favourable? Did she do the condescending?" asked the sire.

"A few," rejoined the son.

Mainchance was now satisfied, and proceeded to tell Barnaby of the last night's occurrences; adding an apology for leaving him out of the affair, which he affirmed he should not have done, but that he feared an opposition to his designs. Barnaby's brow lowered like a thunder cloud at this piece of intelligence, and he was on the point of denouncing the proceedings altogether, when Jedekiah, anticipating a rebuke, said, "I don't bargain for any comments on my conduct; all I want is your opinion concerning the matter."

"As very bad; and your manner of acting has not mended it. However, as Thorner will not give up the will, we must look to our own safety. Let us to the summer-house, and summon your father, Lucifer."

Mainchance, in terror, resisted this proposition for some time, but ultimately suffered himself to be persuaded, and accompanied Barnaby to the appointed spot, where he commenced repeating his creed backwards; but before getting over half-a-dozen words, the Devil was at his elbow.

"*Bon jour*," said his majesty.

"Good morning—good morning," stuttered Jedekiah. "I've come to—"

"Don't mention it; I know what you want," said the Deuce. "Your affairs are desperate, and require strong remedies. You must murder Thorner."

"The devil!" exclaimed Barnaby.

"I didn't bargain for this," cried Jedekiah.

"You don't like the plan, then," rejoined Old Nick.

"No more than you do holy water," said Mainchance. "And, now I think of it, I can dispense with your assistance altogether. Barnaby

tells me he is going to marry a girl of fortune ; so Alfred may take his few dirty hundreds, and I shall be out of that scrape. I say you, do you catch the idea?"

"Dolt!" roared the spirit; "you little think of what else is hanging over your head."

"Phu! phu! ph—u!" whistled Jedekiah, contemptuously.

"You may whistle till your fingers are cold, but 'there are irons heating shall hiss in your heart's blood ere long.' What will you think when I say that Barnaby will soon discover that he is not your son?"

"It's false!" screamed Mainchance, staggering. "It's an infernal lie!"

"It's the infernal truth," said Satan, calmly.

"How!" vociferated Barnaby, roused beyond his usual quiet nature.

"Even so," returned the dreadful being; and, in continuation, stated that when Jedekiah's master died, his wife Deborah was then pregnant, on which account the old man made a will, bequeathing all his property to his unborn infant, in the event of Deborah ever marrying again. "But," continued the fiend, "my excellent disciple (who had all along resolved to marry his mistress, when a widow) was too well versed in my arts to be foiled thus, and proposed to Deborah that they should be wedded immediately after her late husband's funeral, to which she consented, and made every preparation for the event; when, behold ye! her over-fatigue brought on premature labour."

"That's an anomaly. *Over labour usually brings on premature fatigue,*" interrupted the matter-of-fact Barnaby.

The Devil grinned and proceeded. "I am weaving no fiction. Large bribes, however, bought the nurse and midwife to silence. The marriage ceremony was safely got over; *you were then allowed to be born*, because, in the eyes of the law, you would be reckoned *Jedekiah's child*, and he be permitted to sack your cash."

"The devil! This must be inquired into, sir," said Barnaby, waxing exceeding wroth.

"I see, I see that I am ruined without your aid," cried Jedekiah, in an agony. "Propose what you will, and I will agree to it."

"Sign this, then," said the Devil, producing a parchment. "It contains a confession and synopsis of all your backslidings, and a promise that if I release you from their consequences, you will in return—" he whispered the rest.

"I agree—O agony! I agree. Give me the deed," articulated Mainchance.

"Stay; we must have a witness. And, by my power, there stands one near the window." The two mortals looked round and saw Simon passing. He was called in—the document was signed and attested, and Satan thrust it into his bosom. "And now," said he, "mark me; we have been one hour in this place, two more shall not pass before—Great God, whence come you? Form of beatitude, what thy purpose? Is my hour come? Am I at length to be joined with thee in heaven?"

These frantic exclamations quite mystified the persons present, and they looked about them for the cause, but saw nothing besides Angelica and Jessy, who had that instant entered. Before they had time to make inquiries, their attention was again fixed by the fiend, who with one hand caught Angelica's wrist, and with the other clutched Jedekiah's throat, whilst he said, "By every thing, good or evil, I conjure you to tell me who is this celestial maiden."

"And who are you that dare inquire," cried Mainchance, all his audacity coming to aid him.

"MARTIN ARMSTRONG," returned the mock fiend, throwing off his wig, and displaying a respectable grey head beneath.

Jedekiah was again aback, but once more summoning up his effrontery, he exclaimed, "Then, Martin Armstrong, have the goodness to leave my house. This young woman is my daughter."

"Scoundrel, be accurate in your manœuvres! She's the devil's own imp. That is, she's the child of her own father, Martin Armstrong, without knowing it; but 'tis a wise child that knoweth its true parent, as I have myself experienced."

Long before Barnaby had concluded these few sentences, Angelica was closely clasped in her father's arms, who rapturously exclaimed, "Powers on high, I thank thee! My child then is not dead! The precious relic, the image of my first love, still lives to bless me! Angelica, Angelica, I am thy father!"

Angelica raised her angel eye, and threw her arms round his neck, but spoke not. Jessy was in tears, as she knelt to kiss the hand of her new found sister—for Armstrong was the father about whom she had been so anxious. Barnaby extended his hands above the sweet girl's head, and silently breathed a benediction upon it; whilst Mainchance looked on, dumb and confounded. The little oddities and peculiarities which characterized this man's manner and phraseology, were in early life entirely assumed, the more effectually to deceive his clients, in respect to his real character. Long use had, however, made these expressions natural; but, now that affairs stared him in the face with so frightful a front, he shook off every assumption, and stood forth the bold, the crafty, the unmasked villain. "Arrogant, presuming wretches," he exclaimed, "think not to triumph over me. Remember I am still in possession of what you covet, and will defend them to the last. Few can outwit me in law; term after term shall your suits be thrown over, and happy may ye deem yourselves, if your *grandchildren* gain their rights."

"Liar, thou art caught in thine own toils. Remember a certain parchment which you signed. Remember the confession it contains regarding the wrongs of Thorner and Barnaby," said Armstrong with exultation. "And now it is time to summon the injured Alfred to confront you. Come forth," he added in a louder tone.

In answer to this summons the opposite wall yawned in the faces of all present, and from the aperture Alfred Thorner stepped into the room.

"Eternal curses on you all!" screamed Mainchance, making a spring towards the door; but Simon caught him with a tiger's gripe, and pinned him to a chair.

"You are *safe* now, you seven-times distilled old rogue. My dear Martin, what shall be done with him?" said Simon.

"Take him before a magistrate, cousin; but ere we do so, let each one here relate what he knows of the rascal's tricks, that we may lay them together, and form one narrative of the whole, to save trouble."

This was done, and the chain of events thus brought to light were as follows. When Martin Armstrong quitted England, he had two heavy charges upon him—an infant daughter and a chancery suit, (to gain possession of a large estate, real and personal, out of which he had been wronged when a boy). Expecting speedily to return, and fearful of his child's health, he committed both into the care of his co-trustee, Mainchance, and proceeded to America, from whence he unhappily wrote word, that but for his interests and ties at home he should have remained there for ever, owing to his prosperity and partiality for the place. Now was Jedekiah's time; he went forthwith to old Davis, the holder of Armstrong's property, (an unhealthy but covetous man,) and offered to suffer judgment to go against his client, provided that he, the holder would sell him the house and grounds at a nominal price, and would execute a contract to leave the whole funded property to Mainchance when he died. This negociation succeeded, and to aid Jedekiah's plans, the

only child he ever had, which was a girl about six months old, died of the small-pox, and, with intuitive sagacity, he gave it out that his little ward was the sufferer. Armstrong, in consequence, received information of both losses in one letter, which so affected him that he determined never more to set foot in England.

Years now rolled on ; Armstrong again married, again had a daughter, and was again left a widower. At this period, to his surprise he, for the first time, heard that Mainchance was living in the house of his fathers ; and although he was likewise told such was the case by right of purchase, yet he suspected something wrong ; to fathom which he persuaded an honest but poor relation of his second wife to visit England, and get into the lawyer's employ, to learn, if possible, the truth of matters. This was Simon, who under a disadvantageous exterior, possessed many good qualities and much information, and who succeeded so well, that he soon learnt the circumstances relating to Thorner and Barnaby, which he immediately transmitted to Armstrong. From a strong desire of seeing justice done, and likewise repenting having taken up arms against his native country, the merchant, after his interview with Alfred, before related, converted his plantations into money, and with his daughter escaped to England. Shortly afterwards Thorner also returned, being the bearer of secret intelligence to government, and when Armstrong found that the youth's application to Mainchance had failed, he felt assured that an open demand from him would be equally unfortunate, and so resolved to employ artifice to expose the lawyer, rather than engage him with his own weapon, the law, in which he was favoured by an unlooked for circumstance. Mainchance House, as it was called, had been built in Queen Mary's time, by some of the persecuted Protestants, who, in case of danger, caused private passages to be constructed within its massy walls, leading from all parts of the house underground to the hollow rock, or grotto in the garden. In process of time the secret became lost, until the prying eyes of Simon discovered a crack in the wainscot one day, and following up the search he found out the whole concern. In a week afterwards the former tenant, Davies, died—having much outlived the time which Mainchance had anticipated—and his wealth came to our renowned lawyer, who was thus compelled to tell Barnaby all about Angelica, in order to account for his sudden influx of riches, and proposed, as a bribe for secrecy, to make Angelica marry some wealthy old man, and cheat her of her dower in Barnaby's favour ; an offer which Barnaby resolved never to accept. That same day, Armstrong made his first appearance as the devil, (having already provided phosphorus with every other requisite,) and made propositions which he knew would furnish proofs sufficient to gain his ends, if acceded to by Mainchance ; his reason for planning Thorner's arrest is therefore obvious. He, however, did not escape so well as he anticipated, for Barnaby had been too wary a watcher not to perceive his mode of egress through the pannel, and having waited till the room was clear, our philosopher courageously followed, and detected Armstrong as he retreated. An eclclaircissement of course ensued, and they parted ; Barnaby, with a determination of making his supposed father do justice without being exposed to the world. When Armstrong reached the grotto, he was alarmed to find Mainchance and Simon in the garden, which obliged him to retire and lie perdue till morning ; but this proved a lucky circumstance, as the accident enabled him to release Thorner.

The gentle Jessie Armstrong, having been made acquainted with her father's designs, naturally felt alarmed at his protracted absence, and dreading some accident, she nerved herself to hazard every danger in the attempt to see him, should he have been detected. Luckily Simon met her in the grounds, and though astounded at hearing of Armstrong's non-

appearance, he endeavoured to dissuade her from her rash attempt. More convinced than ever that her father was in peril, Jessy strove to force her way towards the house, and Simon, with the best intentions, held her back by main strength. At that moment Barnaby first saw her, and Simon fled to find out Armstrong.

Our hero's comprehensive mind amply appreciated the extent of affection which dictated this filial act in one so young, and he said to himself, "What a wife she would make!" Hence his anxiety to gain her.

Although Barnaby had wished to save his father from disgrace, yet when Mainchance intimated that he had actually executed the arrest of Thorner, our hero was so much shocked, that he suffered affairs to take their own course.

This long catalogue of crime produced an indescribable effect upon its hearers, and they unanimously assented to the justice of dragging its author before the public tribunals. "Go," said Armstrong to Simon, "bring the constables immediately, meanwhile we will keep guard over the culprit. Now, villain," continued he, turning to Mainchance, but he paused and started with horror; the false friend—the defrauder—the forger—the wronger of orphans—the sinner—was *dead*! A conflict of overwhelming passions had, during the narration of his misdeeds, hurried him to the footstool of an eternal Judge!

Six months afterwards a crowd was assembled in the parish church to view a double wedding. Barnaby, being indubitably the lawyer's heir, had restored to a fraction all that was due to Armstrong and Thorner, reserving nothing more for himself than what he of right inherited from his true father, out of which he allowed his mother an annual stipend. This upright and voluntary act won him golden opinions from Jessy: Angelica, too, pleaded his cause with Armstrong. She told of his kindness to her on all occasions. She repeated the instructions by which he had ennobled her heart and exalted her mind, and she related that even when obliged by Mainchance to chide, his rebukes went forth so gently that they were more like the kind admonishments of a father than the reproaches of an alien.

"Such a man," said Armstrong, in reply, "may safely be entrusted with my daughter's happiness."

"But will Jessy say so too?" said Barnaby.

Jessy, with an irradiation on the cheek, and a wave on the lip, softly laid her hand on his—which was just the same as a person saying, "this is my hand and deed," when signing a contract.

Barnaby pressed it to his lips, and said, "This, then, will amply compensate for the loss of affluence; for a good wife is the crown of a man's head, and my future study shall be thy happiness. Then, Jessy, then shall I bask in the sunshine of thine eye; then shall thy sister still address me as brother; and then, too, shall Heaven, for thy sake, forbear to visit the sins of my fathers upon my head."

Peace to thee, Barnaby: I knew thee well;—I wore thee in esteem, and would fain have done justice to thy harmless peculiarities. Thou wert a strange but a good creature. The poor found in thee a father, the rich a friend; the beggar knocked with confidence at thy door, and the worm securely crossed thy path. Thy wife,—ah! how thou lovedst her!—how she loved thee! But here let me close, and confess, that however I may strive to paint thy likeness and thy manifold excellencies, the sketch will fall far short of *THE ORIGINAL*.

ON THE SYSTEM AND WRITINGS OF ROBERT OWEN OF LANARK.

THE political economists of the present day bid fair to rival the metaphysicians of an earlier period, both as to their numbers, the quantity of their works, and the diversity of the theories which they recommend, as certain to insure the prosperity of that government that may put them into practice. We hardly know whether or not we should place in their ranks the subject of our present remarks; for though in the strict sense of the term, as his whole life has been employed in lecturing and writing on government, he may justly be called a political economist; yet he has always evinced in his doctrines a most dignified contempt and disregard of imports, exports, currency, &c. which form the subject matter of all works professing to investigate the principles of the science called Political Economy. Mr. Owen's reasons for treating these matters of detail as beneath consideration, are these,—that he and his disciples are fully convinced that by the adoption of the system, (the principles of which we now proceed to lay before our readers,) they will be rendered themselves unnecessary, for the world will then be restored to

“ Those happier days
That poets celebrate, those golden times,
Or those Arcadian scenes, that Maro sings,
Or Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.”

The doctrine of the Owenites, although it has been for some years past preached in many parts of the kingdom by its founder, does not appear to have attained to the same degree of celebrity, or interest, which has been excited in France by a sect whose principles, on many subjects, are in accordance with their own: we allude to the St. Simonians. But as our Gallic neighbours still possess the same love of novelty, and that inordinate craving for excitement, however produced, which the acute observation of Tacitus pronounces to be the characteristic of their forefathers, to this we must refer, as the cause of the doctrines of St. Simon attaining to such a degree of importance in that country, that the government considered it necessary, for the preservation of order, to prohibit their further promulgation. Here, on the contrary, Mr. Owen's party is, and always will be, very small; for, with the exception of his few proselytes among this “*most thinking people*,” his doctrine appears to excite but very little attention. The most indulgent of his dispassionate hearers consider his discourses, however ingeniously argued, and eloquently delivered, but as the dreams of an enthusiastic and overheated imagination.

Mr. Owen and his disciples designate themselves, an association for removing ignorance, poverty, and crime, and have established a regular course of public lectures, which he delivers himself, and there is generally a numerous attendance; yet we believe there are but few who are acquainted with the exact nature of the system, by the adoption of which Mr. Owen boldly promises that “all uncharitableness between man and man will cease; all pride and contest for superiority will terminate; all desire to take advantage will no longer exist; and the means will become obvious by which confidence, kindness, and every good feeling may be made to pervade the whole population; in short, by this exchange, every man will become a new being, with new powers, capacities, feelings, and desires; he will be indeed regenerated, and his mind will be born again.

He will be a being formed, governed, and influenced in all his actions by reason, instead of being formed, governed, and influenced by imagination." And still fewer are acquainted with the means by which Mr. Owen proposes to accomplish this extraordinary change in human nature. Previous to entering upon this, it may not be amiss to sketch briefly the outline of Mr. Owen's life, and to trace the causes which appear to have induced him to spring up as a reformer of mankind.

A severe and protracted illness, during his childhood, left him entirely to his own resources for amusement. Naturally thoughtful, fond of reading, and thrown among books of a metaphysical tendency, he puzzled himself with some of those abstruse subtleties which have baffled wiser heads for ages; the love of these studies "grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength;" and when, in his maturer years, he passed from the dreams of philosophers and moralists to the realities of the world, it is not surprising that a young and visionary mind should be bitterly disappointed. Finding much evil, both moral and physical, upon the earth, he determined to reject at once the authority and experience of all past ages, and to form a system of ethics of his own. The result has been a plan for an entirely new state of society, completely removed from all the principles of reason and experience. The first part of his system, which he attempted to put into execution, was a new plan of education. Judging that the human character is formed at a very early age, he determined to commence his instruction as soon as possible, and it is to him that the world is indebted for the idea of the infant schools. This, and indeed the greater part of his method of instruction, was tried at Lanark, more than thirty years ago, and having been attended with partial success, he was encouraged to carry his system farther. He asserted "that he would educate any individual to be either a cannibal, a Gentoo, a demon, or an angel; and wished the world to adopt a new system of society and Utopian form of government: he told them he had discovered two sciences hitherto unknown, that of education, and that of society." His language was good, and some of his reasoning plausible: he had two or three audiences with the ministers of that day, but they pronounced his schemes visionary and impracticable.

In 1822, Mr. Owen went to Dublin and gave public lectures, but without gaining many proselytes. In America he was more fortunate; he established a sort of settlement at New Harmony; and at Cincinnati he disputed with the Rev. Mr. Campbell on the truth of revelation. A little time after his return to England the existing authorities of the Mexican republic, being struck with the novelty of his plan, offered to appoint him governor of the province of Texas, and Mr. Owen accordingly went to Mexico. But a revolution taking place shortly afterward, his golden dreams and schemes of government vanished, and he found himself somewhat in the situation of Sancho Panza, after his short reign in Barataria. Since his return he has exerted himself strongly to gain converts in this country, and more especially in the metropolis; the ex-governor of Texas has also been indefatigable in publishing lectures, containing the principles of his system, at a low price, to ensure their extensive circulation.

Mr. Owen's appearance and manner are decidedly in his favour: a commanding person, an expressive countenance indicating great mental power,—the peculiar smoothness and almost sweetness of his voice, the fine choice of language, the mathematical arrangement of his arguments, the energy of his style, and the roundness of his sentences, form a beautiful but sad contrast to the utter impracticability of his plans and visionary absurdity of his schemes. It is, indeed, both wonderful and the melancholy, to see those powers which nobody will deny him, and that accurate and even practical knowledge of human nature, which part of

his lectures but too plainly indicates, rendered indeed worse than useless, by the adoption of that strange theory—the perfectibility of human nature—a theory based on sophistry and shallow metaphysics, and one that every age and every nation, since the commencement of history, has proved to be futile, and which was first brought into notice by the writings of Turgot, Price, and Priestley, and afterwards found a more able, but not more successful, advocate in Condorcet. But notwithstanding the attractiveness of a great part of his doctrines to that portion of society who are naturally inclined to a new distribution of property—notwithstanding the natural and acquired advantages of the promulgator, and his assiduous zeal in the cause he advocates, we believe that the number of real Owenites is very small. Thus, now, in the double capacity of lecturer and writer, Mr. Owen stands forth to the world and declares that he can bring about “a new state of society, in which there will be no necessity for religion, for individual responsibility, for artificial rewards and punishments, for private property, for commercial competition, for inequality of rank or condition, or marriages on the principles on which marriages have been hitherto solemnized: and yet there will be perfect obedience to the immutable laws of nature; no motive created to tempt to the commission of any crime; no poverty, nor the least apprehension of it, a beneficial interchange of commodities; no desire to possess individual wealth, honour, or privilege, not common to the human race; no prostitution, but pure chastity, and universal good, and charitable feelings.”
Lecture 4.

With Mr. Owen's religious opinions, as an individual, we have nothing to do; they are, we believe, very similar to that sect of philosophers who were anciently called Pantheists, or in other words, who believed that the universe was the Deity, and that all is governed by the laws of an immutable necessity. Mr. Owen is, we believe, the first man who has boldly followed the doctrine of necessity to its evident result, namely, the non-existence of individual responsibility, and the consequent absurdity of all rewards, and injustice, not to say cruelty, of all punishments. In this new state of society we are to get rid of two of the learned professions—the church and the law—and, in a subsequent lecture, (No. 12,) Mr. Owen declares his intention of doing the same with that of physic, and making every man his own doctor. We have heard it said “that a man who is his own physician has a fool for a patient;” but putting aside this, we should wish to be informed whether the science of surgery, certainly not the least important, is to be dispensed with, or how is it to be studied in this modern Utopia, when all the professions are done away with. A more plain diet, exercise, and more natural habits, may perhaps decrease the number and virulence of diseases, but the universal adoption of steam engines and machinery, which Mr. Owen proposes for all purposes to which they can be applied, will increase the number of accidents, and the unfortunate victims must be mangled, tortured, and probably killed, by the clumsy dabblers in a science which requires a deep study, practice, and skill, not possible of attainment by the Jack-of-all-trades, that every member of this society must necessarily become. Private property is the next thing that is proposed to be abolished in toto. Thus personal profit, by which industry is rewarded, and man consequently civilized, in Mr. Owen's new state of society is to be annulled. The individual is to be no longer benefited by his ingenuity or his perseverance; every thing is to be distributed equally to the community at large; no difference is to be made between industry and idleness, wisdom and folly; and man, having no motive for activity, will sink into indolence. This is the effect, which we apprehend the abolition of all private property would have in this new system; but inculcating this principle in the present state of this country, and to an audience many of whom are too illiterate to

judge of its value, as a part of an entirely different order of things, is much more dangerous. They look upon it as giving them a right to take from the rich and appropriate to themselves whenever they shall acquire the power to do so. And we are warranted in saying this, by having heard a man at the door of the Co-operative Institution talking pretty loudly about landed property. The proprietor, he contended, got it originally by fighting for it, and the question to ask was, "Will you fight for it now?" It is true that Mr. Owen himself is far from encouraging this sort of feeling, and disclaims the use of any violence in the propagation of his opinions; but it should be recollected, that such has been the profession at first of all parties and sects, whether political or religious; and so long as they continued weak, they have preached moderation and tolerance, but as soon as they gained strength, they have not hesitated to enlist force instead of reason on their side, and, forgetting their former doctrines of mercy and charity, to adopt every sort of violence and injustice, from the political disqualification or paltry fine, to the refined tortures of the inquisition.

Now, if Mr. Owen were to convince any large number of people that private property was a robbery of the public, which the prescription of many hundreds of years was not enough to justify, we much doubt whether these people would quietly wait to persuade the proprietors that they had no right to that which they held by the laws of the land and the custom of ages; and we doubt also whether Mr. Owen would find it easy to induce them so to do; and we are so uncharitable as to think that some of his disciples would, like the man before-mentioned, ask, "Will you fight for it now?" It is true that the Shakers, and the German followers of the Messrs. Rapps, in America, have attempted arrangements very like those which Mr. Owen proposes, but their communities are too recent and insignificant to be taken as an example.

In this state of society, we are told there is to be no commercial competition; of this, indeed, there was no occasion to inform us, since we are already aware that there will be nothing to compete for. But it would by no means be difficult to show many advantages which daily result to the world from competition, whether in trade or other things. Thus also we are to have no inequality of rank or condition: how this is to be effected does not appear to us very obvious; but putting aside the natural inequality of powers, both bodily and mental, which must ever exist, we find in the most democratic of republics that one or more magistrates have always been invested with the executive authority for a certain time, and subject to certain restrictions. Besides, in a state of society like that which Mr. Owen proposes, we should think that the exercise of some such authority would be doubly required; for as all are to perform a certain portion of labour, and as the usual incentives to exertion, such as the want of the necessaries of life, a love of its luxuries, or the desire of gain, are no longer to exist, there will be the more need of some individuals to direct the labours of others, so that a disproportionate number might not be employed in the production of one article, to the neglect of another equally or perhaps more necessary to the comforts or even the very existence of the community. It is, indeed, surprising that a lover of social order, and one who is so methodical in his plans as to wish us all to live in parallelograms instead of villages and towns, should have totally omitted to provide any means for regulating the labour of any two thousand persons, who are to form a separate and distinct society, and to produce a sufficiency of every thing necessary to supply their own reasonable wants. Marriage is the next thing which is to be abolished in the new state of society. We are told not to be alarmed at this, "for marriages without the right of separation under certain conditions on the part of each of the individuals united, is a species

of private property in persons of a most objectionable character ;" and that when people are properly educated in the new system, they will feel no desire to avail themselves of the liberty which this arrangement will give them, but they will remain constant and attached to the first object of their love to the end of their lives. In that case, it may be fairly asked, Why then give them this liberty which is to be of no use to them? But we are inclined to doubt the great virtue and constancy of mankind, when freed from all the restraints of religion, and from all ideas of responsibility here or hereafter. Even all these ties combined, have been found too slight to fix "the changeful passions of man's breast." And what is there to effect this, when all these are taken away? Is the law alone to be sufficient? Is it reasonable to suppose that this sentiment will be more intense, and more refined, among a people all of whom will be partially occupied in producing the necessaries of life, than it has ever been in the most civilised and polished societies of ancient or modern times? And even Mr. Owen does not seem inclined to go quite so far as the generality of the St. Simonians, who recommend a community of property in that as well as in other matters. To such a state of things we may well say,

—————"Sensus moresque repugnant,
Atque ipsa utilitas, justi propè mater et æqui."

It is true, indeed, that Mr. Owen proposes to obviate the objection, which is most commonly made to allowing the voluntary separation of husband and wife, namely, that the education of the children, which almost always devolves upon the mother, would be neglected, or left to chance—he intends to make them, like all other things, public property.

Children are therefore to be torn from their parents as soon as Nature can bear such a separation; a violation of the first ties of nature which were respected even by Mahomet, who particularly forbids this barbarity even in the case of slaves and captives, but which in this enlightened age seem to be alike despised in the practice of the Emperor Nicholas, and in the theories of Robert Owen. The children are to be placed in infant schools, where they will remain until they are about five years old, when they will be sent to another progressive school; at ten they will again be removed to one of a still higher description; and when they arrive at the age of fourteen, they will enter their fourth and last, where they will complete their education. During the whole of this course of study, the two sexes will be allowed to mix together indiscriminately—a method we should think more likely to improve them in the knowledge of *natural philosophy* than in the principles of the arts and sciences, or their relative duties as members of society.

Can any other person be so interested in the education of the child as its parents? or is he so likely to feel that love and respect which ensures obedience, to a stranger, as to those to whom he is linked by the strongest ties of blood? But Mr. Owen means to do away with all this, and when he publishes his code of the laws of nature, he will probably, like the author of a certain philosophical satire, give us a list of such as are exploded and obsolete, and will doubtlessly include in this number the mutual affections of parents and children. The husband and wife, or rather the pair of human animals, will by no means live together; a large parallelogram, or quadrangle, one thousand feet square, and calculated to hold about eighteen hundred or two thousand persons, is to be substituted for our present separate habitations; nor will any be suffered to live in towns, villages, or detached houses. Each is to have two rooms on the first or second floor; the third will be appropriated to the children, who will also perform some of the menial and domestic duties. The inhabitants of each side of this quadrangle will mess together in a sort of

refectory in the centre ; and at the corners will be the four schools already alluded to. By this system, which destroys all family ties and endearments, we are told that mutual love will be promoted and ensured. The causes which are to produce this constancy do not, however, seem very apparent ; and as it has never been tried, Mr. Owen cannot appeal to the evidence of experience. The power of separating at pleasure will encourage caprice and wilfulness, and in the life that they will lead, partly joined and partly divided, there will be no time for that calm and lasting sentiment of wedded affection to arise, which now crowns the happiness of virtuous love, and, surviving the more intense and fiery passion that gave rise to it, throws its cheerful and steady light round the evening of their declining years. How far this system, by which children are to be severed from their parents, and husbands and wives no longer be allowed to live together, has a right to boast that "it will be in perfect obedience to the immutable laws of Nature," we leave to every thinking man to determine.

We are next told, "that no motive will be created to tempt to the commission of any crime." One would suppose that this was going beyond all human power, inasmuch as all the passions implanted in man at his birth must be extinguished, and a new order of nature given to the world to suit Mr. Owen's arrangements. But we are promised "that all poverty, or the least apprehension of it," is to cease in this new state of society. It strikes us that this is more than Mr. Owen, or any other visionary, is able to perform. We can clearly understand that if every individual worked at some useful employment ; if all the people who at present do nothing ; and if the still greater number who are employed in frivolous occupations, to create useless superfluities for the gratification of luxury, vanity, and fancy, were occupied in agriculture, there would be a great increase of the necessities of life ; but as these became cheap and easy to obtain, the population would become more numerous, and in a few generations provisions would again become scarce, and Poverty, with all her attendant horrors, would re-appear.

There is to be no desire to possess individual wealth, honour, or privilege, not common to the human race ! But here again our nature must be changed in its first principles, before any individuals can be produced so totally different from the present race of men ; and notwithstanding the extreme licentiousness this system would openly tolerate, we are told that "there is to be no prostitution, but the most pure chastity, and universal good, and charitable feelings." This superior state of society is to arise from the application to practice of a knowledge of the laws of human nature, and the experience of the past history of mankind, which will effect an entire change of the existing ignorant and vicious circumstances now allowed to form the character and influence the conduct of all men, for intelligent, virtuous, and altogether superior arrangements, in which it is supposed that all succeeding generations shall be placed "from birth to death." When Rousseau wrote his "*Emilie*," and laid down principles very much analogous to these, he candidly confessed that he did not believe they could ever be acted upon. He knew that it was impossible to govern the chain of ever varying circumstances, which are to influence the child from its earliest infancy. "*Trifles light as air*," which we hardly perceive, and over which we have not and can never possibly have the slightest control, form what Pope would call the leading passions of the individual, which are in action, long ere we can take any measures to counteract them, perhaps while he is yet in his cradle ; and if man can have so small an influence over the circumstances which are to guide the next generation, how can Mr. Owen, with any show of reason, hope to make arrangements which shall affect all succeeding generations, "from birth to death."

But the plan of education is not the most novel or extraordinary part of Mr. Owen's code; he intends that the child should have a general knowledge of the three kingdoms of nature, geography, and "a general acquaintance with the laws of gravitation, attraction, &c., the elements of chemistry, and geometry, and of numbers," before he is taught reading, writing, or the rules of arithmetic. How all this is to be accomplished we are not told, and we are at a loss to conceive by what precocity of genius a child is to attain to any one of these sciences, when those who have devoted their lives to study, have by intense labour, rarely become proficient in more than one or two of them; while the glory of benefiting the world by new discoveries has generally been reserved for those who have concentrated all the powers of their minds upon a single science. The fact that men possessing much superficial knowledge, though extremely agreeable in general society, are rarely found useful to the world, forms one of the strongest objections which can be raised against a system of education which proposes to teach the rudiments of every art and science, but none perfectly. For if they who have devoted almost every hour of their existence to these pursuits have only succeeded in a few, how then are we to suppose that those will be more fortunate who can merely give to study a few of their early years, and in after life some hours of leisure?

These appear to be the principal points upon which Mr. Owen proposes to establish his new system of society. Now when a man desires to change the existing laws, manners, and customs of the world, it is, as he himself confesses, incumbent upon him to show cause why he should do so, and to prove that those which he proposes to establish are superior to those which he wishes to abolish. That Mr. Owen has been very far from proving this great point we think few will be disposed to deny; nor can the mind imagine for a moment that a beneficent and omnipotent Being has created man merely the "animal bipes implume" of the schoolmen, and left it to Mr. Owen to make him rational. But we can pardon the vanity which induces him to tell us that his system is the only rational one that has ever been offered to mankind, because we know that modesty has seldom been the failing of those who have had a taste for reforming the world. After a fair and candid examination of this system, we do not hesitate to predict that the Owenites will share the fate of the Illuminati, the St. Simonians, and the other sects who, like them, have founded their system upon principles at variance with the eternal and unchanging laws of nature; which, however they may be outraged for a time, will always prevail in the end over the commands of princes, the decrees of senates, or even the lectures of Mr. Owen.

But in saying this, we are far from wishing to compare Mr. Owen with Adam Weipshampt, with St. Simon, or any other of the impostors or charlatans, who have served their own purposes under the mask of philanthropy; for we think him to be sincere in his professions, and a true believer in his own thesis. We know him to be humane, generous, and liberal, nor do we impute to him any views of personal aggrandizement. But in this time of distress and political excitement, when a large portion of the people seem inclined to go beyond what the most liberal of their leaders would desire, we regret to see a man of the talents and information of Mr. Owen adding fuel to the flame, by preaching doctrines any thing but calculated to produce that harmony, peace, and good will, which he appears so desirous to establish.

“ IS IT TIME ? ” OR, THE HEROINE OF THE TYROL.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

MY regiment was quartered in the ancient town of Trent from the year 1806, when the Tyrol was annexed to the realm of Bavaria, until 1809; and the latter part of this period will ever exist in my recollection, as the most eventful epoch I have hitherto encountered.

The Bavarian sway, as is well known, was exceedingly unpopular throughout the newly-incorporated country; and, in consequence, our sojourn was none of the pleasantest: in fact, for a long time we were sedulously *cut* by the inhabitants of Trent and its neighbourhood; and when at length they condescended to notice us at all, it was most frequently to pick a quarrel, and to *show their teeth* at least, if they dared not *bite*.

It will readily be imagined, that this state of things was particularly irksome to a party chiefly consisting of young officers eager in the pursuit of diversion, and wearied with the monotony of a garrison life. We were compelled to contract our enjoyments within a very narrow circle, which almost prohibited the chance of variety; when, one evening, after a jovial mess, it was proposed by two or three of the most volatile amongst us, that we should, at any risk, *assist* at a *soirée* which we had heard was to be given the same night, at a mansion within a mile or two of the town. This mad-headed project was adopted—despite the remonstrances of the more sober and reflecting of our *cloth*—by myself and some half dozen other swaggering, or rather *staggering* youths, who modestly deemed themselves the *élite* of his Bavarian Majesty's — regiment of light dragoons.

Amidst continued and boisterous merriment at the idea of a Tyrolese *assemblée*, we pursued our route, and reaching the château, penetrated, ere the wonder-stricken domestic had time to announce us, into the principal *salon*, which, to our surprise, was filled with a company apparently as well-dressed and well-bred as might on an average be found at the *conversazioni* of Munich itself. Our sudden and unexpected presence seemed to paralyze the whole assemblage; and many eyes were turned upon us as glaring as those of Tybalt at the intrusion of the hostile Montagues. As in that instance, however, so now, the host—a benevolent and sensible man—betook himself to soften matters; and politely advancing, both welcomed and invited us to sit. We had prepared ourselves for every circumstance save one—which one was precisely that I have just related. We should infallibly, flushed as we were with wine, have persisted in exchanging some chit-chat with the country belles, even had we been subsequently obliged to retreat, sword in hand, to our quarters. But thus received by the master of the house, our heroism fell fruitless, and we certainly cut but a sorry figure: it was fortunate that one of our party possessed presence of mind enough to extricate himself and comrades from so embarrassing a dilemma.

In candid terms, he begged pardon of the host for our unauthorized and unmannerly intrusion; pleaded, in excuse, the miserable monotony of our quarters; appealed to the ladies indulgently to step forward as peacemakers between us and their male friends; and, in short, succeeded in placing all parties finally on easy and good-humoured terms.

Amongst the numerous damsels present, one in particular attracted and fixed my notice. She was very young; but her whole contour, and the sweet intellectuality of her countenance, impelled me to devote to her my entire attention; nor did the fair Dorothea—for I found she was called—seem disposed to repel these advances. In fact, the whole of the company grew more and more sociable, with one solitary exception—that of an individual called Rusen, whose dark complexion and wily features looked more Italian than German, and formed a striking contrast to the smiling, sunny aspect of Dorothea. It was indeed difficult to imagine that anything could exist in common between two persons apparently so opposite: but I observed that in proportion to the increase of my familiarity with the latter, the sinister countenance of Rusen waxed more and more gloomy.

The lady evidently remarked this change; and when it became so palpable as not to be mistaken, she made up to him, and tried sundry little arts and enticements to win him back to complacency. This undoubtedly looked like love; and the strange suspicion was confirmed by a bystander, who, on the young lady's quitting my neighbourhood, laughingly said, "Take heed; you will incur the vengeance of Rusen, who is a scheming sort of fellow, if you continue to *flirt* with *his betrothed*." The words sounded unaccountably; for even at that moment, as I gazed on the pair, her anxious, agitated manner bore rather the semblance of fear than affection. Indeed, from a feeling I could scarcely define, I resolved that this alleged contract should not prevent my offering to escort the fair one home—which, when the hour of separation arrived, I accordingly took occasion to do. She declined the offer with a bland smile. I did not press it, under the circumstances, but turned away to saunter once more through the rooms. On returning however toward the spot, my surprise was great to see Dorothea still seated there, alone, and apparently much chagrined. "Captain," said she as I approached, and striving to assume a tone of gaiety, "I fear you will accuse me of caprice, but were your offer now repeated, I should accept it." Of course, I lost no time in profiting by this alteration, and having summoned Dorothea's attendant, we at once set forward for her home, which I understood to be at some little distance on the Botzen road.

The night was dark and the streets deserted. The domestic preceded us with a torch, and by its rays I could perceive that my companion's features were thoughtful and abstracted. To all my efforts to engage her in conversation, she answered by monosyllables; until at length she suddenly exclaimed, "Captain Lieber, I am now near home, and have no further cause to dread interruption or molestation. You, on the contrary, being unfortunately a *Bavarian*," (and I thought I could detect a sigh as she spoke,) "are obnoxious to many around

us. I entreat you, therefore, to return to your quarters: do so as expeditiously and quietly as may be, and forget a weakness which has possibly caused me to lead you into peril." She uttered these words, though whisperingly, with much earnestness; and, as if to give them greater force, at the same time pressed my arm with fervor. That pressure thrilled through my heart; but its effect was different from what she had intended, for I was the more determined to escort her safely to her door.

On reaching the château, we found it enveloped in darkness and silence, but Dorothea having knocked at a window, it was gently opened, and after a moment's whispering, a large cloak and slouched hat were handed out to her. "Take these," said she to me, "*disguise* may now be necessary. They will serve to conceal your uniform and your cap."

"What dread you then?" I inquired, somewhat startled. "We Bavarians and the Tyrolese now form one people: we are not at war with each other, and even the peasantry will soon become friendly to a government which requires nothing but order and submission to lawful power."

"Lawful power," responded the lovely rebel, "can proceed neither from the sword nor pen—from the issue of battles nor negotiations of peace."

"From whence, then, does it proceed?"

"From the will of the people. But I must not argue with you," pursued she smiling; "all I seek just now is a sound night's repose, which I am sure you will not, by neglecting my caution, deprive me of."

By way of answer, I enveloped myself in the ample folds of the mantle. I raised her delicate little hands to my lips; and, tempted by her acquiescence, exclaimed, "You are obeyed; but ere I go, dear Dorothea, tell me—are you indeed betrothed to that gloomy-looking Rusen?"

"Yes——no!" replied she, and rushing into the house, put a stop to all further communication.

Transported with an indistinct emotion of hope, I quitted the dwelling of the lovely Tyrolese, and commenced my journey homewards. For awhile my imagination wandered into all sorts of delightful prospects for the future, until the obscurity of the path recalled me to the passing moment. I fancied that, through the prevailing gloom, I could distinguish, in the distance, the faint lights of the little town of Trent; and thus encouraged, was walking briskly onward, when my progress was arrested by coming close upon a human figure apparently mantled like myself, and gliding forwards with noiseless steps. Whilst listening for some signs of life from this object, it suddenly disappeared. I paused in surprise; and a moment after, a voice *behind* me murmured softly, "*Is it time?*" Instinctively disguising my tones, I replied, "Time to be snug in bed, friend;" on which the challenger, as if mistaken in the party he had addressed, without another word retired.

There was something about this circumstance, coupled with the preceding ones, that I did not altogether like—particularly as I

thought I recognized, in the voice I had just heard, that of *Rusen*. Grasping the hilt of my sabre, I struck out of the main road, and took a bye-path, which, at the expense of a little *détour*, might, I conceived, save me from the hazard of being waylaid. This path led through some conventual ruins, and I resolved, on reaching them, to play the sentinel for a few minutes, and reconnoitre before I penetrated further into the valley before me. I threaded my way among the rotting walls cautiously and in silence—and it was well I did so, or I should have stumbled right upon a man, who, with folded arms, was leaning against a parapet. He must have been dozing, for the next moment he started at the voice of a person (who approached from another quarter) uttering the question I had before heard, “Is it time?” The voice was certainly *Rusen’s*, and his interlocutor answered with the word, “*Salurn!*”

“Has he passed you?” inquired *Rusen*.

“No: not a mouse could have gone by me unobserved,” rejoined the watchful sentinel, “much less an accursed Bavarian.”

“Come back with me then to the high road, and we will go onward, for he cannot be much longer, and the more distant we are from the town, the better.”

The conspirators (whose purpose was now evident) retired, and as soon as their footsteps grew faint in the distance, I emerged from the friendly buttress which had concealed me, and hastened, with returning confidence, to my quarters.

On inquiry, next morning, I learnt that *Rusen* was a native of *Verona*, but possessed of great property and influence in the neighbourhood of *Botzen*. He was considered as the accepted lover of *Dorothea*, who however, it was generally suspected, in receiving his addresses, was swayed more by political motives than the hope of conjugal happiness. This remarkable young creature, at that time just budding forth a delicate and fragile maiden, had distinguished herself three years previously, when her country fell into the hands of *Bavaria*, by her ingenuity in suggesting continual obstacles to the domination of the *Bavarian* government. Yet, urged by my hopes, I could not help imagining (from the interest she took in my preservation) that her hostility to my native land was either decreased, or had been exaggerated.

Some time elapsed, after these occurrences, ere I could again obtain an interview with *Dorothea*. Meanwhile, I one evening received orders to escort with my troop a supply of money to *Botzen*. As I must pass her father’s château on the route, I resolved at all hazards to attempt to see the object of so many both of my waking and sleeping thoughts. I therefore gave instructions to my lieutenant to await me at a village a little further on, and dismounting, struck into a circuitous path which led to the hall-door of the mansion. Finding this open, I was in the act of presenting myself unannounced in the parlour, when I was fixed to the spot by the startling voice of *Rusen*. “*To-morrow night, then!*” he exclaimed to some other person in the apartment, “*to-morrow night, in the Salurn Castle!*”

“Agreed!—but stay—hear me!” and I recognized the tones of *Dorothea*.

I recollect not the precise train of thoughts that whirled through my brain—there was something of jealousy—of disappointment—of indignation; when my consciousness flowed again in a clear stream, I found myself in full gallop after my troop in advance.

Upon our return the following afternoon, I shifted the quarters of my company to the village Salurn, and having seen both men and horses properly billeted, crossed, towards twilight, a wild and terrific chasm, forming one of the natural defences of the ruined castle which towered high over-head, its turrets glowing with the rays of the setting sun, whilst beneath all was quickly becoming immersed in gloom. Having never beheld these majestic remains at so favourable a moment, I was for some time absorbed by the contemplation: from this reverie, however, I was aroused by the sudden apparition of a young mountaineer, who leapt from crag to crag with inconceivable agility. To avoid any risk of insult from the peasantry, I had laid aside my regimental dress, and therefore watched the boy's progress, heedless whether or not he should be followed by a train. He passed swiftly as the wind, but in passing threw toward me a scrap of paper, which he took from a small basket on his arm. I eagerly examined it, but found nothing more than the enigmatical words—" 'Tis time !"

I turned over and over in my mind the probable meaning of these emphatic syllables. Their reference to Rusen's mysterious question was palpable; but what did both conjointly imply? Although the Tyrolese were known to be generally disaffected to their existing rulers, yet no evidences had been given of open and organized hostility. It is true—for my suspicions now aggravated every occurrence I could not thoroughly explain—that I had latterly observed several groups of persons engaged in close and anxious conversation; and, in one instance, saw a considerable body of men fixing their eyes intently on the summit of Salurn Castle; but these were vague circumstances, which yielded no positive deduction.

What was to be done? At first, I felt strongly disposed to return to the village and get my troops under arms; but my interest to discover whether Rusen and Dorothea met at so strange a time, and in so strange a place, was unconquerable, heightened too by their manifest connexion with what I now began to consider a watchword. I resolved finally, since I was so far on the road, to satisfy myself first in this matter, and then hasten to Salurn and Trent and take the necessary precautions.

Accordingly, I pushed on my way, nor relaxed in my pace, although I had to struggle with sundry steep ascents and rude crags, until I found myself at the foot of the immense rock whereon the castle stands. The grand difficulty now was, to discover the direct rough-hewn flight of steps leading up to the structure, in seeking which I explored the entire circumference, and lost so much time that it had grown dusk all round me. What my sensations were during this interval it is impossible to describe!

Thus situated, my quick ear detected the voice of Rusen. It sounded from beyond a projecting corner of the cliff. Favoured by the darkness, I groped round, and had scarce doubled the point when the transient gleam of a lantern fell on three figures, in whom I re-

cognized Rusen, Dorothea, and a female whom I did not remember to have seen before. This momentary light likewise enabled me to attain a spot whence I could *hear*, at least, whatever passed.

Complete silence was maintained by all three for some time—and in the doubtful light their outlines reminded me of a group of marble statues. “Hear me,” at length exclaimed Rusen in a rough and angered voice, “and let us fully understand each other. I am, as you know, not a Tyrolese. I have no personal feelings to gratify by setting this unhappy country in a blaze. On the contrary, those peaceful plans of commerce which have brought me hither thrive best when public tranquillity is established. If, therefore, I stand committed to this confederacy, and throw into the scale my money, influence, and credit, my reward must be rendered certain. Pronounce therefore the word, Dorothea; say that *to-morrow* you will be my wife, and this moment will I spring up the rocky height. Speak clearly and firmly; for no longer, and least of all, *here*, will I be trifled with.”

A few moments elapsed ere Dorothea answered, and when she did, her tones were so faint and tremulous that it was quite impossible to distinguish them. “She *has* consented,” exclaimed the other female; “up then, if you be a man!”

So intense was my excitement that the whole scene was, as it were, branded upon my heart. The parties moved away, and with stealthy pace I followed. A minute after, the light was seen ascending, as if spontaneously, the face of the cliff. Its position enabled me to hit upon the steps, which, without a moment’s hesitation, I began to mount. They were almost perpendicular—slippery and dangerous; but, as if by instinct, my feet fixed themselves firmly in the friendly cavities. I quickly gained upon the light, whilst I felt my strength redoubled by that tigerlike feeling which works on man when he finds almost within his grasp a deadly foe. Immediately above us was a narrow platform running round the base of the building, and here I overtook my rival.

My advancing footsteps induced him to turn in surprise, and at the same instant I rushed on him and seized him by the throat. “Jesu Maria!” cried he, as his fingers convulsively sought some firm hold upon me, “*Is it not time?*”

“Yes!” I rejoined, “*it is time!*” and as the gleam of the lantern showed him *my* features, his own expressed a mingled feeling of exultation and horror. “In the name of the king,” I pursued, “I apprehend you as a traitor. Will you resign yourself my prisoner?”

“Never!” shouted he.

“Then down with you!” and with my collected strength I dragged him to the brink of the precipice.

The Italian struggled desperately, and we hung together for several minutes over the abyss. A complexity of passions nerved my arm. Personal antipathy to the man, loyalty to my king, love of Dorothea, all combined to animate me; but my antagonist possessed considerable muscular strength, and I doubt whether the issue would have been successful for me, had he not relaxed his hold in order to draw a poignard. This action was fatal to the unfortunate Rusen. I had obtained considerable celebrity in wrestling, with which manly exer-

cise we often beguiled a wearisome hour in garrison, and the instant he loosed his gripe, I got my foot between his, and fairly tripped him up.

He fell heavily and headlong from the platform upon the mass of rock beneath, uttering a piercing yell. I stood a moment almost petrified; but having recovered from this stupor, my next step was to descend again the rocky stairs and discover whether my victim yet lived. On reaching the spot whereon he had fallen, I found already there Dorothea and her friend, bending with speechless horror over the motionless body of Rusen, at whose breast the lantern still remained suspended and unextinguished.

"Are *you* here, captain?" exclaimed Dorothea, half shrieking: "merciful heaven, is this a dream?"

"Let us think of it hereafter but as one," replied I. "You, at any rate, must have no share in this scene of crime and death."

She answered not, but knelt and unloosened the lamp from the body of Rusen. "Leave me, leave me, Captain Lieber. I must hence, to obey the call of a sacred duty. As poor Rusen, alas! no longer lives to perform it, I must complete his intention!"

"Dorothea!" exclaimed I, "this is the language of madness. You are at present strongly excited, and not able to think for yourself. I must therefore insist on conducting you from this accursed spot. Come, let us begone! *my* duty summons me away."

"What duty?" rejoined she, firmly but sadly. "You go to be the means of betraying, perhaps to death, the ill-fated being you have said you loved."

"Never, by heaven!" cried I: "not by a word, not by a look."

"But there may be other witnesses of this transaction, and——" she paused a moment, and then resumed—"In the centre turret of the castle above us are deposited certain papers, which I am resolved to demolish with the flame of this lamp: otherwise I cannot rest in peace."

"If that be all, I will accomplish it. Give me the lamp."

"*You*, captain!"—and she shuddered as she spoke.

"Nay, dearest Dorothea, hesitate no longer: time presses."

The maiden wrung her hands and wept aloud.

"Do you fear," resumed I, scarce knowing what I said, "that I should examine the papers, and betray their contents?"

"I confess that *is* my fear," she replied lingeringly.

"Shall I then swear not to do so?"

"No, but promise by your honour, by your love for me, that when you have ascended the turret, and found the packet which is placed upon a small box on a flat stone near its top, you will—without looking for any inscription—instantly burn both box and packet, and watch their gradual consumption to ashes. Do you promise this?"

"I do, on the honour of a soldier."

The agitating occurrences of the night had thrown my mind into a state of chaos. I was incapable at the moment of any connected train of thought, and my predominant feeling was the renewed hope of at length attaining Dorothea's heart and hand.

I seized the lamp from the grasp of the heroic though trembling

girl, and having once more climbed the precipitous steep, gained its pinnacle without accident. I felt dizzy for a moment on reaching the level from whence the unfortunate Rusen had been dashed; but with unflinching resolution waded over broken stones and rubbish, until I was at the foot of the ruined central tower. Its winding-stair was imperfect and dilapidated, and I was half dead with fatigue ere I had reached the top. The fresh air, however, which then blew unimpeded over my head, did much to revive me, and at length I approached the mysterious packet. It was deposited on a stone which projected a little from the wall.

True to my promise, I averted my eyes whilst applying the flame to the objects mentioned. The paper however, having probably become damp, would not readily ignite, and I was thus unwillingly forced to turn and look toward the stone whereon it rested, when I perceived its surface to be—*completely blank!*

An icy coldness shot through every vein as I made this discovery. Meantime, the paper had taken fire, and as it blazed, emitted sundry sparks as if from gunpowder; and having communicated to the box beneath, immediately a huge column of blue flame ascended, steadily, high into the air.

My mental perceptions became clear on the instant. All traces of confusion vanished from my brain, and the whole truth was at once developed. With sudden impulse and supernatural strength, I drew the stone from the wall, and hurled it, box and all, into the void below: but it was too late!—the SIGNAL was given. From the summit of every hill, far and near, fires arose, as if simultaneously, tossing about their flames like so many hell-spirits, in the blackness of night, replying to each other's call. The next moment were heard the drums of the infantry, and the trumpets of the dragoons, and these were quickly succeeded by the thunder of small arms and cannon which echoed from valley to valley!

How I descended, first the turret, and then the rock, I have not the most distant knowledge. Tearing myself from the outstretched arms of Dorothea, I sprang like a maniac into the village. Alas! I just arrived in time to see my brave fellows, surrounded and overwhelmed, cut to pieces by armed peasantry. Every where around was shouted the signal cry—“*It is time!*”——On that fatal night the Tyrol was lost to Bavaria!

Struck by a bullet I fell; and when, after great and protracted suffering, I was once more enabled to conceive what passed around me, I found the mountain-land restored into the arms of Austria, and recognized in my nurse its heroic patriot, Dorothea; who—hostilities having ceased and no further national jealousy existing between us—shortly afterwards became my wife.

THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF PROPERTY.

THE investment of money in a safe and beneficial form, is at this moment an affair of much difficulty. The great changes which have taken place during the last fifteen or twenty years in the money value of property generally, has filled every one, whose property is not in money itself, with doubt and alarm; all persons of property—or rather who had it—find that they have been speculators, and deep ones too; the much greater part of them, without having been at all aware of exposure to unusual hazard, much less that *grosjeu* was being played with their property, the stakes which many of them have now to pay, being no less than the bulk, and, in many cases, the whole of their means of subsistence. Those, therefore, who have saved anything from the wreck, look naturally with much anxiety to the future. What property can they think solid and stable, when every thing seems shifting and sinking around them? That which they hold, for aught they know—and if the future should be like the past—may be doubled in value, or diminished by one-half, in the course of the next year or two, and the cottage expand into a villa, or, on the other hand, the carriage be exchanged for clogs and umbrellas. This state of fear and uncertainty is highly painful and injurious to that class of proprietors, by far the largest, who feel the effects—deeply and fatally many of them—of this state of things, without having any distinct notion whence it proceeds, how long it may last, or what precautions may be better for the future. Under these circumstances, a plain and familiar notice of the subject, calculated to dispel the doubt and uneasiness of this large class of persons, will be perhaps, if not very amusing, in some degree useful and acceptable.

To this, our purpose is chiefly confined: in effecting it, however, it is probable that we may be led by the very peculiar and arduous nature of the times, to make some remarks upon the state and prospects of property, considered as investments, which may involve, if we do not flatter ourselves, a point or two which have not been generally or sufficiently noticed, and which, especially to mere practical men, may add a dot or two to the materials of thinking on this subject. For our main purpose, however, and luckily for those to whom we address ourselves, proximate causes and facts granted on all sides will be enough; and we may leave alone the examination of obscure facts, and omit all the formulæ and tabulæ of statistic machinery as superfluous exactitude; it would, in our case, be viewing St. Paul's through a microscope; or what is more germane to our matter, using that instrument to inspect the ruins at Antwerp. No—the points which we are about to notice, are broad and apparent, and press upon us with a weight and tangibility which will not allow us to doubt of their presence or effect; and when a man is lying crushed under a fallen beam, he is much more desirous of being relieved from its pressure, than to be informed what soil produced the timber which has fallen on him, or the exact number of entire inches it contains.

The property of every person is either money, (that is, gold or silver,) or it is something, the use or produce of which can be exchanged for money. Society, therefore, in respect to property, is divided into two great classes; the first possessing the current coin of the realm, or claims for it, as fundholders, mortgagees, annuitants, &c., whose function it is to exchange their money for goods and chattels; the second—and the much more numerous class—for money is not an English product—are the producers and proprietors of corn, cattle, houses, merchandize, &c., whose

function it is to exchange their goods for money: the interests of these two great parties are therefore, in respect to degree, directly opposed and incompatible; and in fact, a struggle more or less covert and active is always going on between them; they are as different in this respect as sea from dry land, and like these two physical antagonists, are always carrying on a border war of invasion and spoliation on each other.

Now, the first point to consider, and the most striking and astounding fact of the whole case, is the immense booty which the men of money have lately gained from the men of goods and chattels; or, in other words, the very great decline which has taken place in the course of the last few years in the value of property generally, in relation to money. This circumstance is altogether so remarkable, so unprecedented, so fatal, that though we wish to pass rapidly over such pungent topics, we must stay a moment or two to contemplate it. A great and sudden fall in prices, necessarily occasions deep and extensive calamity. An outline of the form and dimensions of such a public evil, may perhaps, be traced by the aid of numbers; but the most active and penetrating fancy could not follow out the details, and fill up the picture in its ultimate effects, on private and individual happiness. Thus, a sudden fall of only five per cent in property generally, necessarily consigns thousands to ruin, for there are always a large class on the brink of it; ten per cent would increase the ruin fifty-fold, and bring into its vortex great numbers who thought themselves quite out of the reach of hazard and large fluctuations. What effect, then, must the widening circles of thirty and forty per cent have on the direct and indirect money engagements of the two classes we have been noticing? Why, its certain and direct consequence is to enrich the smallest class, whose property is in money, (the fundholders, &c.) and necessarily, as its correlative, plunge the great mass of the community into various degrees of poverty and distress. And this is the process which has been suffered to take place in England—in the nineteenth century—in a time of undisturbed peace, and with a full and unimpeded exercise of all the powers of government.

The subject of property has thus, intensively, changed its ordinary character; it is no longer flat and business-like, but has risen into high and sharp relief, a quick and absorbing interest, and to those who are spectators only of the tragic drama, shows a moral picturesqueness unknown before. In ordinary times the care of these matters is confined pretty much to careful papas and mamas, or to those, who in any other character, have to provide the ways and means, and to bear the brunt of an establishment; but now, leaving its old precincts, the counting-house, or the study, the money concerns spread all over the house like a *malaria*, and seizes on every part of the family; sons, daughters, the dependant cousin, and quiet governess, all feel its influence; it damps the buoyant spirit of the family breakfast party, makes the morning walk *triste et reveur*, and saddens even that best part of an English day, the evening *réunion*. When the family, scattered during the morning, all meet in the cheerful drawing-room, the temple of social enjoyment and mental relaxation, here, now, the most exquisite novel is drawled out to inattentive ears; the notes of Weber and Rossini beat unheeded on the tympanum of papa, thinking of other sort of notes; and his eyes pass vacantly over what Harriet has been drawing, while thinking on his own acceptances; even little Emily, whose playful features become fixed as she watches her anxious mother's face, which is the sun of her idolatry, asks why that naughty Mr. Peel made that nasty Currency Bill to plague papa so. The very servants catch the infection as they "change a trencher," and retire moodily into their hall to discuss free trade and the corn laws.

In noticing the past, we will cite the case of a family, consisting of

three brothers. About seventeen years ago a man died, and left his fortune, bating a few legacies, to three nephews—equal residuary legatees: the property was sold agreeably to the directions of the testator, and each of the brothers had finally to receive about 30,000*l.* in money. John, the eldest, used to a country life, and thinking that no property deserved the name save that in the soil, bought land with his newly acquired fortune, and became the placid and proud landlord of three farms in “the rich and goodly vale of Aylesbury,” as Drayton calls it, in his *Polyolbion*, and also of a large farm on the chalk hills, below Croydon; the joint purchase money was 40,000*l.*—the excess, 10,000*l.*, being left by consent of the selling party, on mortgage; the gross rental of his estates, therefore, was 1,800*l.*, leaving a net income of about 1,300*l.* per annum, but he intended to raise the rents as the leases expired; he said rents had always been rising in his time, and therefore they would continue to do so. George, the second brother, lived in London; knew too well the value of capital to be content with four or five per cent; having, besides, the same predilection for bricks and mortar, that John had for loam and clay, and looking upon a row of tall tenements, or brick-built messuages, as they are called in the mystic jargon of law and auctioneering, with as much rapture as his brother did on his stately timber trees and trim corn-stacks; in short, he bought and built houses, some in London itself, but chiefly in the suburbs, where, during the present century, many square miles have been covered with human habitations, adding much to that wide spread forest of dingy brick buildings which excites the wonder of foreigners by its extent, and their horror by its bleak and lugubre aspect; in short, in the *mare mortuo* of Vauxhall and South Lambeth, he made out, however, a large rent roll, and when *his tenants all* paid, which they did pretty well at first, he was in the receipt of between two and three thousand a year. Henry, the youngest, had married a West Indian lady, and was induced by his wife’s family connexions, to invest the chief part of his legacy in a plantation in St. Kitts, which was to be a Golconda to him and his children. Who could doubt it? for Muscovado was 80*s.* to 90*s.* per cwt. and looking up, and the rum holders in high spirits. By a lucky piece of obstinacy on his part—penetration, as he afterwards called it—he insisted on a part (10,000*l.*) being invested in the funds, which being bought in Consols at 60, paid five per cent on the capital thus appropriated. In this manner did the three brothers dispose of their legacies, cunningly and cautiously as they then thought, and for some time after continued to think. With ambitious wives, and lively daughters, it is not surprising that the style of living and scale of expense of each was formed nearly on the verge of his income, and the prudential maxims which enjoin the making of a provision for a rainy day, or an increasing family, were supposed to be sufficiently attended to in the solidity and improveability of the investments which they had selected. These views and hopes, false as they proved to be, were however founded on their own experience; and if the bulk of mankind did not reason in the same way, and expect that the future will be like the past, society would lose all its unity of purpose and effort, in constant expectation of a new state of things, and of all possible changes. What is now, after fifteen years, the condition of the three brothers and their families? briefly this: the income of the land owner is little more than nominal; two of his farms are now in his own hands, after being the ruin of several tenants, and, instead of producing income, call for a considerable sum to balance the amount of their produce with that of their outgoings. A third farmer has given notice to quit, and the fourth requires a great reduction of rent; the consequence of all this is, that his income last year, after paying interest on the mortgage, was little more than 300*l.* What will it be the next? Now for the second brother, the man of bricks and mortar,

who kept a close carriage for his wife and family, and a gig to drive about among his tenants, and who lived in a modern built villa in his favourite village of Battersea. He, perhaps, is in a worse condition than the former; the gross rent of houses has fallen from thirty to forty per cent, while the charges in the shape of ground rents, original and improved, rates, taxes, &c. remain at the same amount. A further evil is—for like nature, a landlord hates a vacuum—a large part of his houses are empty, and Rosa Cottages, and Henrietta Rows, (named after his two daughters,) court in vain the wary passenger with the most bland and serene phrases to “Inquire Within,” and seem to complain, like their fair godmothers, that there is “nobody coming to woo.” The third brother, Henry, has had a pied and varied fortune—the main branch of his property has been struck and withered, but the other is still sound and bearing. Muscovados and molasses are, it is true, very sour subjects, and rum decidedly flat and spiritless; but on the other hand, his Consols console him in some degree, and his Reduced are greatly augmented; in short, his plantation in St. Kitts, after deducting for hops and cart whips, produced that most simple and ancient of all elements—according to Aristotle—nothing. Not so his estate in Threadneedle Street, where, whatever be the season, the crops never fail; and where the goddess Abundantia empties four times a year, her cornucopia into the pocket of the lucky fundholder. Still, this 500*l.* per annum enables him—putting down his phaeton, and taking home his daughters from the boarding-school at Brompton—to enjoy, in a respectable way, the comforts of life; though his wife and family, secluded in their back parlour, lament the remission of its gaieties and luxuries. So much for the past, and for the three brothers, which we have used as *lay figures*, to exhibit the tattered and threadbare state of these once rich and flourishing investments, which, with the exception of the funds, were considered so peculiarly sound and productive.

We will now consider the present state and prospects of the three chief modes of investment for money, viz. lands, houses, the funds—somewhat more gravely, perhaps—though we do not admit that levity is wholly to be excluded from disastrous subjects; pondering on evils only lessens the power of bearing or of remedying them, and in misfortune, as Vauvenargue says, “le courage fait plus que la raison.” When a man has money which he wishes to invest, he usually applies for advice to that class of men who are the agents or go-betweens of buyers and sellers—lenders and borrowers: such as stockbrokers, scriveners, auctioneers, &c. To these money-matchmakers, the question, “Do you know of any safe investment for money, just now?” is put at the present day with more than ordinary care and solicitude. The oracle, thus consulted, though bating nothing of the mystic solemnity of his function, usually delivers from the tripod of his office stool, such vague and cloudy responses, that the suppliant, like those of old, departs from the sanctum of his counting-house or chamber, only more uncertain and embarrassed than before. The fact is, that mere men of business—of practical knowledge, as they call themselves—which means, if any thing, knowledge founded on narrow and personal experience, in opposition to that founded on wider and more varied sources of information—such men are peculiarly unfitted to encounter the difficulties of the question above stated: mere men of business—as the bulk of mankind do—guide themselves almost wholly by a few rules drawn from the immediate past; and perhaps it is necessary for the practical efficiency of most men, that they should not embarrass themselves with more knowledge than is required for their daily purposes; these rules they think of universal application: at any rate, they have no other, and continue to act on them, long after the circumstances to which alone they are adapted have ceased to exist;

making much about the same sort of blunder as an old stage coachman, appointed to a berth in a railway, who should continue to smack his whip and cry *geho!* to the locomotive engine of his steam-carriage.

In altered circumstances, and with new elements in the question, a country schoolmaster, who has read Adam Smith, is a much safer and more efficient counsellor than nine out of ten of your clever city men, who, because they make out invoices and sign bills of lading, think all the rest of the world fools and visionaries in these matters, but *pour revenir a nos moutons*. The three largest investments for capital are land, houses, and the funds. In respect to the first, the present state of landed property is bad enough, and its prospects gloomy and uncertain; in one important point its situation is new and unprecedented. Land has at all times been held to be the most solid of all sorts of property, and has always been the object of the peculiar care of the legislature. This favour and protection was based on a maxim of long standing, and the justness and importance of which no one then thought of disputing, viz. that a nation should be able to command, from its own soil, the food necessary for the subsistence of its inhabitants; and this was thought to apply particularly to our insular position. The question—"Would you expose the country to a famine, in the event of being prevented, by a foreign war, from supplying our deficiencies of corn from abroad?" was enough to silence all objections to the peculiar favour shown to the landed interest, and to the means employed for forcing a greater breadth of soil, no matter how poor the quality, into cultivation. Now, it is clear that the circumstances out of which the doctrine of the necessity of a home supply of corn arose are essentially altered, and that this hitherto solid basis of the extra value of land, in a national and political point of view, no longer exists. England is now, for the first time, the indisputable mistress of the sea. The transcendent importance of this fact, in relation to the future destinies of nations, it would be a deviation now to notice. Suffice it here to say, that the event of our ports being blockaded, and of our being prevented from getting corn from abroad, is a state of things no longer to be taken into consideration by the most cautious statesman or legislator. Nile and Trafalgar settled the question of maritime supremacy, and with it the point which we have been noticing in regard to a home supply of corn; and Nelson and Collingwood, when they were sinking the enemy's ships, were not less certainly, though more remotely, performing an analogous operation on the estates of the huzzaing landlords. Corn is now an almost universal product, and may be procured from a hundred different places, many of them our own possessions; the communication with which is assured to us by our command of the ocean, which, by an allowable catachresis, perhaps, may be called our own territory. Commerce and our colonial system have made us cosmopolites in a larger and more comprehensive sense than the term ever had before. We dip our hands in the dish of many and far-off countries, and at no very distant time, perhaps, our pantries and larders will furnish the artist with symbols of the four quarters of the globe, and the toast and muffins on our breakfast tables be like the tea—the produce of the Antipodes. But can we depend on a continuance of our naval supremacy, since other states have in times past severally possessed and lost it? We think we may; for be it remembered, they were continental states, liable, consequently, to be invaded and conquered by a land army, like an otter who must come ashore and may be killed in his hole; while we, from our insular position, are like the dwellers in the deep over which we rule, unapproachable, save by that way on which no one dares to meet us: in our hands, therefore, the dominion of the sea is more safe and assured than it was in the hands of the Venetians, Genoese, Spaniards, &c., and more so than the dominion of the land, in any hands, can ever

be; thus, without an extensive commerce and colonial system, there cannot be a powerful navy, and without a powerful navy there cannot be an extensive commerce and colonial system. Who is to force us out of this circle? We not only possess the power, but also the command of the only means by which it can be wrested from us. Land soldiers are easily made in six months, wherever there are able bodied men, a drill serjeant, and a musket; but ten times that period, and a variety of other advantages, not possessed by other nations, at least in any thing like an equal degree, are necessary to make a seaman, if, indeed, he can be made at all after a certain age. It was our superiority in this point which decided our last great naval victories, and made their results, after the fighting was over, so complete. At the Nile and at Trafalgar the French guns were, perhaps, as bravely and skilfully fought as the English ones; but superior seamanship decided, as it always will do *cæteris paribus*, the victory.

Other nations, it is true, have also colonies and commerce, but it is, in fact, by a kind of sufferance on our part; we are too cautious, too unambitious as a nation, to hurt the pride and excite the hatred of other states, by putting out unnecessarily all our strength, and by showing that we possess an advantage which in its full development is destructive of a system of balanced power, and is the means, perhaps, of settling the question of the sovereignty of the world; such an engine in the hands of a Nicholas, a Frederick William, or even of the citizen king, would be less moderately used, and the question of universal empire soon decided between them and the world. In the mean time, colonies and commercial shipping are to other nations a real source of weakness—they are sureties in our hands—liable to be forfeited on bad behaviour, that is, chiefly, whenever their naval power and resources increase so as to become dangerous to our supremacy; which, without infringing the laws of political morality, it will always be our vocation to prevent. But a coalition may even now shake our marine empire. Such an event is, without gross negligence on our part, scarcely possible; besides, what would the coalescing parties generally gain by it? Power by sea cannot be divided and balanced like that by land; if, therefore, a coalition were formed, and it should be successful, its results would be merely a transfer of the supremacy from England to some one other state, and the rest would gain nothing by the exchange, or, it is probable, would lose by it; for would America, or France, or Russia, wield the trident with more moderation than England? Our nationality in part, and also a belief that this point has not been sufficiently noticed, has led us into a statement somewhat long in respect to our subject, though very imperfect in regard to its intrinsic importance—of the advantages of our naval power in connexion with the subject of a home supply of corn. The conclusion we think, from all this is, that land has no longer any peculiar claim on the legislature for support and protection at the expense of the rest of the community, and that, like all other property, it must be left to find its own level and true relative value under the altered and actual circumstances in which it now exists.

The point which we have been noticing we believe to be the deep-seated malady of the landed interest—other causes there are contributive to its present languid and depressed condition. The most obvious of these is, that the price of corn—the chief article of human food—which enters so largely into the cost of every thing else, and therefore affects so seriously the general welfare, must find its level, or nearly so, with that of our neighbours and rivals in manufactures. Any attempt to obstruct this equalizing process must be fatal to our prosperity, and finally ineffectual: this is too plain to require further notice. Another cause, somewhat less prominent, is, that on the return of peace, after a long

period of war and disturbance, all the arts of life, and agriculture among the rest, receive a great accession of activity and productiveness; and it is not, perhaps, enlarging too much on this point to say, that the supply of manufactures generally, and of corn among others, might be increased to five fold its present amount in a very short time, if promoted by the expectation of remunerative prices; and this exclusive of the modern improvements in farming, though this is a point also to be taken into consideration. Agriculture is already a science, and as its principles become further ascertained, more diffused and acted on, the productiveness of the land even now under cultivation will be greatly increased; and this not only in such countries as Prussia and Poland, but even in that great corn country, France, and, to complete the climax, in England itself. What can the land owners reasonably expect under all these irresistible circumstances? That the national interests should be immolated on their turf altars? The attempt would be vain, even if they still possessed the leading political influence of the country; but they must be aware that their position in this respect is greatly altered since the Peace of Paris; they were then the predominant class in the state, they are now a subordinate one; let them not, therefore, delude themselves with the idea that the current of events which determines the interests and vocations of nations, will be attempted to be driven back for their peculiar advantage, that three-fourths of the community will quietly suffer their interests to be sacrificed to that of the one-fourth; theirs is no longer a pre-eminently national interest, and it would not affect the welfare of the state if the poorest one-third of the land now under cultivation were turned into public promenades and bowling-greens. These circumstances will, we think, sufficiently account for the present depressed and stagnant state of landed property, that in respect to much of it, it is unsaleable, and its price nearly nominal only; and that little can be done with it even in the way of mortgage; but other events, some of good, and some of bad promise, are hanging over the heads of the land owners, the decision of which will materially affect the value of their property; the chief of these are the corn importation duties, the poor laws, tithes, and the currency; these debateable points are all elements in the question of the future and permanent value of land, and must be settled before any one can act with any certainty or confidence either as buyer, seller, or mortgagee. That the prices of agricultural produce will rather decline than advance from the present point is more than probable; whether the removal of taxes and other burdens on the land will counterbalance the fall of prices, remains to be seen. The investment, therefore, of capital in land, is at present a very uncertain and speculative sort of operation. Land of an inferior quality, and of which the charges of cultivation, transport, &c., are high in relation to the amount of the produce, must be highly dangerous property to touch just now. Such land, it is probable, will soon scarcely deserve the character of productive property—a disastrous state of things, certainly, and to be avoided if possible. The land, however, only suffers in common with other large masses of property—the West Indian, the iron trade, leasehold houses, &c.,—with this only difference, that much effort has and will be made to afford protection to it, while the other descriptions of property have been left unaided to their fate. Buying land, therefore, is an affair that should be ventured on only under very particular circumstances—except by the bold and acute speculator, who is well *au courant* of the present state of things, and an adept at the dangerous game of “licking honey off thorns.” The bulk of mankind are unimaginative, and always, in times of transition, far behind the course of events—such we would guard against proceeding now on old views and principles in the purchase of land, it is a deeply hazardous game, with the chances greatly against the purchaser. For in-

stance—Consols are now eighty-eight, for some day in July. A thinks they will rise, but does not wish to be exposed to a fall; he gives, then, one-half per cent to B, for the *option* of claiming 10,000*l.* stock of him at eighty-eight, until the account day in July; if the funds fall ten per cent, he loses only 50*l.* but if they rise to ninety-five, he can claim the whole of the advance; the thing with which it is connected is, however, altogether execrable, and has ruined more in six months, than Crockford's can do in twenty years.

The second largest class of property are houses; they are not, however, considered as commonly available forms of investment, except in London and the largest class of towns. This property, in London and the environs, has fallen forty per cent, reducing thousands from easy circumstances to want; there are also not less than ten thousand houses wholly vacant or unproductive in the same district, at the present moment. The unfortunate owner, or landlord as he is improperly called, has nevertheless to pay the ground rent, &c., and to keep them in repair; for they are almost universally leasehold—built on another man's ground—who claims his rent under all circumstances, and to whom they revert at the end of the ground lease. No kind of property would better illustrate Mr. T. Attwood's positions regarding the effects of the alteration which has taken place in the value of money, for in this property there are always two parties, one having a claim generally on an old engagement for a fixed sum in money on the other; one of the parties has, therefore, been gaining largely in every case, at the expense of the other; who, in thousands of instances, has been wholly ruined. We wish Mr. T. Attwood would consider—which it is possible, from his provincial position, he has not already done—this operation on not less than twenty to thirty millions of property in London and the environs alone. We have noticed the number of empty houses—no wonder! poverty is a terrible condenser, and marvellously shrinks the dimensions of its patient. The house which was well filled when the occupier had 2,000*l.* per annum is a world too wide for him when reduced to 1,000*l.*; pride and economy both induce a retiring process; the worst part of poverty, according to the ancient satirist, is the ridicule of it; thus, the occupier of a first-rate house retreats into a third-rate one—the dweller in this into lodgings, and the first floor lodger creeps up stairs into the attics, giving it the preference, as he tells his acquaintance, on account of its being more quiet and airy—rising higher, like a true philosopher, in proportion to the weight of his misfortunes—*plus premit plus surmit*. The dimensions of society are in this way diminished at least one-fifth: if their bodily bulk were equally shrunken, our streets and churches, would yawn with vacancy, and men and women flit about, their clothes fluttering in the wind, true signals of distress; or to borrow an illustration from nautical language, “like a purser's shirt on a hand-spike.” Houses, therefore, do not present an eligible mode of investment to the retired capitalist. When the tide of prosperity, which has been ebbing so long, shall turn and flow again, houses well situated will no doubt recover in a degree from the present point of depression; in the mean time, they should not be ventured on by any except the adept in speculation, who can pick out “the eel in the basket of snakes,” and who can attend, and that skilfully, to his house as to a trade.

We will now finally turn our attention to funded property—its state and prospects; and although the bull or bear, or the man of options,* may

* As this term often occurs in the “city news” in our journals, we will gloss it here for the benefit of the uninitiated. An option is the choice or power of buying or selling stock respectively, at a fixed price, until a fixed day; the *option* of doing this can be bought or sold on the Stock Exchange.

not derive much assistance from our remarks in respect to *closing or carrying over* his account for the settling day, yet the timid widow and anxious old maid, who form a considerable part of the body of stockholders, will, we hope, as they sit sipping their tea and ruminating on Cobbett's gridiron, derive some light and consolation from what we are about to say on this subject. No mode of investment has turned out so well of late years as the funds—the reverse, it is true, might have been the case, but its actual result has been most advantageous. Persons who bought Three per Cents eighteen years ago, and have held them, have virtually doubled their property in the interval. This may appear an exaggerated statement to those who have not compared the two periods in this respect; but it is founded on the solid ground of facts and calculations, and we are convinced, though we have not time to show it here, that it falls short rather than exceeds the mere truth. On general principles a re-action may be expected after a great rise or fall in property of any kind. We do not, however, expect it in this instance; on the contrary, we think that the funds are, even at the present moment, by far the best and safest of all investments for such persons as are unacquainted with business, and who have not peculiar means and opportunities of knowing and selecting other sorts of property. The grounds of this advice to such persons are as follow. The government funds of this country, considered as an investment, here possess many striking advantages over every other sort of property. 1st. There is always a market price of this property, and any amount of it may be sold at this market price, and converted into gold in a few minutes during the hours of business at the Bank—an immense advantage, possessed by no other species of property. 2ndly. The transfer of this property, (that difficult, tedious, and expensive process in all other money transactions,) is made in the most simple, satisfactory, and inexpensive manner, requiring neither solicitors nor conveyancers, neither title deeds nor law interference of any kind, exposed to no disputes in respect to faulty titles or misrepresentations, (the case of *Small versus Attwood* is a memorable instance of the importance of this point,) or errors of judgment in the quality of the property bought or sold. 3rdly. The rent of this property, *i. e.* the dividend, may be reckoned on to the day—there is no danger of a disappointment in this respect—or to counter claims or offsets, which make an income from other property so uncertain both in regard to time and to amount. Further, in regard to security, a point which should, *en rigueur*, have been considered in the first place; we think that nothing can affect the security of funded property, but events which would equally affect every other species of property; for example, such a revolution as would place the rich in the hands of the poor—in which event, (pillage being its object,) it is not probable that land or houses, or indeed any property that cannot be put in a waistcoat pocket, or buried, as old, in the ground, would have any peculiar advantage or security; it would, perhaps, in such a case, be a first idea, to break open the bank doors and burn the big ledgers there; but Apsley House and Strathfieldsay would certainly have their turn, and be about on a level with Consols in value and productiveness.

To the above enumerated advantages of the funds may be added another, and by no means a slight one—they afford the facilities of a secure private banker to persons living in London or the neighbourhood. Any sum at a fundholder's command may be drawn out and replaced in the stocks as readily nearly as from Jones, Lloyd's, or Drummond's. Owing to all these great and peculiar advantages the funds have, as an investment, become more useful and necessary to society than people are fully aware of. Though a national evil, the benefit derived from them in money matters by the public, is immense. Like Falstaff, we "have

made a commodity of diseases;" for example—in respect to legacies, settlements, public charities, &c., they afford invaluable facilities and advantages. A man whose property is in land, houses, colonial estates, &c., cannot know how much he is worth, or near it; in making his will, therefore, or in settling from time to time his sons and daughters, he necessarily makes great mistakes and irregularities in the division of his property. The office, too, of trustee or executor, is a very different kind of undertaking, when it requires the management of such troublesome and uncertain property, from that of exercising these functions when the effects are in the funds, and when receiving the dividends and paying them over to the parties entitled to them, constitute the safe and easy duties of it. Many a man, in making his will, under the former circumstances, has a difficulty in finding any one willing to take upon himself such arduous and troublesome duties; while no one who could hobble to the Bank would refuse to act in the latter case. The funds, therefore, we repeat it, are more useful and necessary to the public than they are generally aware of; and any rapid liquidation of the national debt, would produce inconceivable mischief and inconvenience. So much so, that the larger part of the funds either could not or would not be sold out by their present holders under almost any circumstances of change of form or reduction of interest—a circumstance which adds greatly to the financial power of the government. The prospects, then, of this kind of property we take to be these: with a continuance of peace, and any thing like a wise and popular government, the funds will certainly continue to advance; the three per cent stock, which is now a great, and will shortly, perhaps, be a still greater part of the whole, (we refer to the expected reduction of the four per cents,) more, we believe, than three quarters of the entire debt—the three per cents, we say, will, under the circumstances supposed, at no very distant day reach par; that is, the market price will be 100*l.* sterling per 100*l.* stock—which is the minimum of compulsory repayment. Government, under these very probable circumstances, will be so strong in finance, that the fundholder will be very much at its mercy—certainly a reduction even of the three per cent stock will be very practicable, and we think it highly probable that before ten years shall be passed over, no permanent government annuity will be to be bought at a rate affording more, if so much, as two and a half per cent on the money invested.

This, it may be said, on the other hand, is poor inducement to invest in this property—so shrinking and fugacious in respect to interest; true, at least in part, for it should be recollected that this reduction of interest—which after all is no great matter to the holders of three per cents—supposes a great advance in the amount of the principal—an advance not necessarily or even probably accompanied with and neutralized by a corresponding advance in other modes of investment; the worst, therefore, that can happen, in the event of a continued rise in the funds, to a capitalist who invests in three per cents at the present price, is, that at some future time he will have the option of taking 100*l.* stock bearing a lower rate of interest, say two and a half per cent, which will even then be about three per cent on the money he invested—or of receiving back 100*l.* sterling for every sum of 87*l.* which he advanced. But investments can be made in the funds without being exposed to the disastrous event of having one's property increased by fifteen per cent. The terminable, or long annuities as they are called, cannot be compulsorily paid off or reduced, as is the condition of the permanent ones; to persons who would guard against being paid off or reduced, the long annuities, therefore, afford the freedom from such exposure. Further, this stock is, we think, and speaking absolutely, to be preferred to all the other forms of government securities. As an investment, they possess all the advantages of other stocks, with the superadded one of not being exposed to a com-

pulsory repayment or reduction of interest—an immense superiority over every other description of stock—not generally thought of, or enough appreciated. If the funds rise generally, this stock will certainly rise more, and if they fall, it will as certainly fall less, than any other stock. Thus, first, in the probable event of a general advance in government securities, the point of distinction above noticed, will be brought out, and its value become evident to all. As the three per cents approach par—that is, one hundred—their advance will be gradually retarded, and become relatively slower; and on reaching it, finally stopped. While long annuities, on the contrary, will continue to advance with a continually accelerating pace, not only because there is no point at which they can be stopped by the liability to a forced repayment, but also because the superior advantages of their tenure will then have become evident to and appreciated by all—every body then will be desirous of exchanging a stock which cannot rise further, and may be compulsorily repaid or reduced in interest, (*viz.* three per cents,) for a stock (*viz.* long annuities,) which may continue to rise, and is not exposed to financial manœuvres of any kind.

On the other hand, in the event, which is however much less probable, of a general decline of stock, long annuities ought and would fall less than the permanent ones; for they are in reality in course, though a slow one, of being paid off; the excess of interest they bear over that of other stocks, being a real sinking fund applicable exclusively to them, and operating solely to their benefit. These points would become of great and evident importance in the event of a gradually declining state of national credit, and would break the fall of this particular stock. It would therefore, though partaking of the general decline, experience a relative advance in regard to the other forms of government securities.

We have now noticed, as was proposed, though in a brief and sketchy way, the three chief investments of capital. There are, it is true, other large masses of property, but these are not generally available for this purpose, requiring attention and knowledge of business in the management of them, and are, in fact, rather an employment or pursuit than mere investments: such as shipping, West India estates, mining, manufactures, &c. These kinds of property we cannot now stay to notice, and shall merely state that they generally, in common with other kinds of property, have been always falling in money value of late years. This long continued deterioration of value is clearly the high road to ruin and revolution; it has already gone on to a degree that has caused a mass of distress and discontent, dangerous to the stability of the state, and is the core of all our political agitation. This downward tendency must be arrested, or else the body politic, like the natural body under an analogous process of attenuation, will soon reach the point of dissolution. We believe that government have the power—we hope they have the moral courage, to stop the evil—to promote a return of prosperity by wise and popular measures generally, and especially by those calculated to restore credit and confidence—those delicate and highly important elements in our national welfare, the destruction of which in 1825, more perhaps than the mere diminution of paper money, has produced the present disastrous state of property. If these hopes be not deceived, the tendency to reaction and to an improvement in prices generally, will soon show themselves. The process which has been unceasingly going on for the last fifteen years, will be stopped and reversed; and, as during that period all sorts of property has been falling in relation to money, the reverse will now take place, and property generally rise in relation to money—the corollary from which will be a rule applicable at this moment to nearly every description of investment, *viz.* that as property in money has had the advantage in all the changes of the last few years, from this point of time property, contradistinguished from money, will

have the advantage in the changes of the *next* few years to come. That property will generally return to the prices of twenty years ago, or regain even the half of what has been lost, is very improbable. In what degree they will return to that point, or in what degree it is desirable in regard to our national interest that they should do so, are other and difficult questions, which for the present we shall decline entering into.

Our purpose in these remarks has been limited to the noticing of the chief descriptions of property, considered as modes of investment; but in taking this view of property, we have been led incidentally to refer to a state of things involving points of much stress and magnitude at the present moment, and so closely connected with investment of money, that before finally leaving the subject, we should perhaps give it a brief but more direct attention. The most prominent of these points is the monstrous inequality of hardship and practical injustice which has been suffered by all persons of property, and through them by the community at large, with the exception of the few, who, in the general character of creditor, public or private, have been enriched by the public distress. This is a disgrace as well as a calamity to our age and country. The marvellous inertness with which, during its progress, government regarded the constantly increasing distress, can only be accounted for by supposing a great degree of blindness and selfishness in the political influence which has hitherto predominated—the landed interest. This class of legislators, to whom the welfare of the country was for so many years confided, guarding, as they thought, their own interests by the corn laws, were neither very solicitous or enlightened enough to take care of the commonweal: land was every thing to them, and a lens of turf closed up their political vision to every other source of public prosperity. Ignorance, however, must have a rule to go by—a dog to follow in its blindness. Theirs was the maxim that “every thing would find its own level;” that is, adjust itself for the best—their own interest being, at the same time, the only one for which the powers of the state were allowed to interfere. A long period of advancing prosperity, especially to this class, had brought into reputation this inert and passive maxim of internal policy; and while the current of affairs was favourable, it was a wise and useful one to act on. But peace, long delayed, came at last, and with it circumstances to which this rule was wholly inapplicable. The return of peace proved that much of our forced prosperity was dependent on exclusion and monopoly, and could not maintain its turgid and illusory dimensions, when exposed to the open air of free communication and competition—that an annual burden of thirty millions sterling was carrying weight, beyond even our power, in the race of nations. The necessary consequence was, that the edifice of our apparent wealth began to give way and settle in various places. Under these circumstances, it was the high function and urgent duty of the government to put forth all its *active* energies to counteract and regulate the vast and, in a degree, unavoidable changes which were coming upon the country; and to preserve, as far as possible, an equilibrium of pressure on the various interests of the state. In what manner did the government put out its omnipotence in the exercise of this tutelary function? By a currency bill—a measure as unjust as inexpedient, and which greatly aggravated the effects of the unavoidable causes of distress—increasing the value of money, and the weight of our debt, by returning to a higher standard, which had been departed from and become obsolete by the lapse of more than twenty years, during which the money transactions of the country, public and private, exceeded in amount those of any previous century; and subsequently, by another measure no less fatal and inexpedient, the cutting off of the one-pound note circulation, without any accompanying act to counteract its palpably injurious tendency. All these events and blunders cannot, however, we think, fully explain the

deep and universal distress which has followed. The terrible shock given to credit in the panic of 1825 can alone, in our mind, sufficiently account for this state of things ; and though hastening to the end of our subject, we must stay a moment to notice this point, believing that vague and imperfect notions on this head are a main cause of the uncertainty generally felt on the subject of the public distress. Credit and confidence, though essential elements in public prosperity, are so subtle and impalpable in their natures, that their presence and effects are not easily detected or appreciated. Credit performs all the functions of mere capital, and the consequences of a diminution of it is precisely the same as of that of gold or silver ; its effects, indeed, are more lasting and irretrievable. A mere deficiency of capital may be supplied as at present, when money in the city is only worth two and a half per cent ; but confidence is a much more coy and intractable thing, and when once scared away, is not soon or easily brought back again. This is true not only on 'Change, and at friend Overend's, the bill broker, but has a much wider and more retail application. A large part of the value of certain sorts of property is conventional ; pictures, books, ornamental furniture, and a thousand other articles, are in ordinary times available sorts of property, and having an interchangeable value, perform, in a degree, the functions of money itself. Both to the dealer and the private holder, distress and want of confidence destroys this value and availability, and acts as fatally on the dealer in them, as a stoppage of his discounts does to the mercantile man on 'Change. The magnitude of the evil to this class of persons may be judged of by the fact, not commonly known perhaps, that tradesmen keeping large and expensive shops often send their goods to the pawnbroker's to borrow money on them, paying fifteen or twenty per cent on the loan thus disreputably obtained.

In this way have public affairs gone on ; our rulers still relying on their obsolete maxim that " things will find their own level," which in a less grave matter would have acquired a ludicrous celebrity, till we have reached, after many years of constant and visible decline, a point not only of unexampled private distress, but also one of public danger : the landed interest itself being at last in a situation so disastrous and alarming, as to afford, at least now, no ground for jealousy on the part of their fellow-sufferers. They, as well as every body else, seem now fully aware of the necessity of active and strong means to avert the last degree of national calamity. The vocation and duty, then, of ministers are no longer doubtful or to be delayed—it is no less than to save the country from imminent ruin, by measures in which all narrow interests and formal impediments must give place, where necessary, to the highest principle of political morality—the welfare of the community. Government is strong, as we have already said, in finance ; and with bold and good management, would be able in a few years to relieve the country from many millions of the interest of the debt ; but, in the mean time, relief must be sought in readier and stronger measures. The means are in their power ; and if they have not the moral courage to do a bold act of justice, let them instantly give place to other men who could easily be found with as much honesty, but more decision than themselves. These means will involve, in some degree, a restoration of prices generally, by measures connected with the currency. The burdens of the country, particularly the charges of the poor, must be shared by those, who, though most able to bear, have hitherto wholly escaped them. The repeal or modification of the usury laws would also be a powerful restorative of the welfare of the people, by carrying a supply of money into the minuter channels of trade, whither the larger tide, flowing through banks and bill brokers, does not penetrate and vivify—measures, which being necessary, and founded on absolute justice, would promote the real and permanent interest and security of all classes.

KAREL.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND v. THE COUNTRY BANKERS.

It is no less strange than true, that in a country whose monetary system is of such vital importance to the stability of the government, and to the happiness of the people, not one person in one hundred understands the nature and bearings of our currency. The present discussion on the renewal of the Bank of England Charter is inducing thousands to reflect on the actual state of banking in England, who have probably never before thought on the subject, and as the country bankers are now loudly and justly protesting against certain propositions brought forward by the government, we should be wanting in our duty to the public were we to abstain from laying before them facts on which their unbiassed judgment may be exercised. Previous, however, to stating the case of the country bankers, it will be well to offer our readers a brief view of the Bank of England.

This immense corporation received its first charter in 1694, by reason of some wealthy merchants having agreed to lend the government (then engaged in an arduous war) 1,200,000*l.* at eight per cent. interest. The Bank was limited to dealing in bills of exchange, and in gold and silver, and it was entrusted with the management of the public debt, for which it received 4000*l.* a year.

In 1708 the charter was renewed to 1732, by means of the grant of another loan to government of 2,000,000*l.*, at six per cent. In 1717 the further sum of 2,000,000*l.* was lent to government, and the rate of interest reduced to five per cent. In 1727 the sinking fund of Walpole enabled government to liquidate 1,000,000*l.* of its debt to the Bank; but the war with Spain and France soon induced the government (in 1742) to apply again to the Bank for aid, and in 1746, nearly another 1,000,000*l.* was lent. Thus, by the year 1756, the Bank of England had lent government the sum of 11,000,000*l.*, and became, in fact, identified with the state. The minister, however, now began the system of obtaining loans from the public, as the Bank Directors found it not prudent to continue their advances; but in 1781, in consideration of a temporary grant of a sum of money by the Bank to the nation, its charter was renewed to 1812. It will be seen, from the foregoing, that the Bank had its origin in the necessities of the state; and that the continuance of its exclusive privileges, from time to time, was owing to the extravagance of the ruling powers. The total capital of the Bank consists, in fact, of loans to government. The amount of the capital is as follows:—

Capital of the Bank of England from the Date of its First Charter.

| | |
|--|------------|
| 1694, Original Subscription | £1,200,000 |
| 1709, New ditto | 3,856,547 |
| 1710, A call of | 501,448 |
| 1722, New Subscription | 3,400,000 |
| 1742, A call of | 840,005 |
| 1746, Ditto | 980,000 |
| 1782, Ditto | 862,400 |
| 1816, Twenty-five per cent. addition | 2,910,600 |

Total £14,551,000

This is the total *permanent* capital of the Bank; but it has also made advances to government on the security chiefly of Exchequer Bills; the averages of the advances have been—

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------|
| During Ten Years, from 1797 to 1807 | £14,000,000 |
| Do. 1807 to 1817 | 22,000,000 |
| Do. 1817 to 1827 | 19,000,000 |
| Five Years, 1827 to 1832 | 19,000,000 |

In order that the public may have a complete view of the proceedings of this corporation for the last half century, we subjoin the following table of its circulation, liabilities, assets, coinage, &c.

Liabilities and Assets of the Bank of England for Fifty-Four Years, on 31st August in each Year.

| Years. | Circulation. | | Deposits. | Total Liabilities. | Securities. | | Coin and Bullion. | Total Assets. | Balance in favour of the Bank. |
|--------|---|-------------------|------------|--------------------|-------------|------------|-------------------|---------------|--------------------------------|
| | Notes and Bank Post Bills of 5 <i>l.</i> and upwards. | Under 5 <i>l.</i> | | | Public. | Private. | | | |
| | £. | £. | £. | £. | £. | £. | £. | £. | £. |
| 1778 | 6,758,070 | | 4,715,580 | 11,473,650 | 6,540,433 | 3,087,537 | 3,128,420 | 12,756,300 | 1,282,740 |
| 1779 | 7,276,540 | | 5,201,040 | 12,477,580 | 7,493,649 | 2,356,191 | 3,983,300 | 13,833,140 | 1,355,560 |
| 1780 | 6,341,000 | | 6,655,800 | 12,997,400 | 6,740,514 | 3,605,026 | 4,179,370 | 14,524,910 | 1,527,510 |
| 1781 | 6,309,430 | | 5,921,630 | 12,231,060 | 6,609,457 | 4,501,053 | 2,862,596 | 13,973,100 | 1,742,040 |
| 1782 | 6,759,310 | | 6,759,450 | 13,518,760 | 8,987,573 | 4,496,217 | 1,956,550 | 15,440,340 | 1,921,380 |
| 1783 | 6,307,270 | | 6,105,650 | 12,412,920 | 9,566,037 | 4,275,763 | 590,080 | 14,431,880 | 2,018,960 |
| 1784 | 5,592,510 | | 6,267,130 | 11,859,640 | 8,435,777 | 4,088,603 | 1,539,830 | 14,064,210 | 2,204,570 |
| 1785 | 6,570,650 | | 6,252,030 | 12,822,680 | 6,725,891 | 3,218,679 | 5,487,040 | 15,431,610 | 2,608,930 |
| 1786 | 8,184,330 | | 5,867,240 | 14,051,570 | 7,988,241 | 2,390,539 | 6,311,050 | 16,689,830 | 2,638,260 |
| 1787 | 9,685,720 | | 5,631,540 | 15,317,260 | 8,066,303 | 3,787,357 | 6,293,690 | 18,146,660 | 2,829,400 |
| 1788 | 10,002,880 | | 5,528,640 | 15,531,520 | 8,840,068 | 2,730,252 | 6,809,160 | 18,469,480 | 2,937,960 |
| 1789 | 11,121,800 | | 6,402,450 | 17,524,250 | 9,661,850 | 2,035,901 | 8,645,860 | 20,343,620 | 2,819,370 |
| 1790 | 11,433,340 | | 6,199,200 | 17,632,540 | 10,947,257 | 1,956,263 | 8,386,330 | 26,389,850 | 2,757,310 |
| 1791 | 11,672,320 | | 6,437,730 | 18,110,050 | 10,921,300 | 1,898,640 | 8,055,510 | 20,875,450 | 2,765,400 |
| 1792 | 11,006,300 | | 5,526,480 | 16,532,780 | 10,715,041 | 3,190,869 | 5,357,380 | 29,263,290 | 2,730,510 |
| 1793 | 10,865,050 | | 6,442,810 | 17,307,860 | 10,381,838 | 4,427,842 | 5,322,010 | 20,131,690 | 2,823,830 |
| 1794 | 10,286,780 | | 5,935,710 | 16,222,490 | 8,863,048 | 3,583,412 | 6,770,110 | 19,216,570 | 3,904,080 |
| 1795 | 10,862,200 | | 8,154,980 | 19,017,180 | 13,250,904 | 3,739,016 | 5,136,350 | 22,126,270 | 3,109,990 |
| 1796 | 9,246,790 | | 6,656,320 | 15,903,110 | 10,875,347 | 6,150,123 | 2,122,950 | 19,148,420 | 3,245,310 |
| 1797 | 10,246,535 | 867,585 | 7,765,350 | 18,879,470 | 8,765,224 | 9,495,946 | 4,089,620 | 22,350,790 | 3,471,320 |
| 1798 | 10,649,550 | 1,531,060 | 8,300,720 | 20,481,330 | 10,930,038 | 6,419,602 | 6,546,100 | 23,895,740 | 3,414,410 |
| 1799 | 12,047,790 | 1,341,700 | 7,642,240 | 21,031,730 | 9,452,955 | 7,477,485 | 7,000,780 | 23,931,220 | 2,899,490 |
| 1800 | 13,448,540 | 1,598,640 | 8,335,060 | 23,382,240 | 13,586,590 | 8,551,830 | 5,150,450 | 27,288,870 | 3,906,630 |
| 1801 | 12,143,460 | 2,412,650 | 8,133,830 | 22,689,940 | 11,926,873 | 10,282,097 | 4,335,260 | 26,544,830 | 3,854,890 |
| 1802 | 13,848,470 | 3,249,160 | 9,739,140 | 26,836,770 | 14,528,599 | 13,584,761 | 3,891,780 | 31,005,140 | 4,168,379 |
| 1803 | 12,217,390 | 3,765,940 | 9,817,240 | 25,800,570 | 13,336,179 | 13,582,661 | 3,592,500 | 30,511,340 | 4,710,770 |
| 1804 | 12,456,790 | 4,687,100 | 9,715,530 | 26,869,420 | 14,993,395 | 10,833,285 | 5,879,190 | 31,705,870 | 4,836,450 |
| 1805 | 11,862,740 | 4,525,660 | 14,048,080 | 30,436,480 | 11,413,266 | 16,359,584 | 7,624,500 | 35,397,350 | 4,960,870 |
| 1806 | 16,757,930 | 4,269,540 | 9,636,330 | 30,663,800 | 14,167,772 | 15,305,328 | 6,215,020 | 35,688,120 | 5,024,320 |
| 1807 | 15,432,990 | 4,245,370 | 11,789,200 | 31,467,560 | 13,410,055 | 16,526,895 | 6,484,350 | 36,421,300 | 4,933,740 |
| 1808 | 12,993,020 | 4,118,270 | 13,012,510 | 30,123,800 | 14,956,394 | 14,287,696 | 6,015,940 | 35,260,030 | 5,136,230 |
| 1809 | 14,393,110 | 5,181,070 | 12,257,180 | 31,832,360 | 15,307,673 | 18,127,597 | 3,652,480 | 37,087,750 | 5,256,390 |
| 1810 | 17,570,780 | 7,223,210 | 13,617,520 | 38,411,510 | 17,198,677 | 23,775,693 | 3,191,850 | 44,165,620 | 5,754,110 |
| 1811 | 15,092,460 | 7,594,360 | 11,075,660 | 34,362,510 | 21,884,248 | 15,199,032 | 3,243,300 | 40,326,580 | 5,964,070 |
| 1812 | 15,385,470 | 7,641,410 | 11,848,910 | 34,875,790 | 21,165,190 | 17,010,939 | 3,099,270 | 41,275,390 | 6,309,600 |
| 1813 | 16,790,980 | 8,037,140 | 11,159,730 | 35,987,850 | 25,591,336 | 14,514,744 | 2,712,270 | 42,818,350 | 6,830,500 |
| 1814 | 18,703,210 | 9,665,080 | 14,849,940 | 43,218,230 | 34,982,485 | 13,363,475 | 2,097,680 | 50,443,640 | 7,225,410 |
| 1815 | 17,766,140 | 9,482,530 | 12,696,000 | 39,944,670 | 24,194,086 | 26,660,094 | 3,409,040 | 48,263,220 | 8,318,550 |
| 1816 | 17,061,510 | 9,097,210 | 11,856,380 | 38,615,100 | 26,097,431 | 11,182,109 | 7,562,780 | 44,842,320 | 6,227,220 |
| 1817 | 21,550,630 | 7,993,150 | 9,084,590 | 38,628,370 | 27,098,238 | 5,507,393 | 11,668,260 | 44,273,890 | 5,645,320 |
| 1818 | 18,676,220 | 7,525,930 | 7,927,730 | 34,129,880 | 27,257,012 | 5,113,748 | 6,363,160 | 38,733,920 | 4,604,640 |
| 1819 | 18,017,450 | 7,235,240 | 6,304,160 | 31,556,850 | 25,419,148 | 6,321,402 | 3,595,360 | 35,335,910 | 3,779,060 |
| 1820 | 17,600,730 | 6,689,610 | 4,420,910 | 28,720,250 | 19,173,997 | 4,672,123 | 8,211,080 | 32,057,200 | 3,336,930 |
| 1821 | 17,747,070 | 2,548,230 | 5,818,450 | 26,113,750 | 15,752,953 | 2,722,587 | 11,233,590 | 29,709,130 | 3,505,280 |
| 1822 | 16,009,460 | 855,330 | 6,399,440 | 23,864,230 | 13,668,359 | 3,622,151 | 10,097,960 | 27,388,470 | 3,324,240 |
| 1823 | 18,682,700 | 548,480 | 7,827,350 | 27,058,590 | 11,842,677 | 5,624,693 | 12,658,240 | 30,125,610 | 3,067,020 |
| 1824 | 19,688,980 | 443,140 | 9,679,810 | 29,811,930 | 17,649,187 | 6,255,343 | 11,787,430 | 32,691,960 | 2,880,830 |
| 1825 | 19,002,500 | 396,340 | 6,410,560 | 25,809,400 | 17,414,566 | 7,691,464 | 3,634,320 | 28,740,350 | 2,930,950 |
| 1826 | 20,402,300 | 1,161,260 | 7,199,860 | 28,763,420 | 17,713,881 | 7,369,749 | 6,754,230 | 31,837,680 | 3,074,440 |
| 1827 | 22,267,400 | 480,200 | 8,052,090 | 30,799,690 | 19,809,595 | 3,389,725 | 10,463,770 | 33,663,090 | 2,863,400 |
| 1828 | 20,975,170 | 382,340 | 10,201,280 | 31,558,790 | 20,682,776 | 3,222,754 | 10,498,880 | 34,404,410 | 2,845,620 |
| 1829 | 19,213,530 | 333,850 | 9,035,070 | 28,582,450 | 20,072,440 | 4,589,370 | 6,795,530 | 31,457,340 | 2,874,890 |
| 1830 | 21,151,390 | 313,310 | 11,620,840 | 33,085,540 | 20,911,616 | 3,654,074 | 11,150,480 | 35,716,170 | 2,630,630 |
| 1831 | 18,236,240 | 302,390 | 9,069,310 | 27,607,940 | 18,056,552 | 5,848,478 | 6,439,760 | 30,344,790 | 2,736,550 |
| 1832 | 18,523,880 | 295,120 | 11,431,090 | 30,250,000 | 20,828,000 | 6,148,000 | 7,154,000 | 33,130,000 | 2,880,000 |

The foregoing table demonstrates the magnitude of the Bank establishment, and shows clearly how the commerce and condition of the country has been acted upon by this mighty state engine, which, at present, we can scarcely do more than advert to *in limine*, (reserving to ourselves another opportunity for a complete discussion on gold and paper money.)

In the assets of the Bank are City bonds 500,000*l.*; mercantile bills and notes under discount 2,951,970*l.*; lent on mortgages 1,452,100*l.*; lent to the London Dock Company 227,500*l.*; advanced on various securities 570,690*l.*; and coin and bullion in the Bank 5,293,150*l.* Its total disposable assets in February 1832, was 29,626,030*l.*; and its liabilities or responsibilities were, *Bank Notes* in circulation 18,051,710*l.*; ditto deposited in the Bank by government offices 2,034,790*l.*; ditto by bankers and other individuals 5,738,430*l.*; due to government for balance of the audit roll, Exchequer bills, and unpaid annuities, 1,163,940*l.*; thus leaving a surplus in favour of the Bank of 2,637,160*l.*

The income of the Bank arises from *interest* on Exchequer bills, and other government securities; ditto on mercantile bills discounted; ditto three per cent. on the permanent capital of the Bank (14,553,600*l.*) belonging to the proprietors, and lent to government; and there was also an allowance from government to the Bank of 251,896*l.* a year for managing the public debt. Exchequer bills yield a profit of two and a quarter per cent., government stock rather more than three per cent., and mercantile bills four per cent., the medium of all is about three per cent.; but in consequence of all notes being cancelled when returned to the Bank, no matter how new, in order that deliveries may be in a regular succession of numbers, the net profit on the circulation of Bank paper is only two and a quarter per cent.

The total expenses of the Bank of England for the year ending in 1832, (exclusive of stamp duty and losses by forgeries,) was 339,400*l.*; the *net* annual profit 1,189,627*l.*; the yearly dividends 1,164,235*l.*

But in order to place the subject in a clear point of view, we give the following juxtaposition view of the income and expenditure of the Bank for the year 1832.

| EXPENDITURE. | | INCOME. | |
|---|------------|---|------------|
| | £. | | £. |
| Salaries, &c. | 339,400 | Discounts | 248,321 |
| Forgeries, losses, &c. . . | 89,274 | Interest on Exchequer Bills, &c. | 670,598 |
| Stamp duty on notes . . | 70,875 | Do. on capital, 3 per cent. received from government. | 446,502 |
| Dividend to Proprietors, 8 per cent. on permanent capital | 1,164,235 | For managing public debt . | 251,896 |
| Surplus on the year . . . | 25,392 | Profits on bullion, agency, &c. | 71,859 |
| Total . . . | £1,689,176 | Total . . . | £1,689,176 |

As a part of the income of the Bank, it will here be requisite to give a detail of the items of cost for managing the public debt, which has of late so much engaged the attention of parliament.

This is the total *permanent* capital of the Bank; but it has also made advances to government on the security chiefly of Exchequer Bills; the averages of the advances have been—

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------|
| During Ten Years, from 1797 to 1807 | £14,000,000 |
| Do. 1807 to 1817 | 22,000,000 |
| Do. 1817 to 1827 | 19,000,000 |
| Five Years, 1827 to 1832 | 19,000,000 |

In order that the public may have a complete view of the proceedings of this corporation for the last half century, we subjoin the following table of its circulation, liabilities, assets, coinage, &c.

Liabilities and Assets of the Bank of England for Fifty-Four Years, on 31st August in each Year.

| Years. | Circulation. | | Deposits. | Total Liabilities. | Securities. | | Coin and Bullion. | Total Assets | Balance in favour of the Bank. |
|--------|--|--------------------|------------|--------------------|-------------|------------|-------------------|--------------|--------------------------------|
| | Notes and Bank Post Bills of 5 <i>l</i> . and upwards. | Under 5 <i>l</i> . | | | Public. | Private. | | | |
| | £. | £. | £. | £. | £. | £. | £. | £. | £. |
| 1778 | 6,758,070 | | 4,715,580 | 11,473,650 | 6,540,433 | 3,087,537 | 3,128,420 | 12,756,390 | 1,282,740 |
| 1779 | 7,276,540 | | 5,201,040 | 12,477,580 | 7,493,649 | 2,356,191 | 3,983,300 | 13,833,140 | 1,355,560 |
| 1780 | 6,341,000 | | 6,655,800 | 12,997,400 | 6,740,514 | 3,605,026 | 4,179,370 | 14,524,910 | 1,527,510 |
| 1781 | 6,309,430 | | 5,921,630 | 12,231,060 | 6,609,457 | 4,501,053 | 2,862,596 | 13,973,100 | 1,742,040 |
| 1782 | 6,759,310 | | 6,759,450 | 13,518,760 | 8,987,573 | 4,496,217 | 1,956,550 | 15,440,340 | 1,921,580 |
| 1783 | 6,307,270 | | 6,105,650 | 12,412,920 | 9,566,037 | 4,275,763 | 590,080 | 14,431,880 | 2,018,960 |
| 1784 | 5,592,510 | | 6,267,130 | 11,859,640 | 8,435,777 | 4,088,603 | 1,539,830 | 14,064,210 | 2,204,570 |
| 1785 | 6,570,650 | | 6,252,030 | 12,822,680 | 6,725,891 | 3,218,679 | 5,487,040 | 15,431,610 | 2,608,930 |
| 1786 | 8,184,330 | | 5,867,240 | 14,051,570 | 7,988,241 | 2,390,539 | 6,311,050 | 16,689,830 | 2,638,260 |
| 1787 | 9,685,720 | | 5,631,540 | 15,317,260 | 8,066,303 | 3,787,357 | 6,293,690 | 18,146,660 | 2,829,400 |
| 1788 | 10,002,880 | | 5,528,640 | 15,531,520 | 8,840,068 | 2,730,252 | 6,809,160 | 18,469,480 | 2,937,900 |
| 1789 | 11,121,800 | | 6,402,450 | 17,524,250 | 9,661,859 | 2,035,901 | 8,645,860 | 20,343,620 | 2,819,370 |
| 1790 | 11,433,340 | | 6,190,200 | 17,623,540 | 10,047,257 | 1,956,263 | 8,386,330 | 26,389,850 | 2,757,310 |
| 1791 | 11,672,320 | | 6,437,730 | 18,110,050 | 10,921,300 | 1,898,640 | 8,055,510 | 20,875,450 | 2,765,400 |
| 1792 | 11,006,300 | | 5,526,480 | 16,532,780 | 10,715,041 | 3,190,869 | 5,357,380 | 29,263,290 | 2,730,510 |
| 1793 | 10,865,050 | | 6,442,810 | 17,307,860 | 10,381,838 | 4,427,842 | 5,322,010 | 26,131,690 | 2,823,830 |
| 1794 | 10,286,780 | | 5,935,710 | 16,222,490 | 8,863,048 | 3,583,412 | 6,770,110 | 19,216,570 | 3,904,080 |
| 1795 | 10,862,200 | | 8,154,980 | 19,017,180 | 13,250,904 | 3,739,016 | 5,136,350 | 22,126,270 | 3,109,690 |
| 1796 | 9,246,790 | | 6,656,320 | 15,903,110 | 10,875,347 | 6,150,123 | 2,122,950 | 19,148,420 | 3,245,310 |
| 1797 | 10,246,535 | 867,585 | 7,765,350 | 18,879,470 | 8,765,224 | 9,495,946 | 4,089,620 | 22,350,790 | 3,471,320 |
| 1798 | 10,649,550 | 1,531,060 | 8,300,720 | 20,481,330 | 10,930,038 | 6,419,602 | 6,546,100 | 23,895,740 | 3,414,410 |
| 1799 | 12,047,790 | 1,341,700 | 7,642,240 | 21,031,730 | 9,452,955 | 7,477,485 | 7,000,780 | 23,931,220 | 2,899,400 |
| 1800 | 13,448,540 | 1,598,640 | 8,335,060 | 23,382,240 | 13,586,590 | 8,551,830 | 5,150,450 | 27,288,870 | 3,906,630 |
| 1801 | 12,143,460 | 2,412,650 | 8,133,830 | 22,689,940 | 11,926,873 | 10,282,607 | 4,335,260 | 26,544,830 | 3,854,890 |
| 1802 | 13,848,470 | 3,249,160 | 9,739,140 | 26,836,770 | 14,528,599 | 13,584,761 | 3,891,780 | 31,005,140 | 4,168,379 |
| 1803 | 12,217,390 | 3,765,940 | 9,817,240 | 25,800,570 | 13,336,179 | 13,582,661 | 3,592,500 | 30,511,340 | 4,710,770 |
| 1804 | 12,456,790 | 4,687,100 | 9,715,530 | 26,869,420 | 14,993,395 | 10,833,285 | 5,879,190 | 31,705,870 | 4,836,450 |
| 1805 | 11,862,740 | 4,525,660 | 14,048,080 | 30,436,480 | 11,413,266 | 16,359,584 | 7,624,500 | 35,397,350 | 4,960,870 |
| 1806 | 16,757,930 | 4,269,540 | 9,636,330 | 30,663,800 | 14,167,772 | 15,305,328 | 6,215,020 | 35,688,120 | 5,024,320 |
| 1807 | 15,432,999 | 4,245,370 | 11,789,200 | 31,467,560 | 13,410,055 | 16,526,895 | 6,484,350 | 36,421,300 | 4,953,740 |
| 1808 | 12,993,020 | 4,118,270 | 13,012,510 | 30,123,800 | 14,956,394 | 14,287,696 | 6,015,940 | 35,260,030 | 5,136,230 |
| 1809 | 14,393,110 | 5,181,070 | 12,257,180 | 31,832,360 | 15,307,673 | 18,127,597 | 3,652,480 | 37,087,750 | 5,256,390 |
| 1810 | 17,570,780 | 7,223,210 | 13,617,520 | 38,411,510 | 17,198,677 | 23,775,693 | 3,191,850 | 44,165,620 | 5,754,110 |
| 1811 | 15,692,490 | 7,594,360 | 11,075,660 | 34,362,510 | 21,884,248 | 15,199,032 | 3,243,300 | 40,326,580 | 5,964,070 |
| 1812 | 15,385,470 | 7,641,410 | 11,848,910 | 34,875,790 | 21,165,190 | 17,010,930 | 3,099,270 | 41,275,390 | 6,399,660 |
| 1813 | 16,790,980 | 8,037,140 | 11,159,730 | 35,987,850 | 25,591,336 | 14,514,744 | 2,712,270 | 42,818,350 | 6,830,500 |
| 1814 | 18,703,210 | 9,665,080 | 14,849,940 | 43,218,230 | 34,982,485 | 13,363,475 | 2,097,680 | 50,443,640 | 7,225,410 |
| 1815 | 17,766,140 | 9,482,530 | 12,696,000 | 39,944,670 | 24,194,086 | 26,660,094 | 3,409,040 | 48,263,220 | 8,318,550 |
| 1816 | 17,661,510 | 9,097,210 | 11,856,380 | 38,615,100 | 26,097,431 | 11,182,109 | 7,562,780 | 44,842,320 | 6,227,220 |
| 1817 | 21,550,630 | 7,993,150 | 9,084,590 | 38,628,370 | 27,098,238 | 5,507,393 | 11,668,260 | 44,273,890 | 5,645,520 |
| 1818 | 18,676,220 | 7,525,930 | 7,927,730 | 34,129,880 | 27,257,012 | 5,113,748 | 6,363,160 | 38,733,920 | 4,604,040 |
| 1819 | 18,017,450 | 7,235,240 | 6,304,160 | 31,556,850 | 25,419,148 | 6,321,402 | 3,595,360 | 35,335,910 | 3,779,060 |
| 1820 | 17,600,730 | 6,689,610 | 4,420,910 | 28,720,250 | 19,173,997 | 4,672,123 | 8,211,080 | 32,057,200 | 3,326,950 |
| 1821 | 17,747,070 | 2,548,230 | 5,818,450 | 26,113,750 | 15,752,953 | 2,722,587 | 11,233,590 | 29,709,130 | 3,505,380 |
| 1822 | 16,609,460 | 855,330 | 6,399,440 | 23,864,230 | 13,668,359 | 3,622,151 | 10,097,960 | 27,388,470 | 3,524,540 |
| 1823 | 18,682,760 | 548,480 | 7,827,350 | 27,058,590 | 11,842,677 | 5,624,693 | 12,658,240 | 30,125,610 | 3,067,920 |
| 1824 | 19,688,980 | 443,140 | 9,679,810 | 29,811,930 | 17,649,187 | 6,255,343 | 11,787,430 | 32,691,960 | 2,880,030 |
| 1825 | 19,002,500 | 396,340 | 6,410,560 | 25,809,400 | 17,414,566 | 7,691,464 | 3,634,320 | 28,740,350 | 2,930,850 |
| 1826 | 20,402,300 | 1,161,260 | 7,199,860 | 28,763,420 | 17,713,881 | 7,369,749 | 6,754,230 | 31,837,860 | 3,074,440 |
| 1827 | 22,267,400 | 480,200 | 8,052,090 | 30,799,690 | 19,809,595 | 3,389,725 | 10,463,770 | 33,663,090 | 2,863,400 |
| 1828 | 20,975,170 | 382,340 | 10,201,280 | 31,558,790 | 20,682,776 | 3,222,754 | 10,498,880 | 34,404,410 | 2,845,620 |
| 1829 | 19,213,530 | 333,850 | 9,035,070 | 28,582,450 | 20,072,440 | 4,589,370 | 6,795,530 | 31,457,340 | 2,874,800 |
| 1830 | 21,151,390 | 313,310 | 11,620,840 | 33,085,540 | 20,911,616 | 3,654,074 | 11,150,480 | 35,716,170 | 2,630,630 |
| 1831 | 18,236,240 | 302,390 | 9,069,310 | 27,607,940 | 18,056,552 | 5,848,478 | 6,439,760 | 30,344,790 | 2,736,850 |
| 1832 | 18,523,880 | 295,120 | 11,431,000 | 30,250,000 | 20,828,000 | 6,148,000 | 7,154,000 | 33,130,000 | 2,880,000 |

The foregoing table demonstrates the magnitude of the Bank establishment, and shows clearly how the commerce and condition of the country has been acted upon by this mighty state engine, which, at present, we can scarcely do more than advert to *in limine*, (reserving to ourselves another opportunity for a complete discussion on gold and paper money.)

In the assets of the Bank are City bonds 500,000*l.*; mercantile bills and notes under discount 2,951,970*l.*; lent on mortgages 1,452,100*l.*; lent to the London Dock Company 227,500*l.*; advanced on various securities 570,690*l.*; and coin and bullion in the Bank 5,293,150*l.* Its total disposable assets in February 1832, was 29,626,030*l.*; and its liabilities or responsibilities were, *Bank Notes* in circulation 18,051,710*l.*; ditto deposited in the Bank by government offices 2,034,790*l.*; ditto by bankers and other individuals 5,738,430*l.*; due to government for balance of the audit roll, Exchequer bills, and unpaid annuities, 1,163,940*l.*; thus leaving a surplus in favour of the Bank of 2,637,160*l.*

The income of the Bank arises from *interest* on Exchequer bills, and other government securities; ditto on mercantile bills discounted; ditto three per cent. on the permanent capital of the Bank (14,553,600*l.*) belonging to the proprietors, and lent to government; and there was also an allowance from government to the Bank of 251,896*l.* a year for managing the public debt. Exchequer bills yield a profit of two and a quarter per cent., government stock rather more than three per cent., and mercantile bills four per cent., the medium of all is about three per cent.; but in consequence of all notes being cancelled when returned to the Bank, no matter how new, in order that deliveries may be in a regular succession of numbers, the net profit on the circulation of Bank paper is only two and a quarter per cent.

The total expenses of the Bank of England for the year ending in 1832, (exclusive of stamp duty and losses by forgeries,) was 339,400*l.*; the *net* annual profit 1,189,627*l.*; the yearly dividends 1,164,235*l.*

But in order to place the subject in a clear point of view, we give the following juxtaposition view of the income and expenditure of the Bank for the year 1832.

| EXPENDITURE. | | INCOME. | |
|---|-------------------|---|-------------------|
| | £. | | £. |
| Salaries, &c. | 339,400 | Discounts | 248,321 |
| Forgeries, losses, &c. . . | 89,274 | Interest on Exchequer Bills, &c. | 670,598 |
| Stamp duty on notes . . | 70,875 | Do. on capital, 3 per cent. received from government. | 446,502 |
| Dividend to Proprietors, 8 per cent. on permanent capital | 1,164,235 | For managing public debt . | 251,896 |
| Surplus on the year . . . | 25,392 | Profits on bullion, agency, &c. | 71,859 |
| Total . . . | <u>£1,689,176</u> | Total . . . | <u>£1,689,176</u> |

As a part of the income of the Bank, it will here be requisite to give a detail of the items of cost for managing the public debt, which has of late so much engaged the attention of parliament.

Expense incurred by the Bank of England for conducting the Business of the Funded Debt in 1831.

| No. of Clerks, &c. | Items. | £. |
|--------------------|---|-----------------|
| 13 | Long Annuity Office | 3,000 |
| 29 | Three per cent. reduced | 6,685 |
| 58 | Consols | 13,324 |
| 7 | Interior | 2,245 |
| 7 | Life Annuity Office, &c. | 1,608 |
| 69 | New 3l. 10s. per cents., &c. | 14,542 |
| 13 | Power of Attorney | 3,467 |
| 65 | Register, Cheque, Chief Cashiers, Dividend Warrant and Pay, and Exchequer Offices | 13,614 |
| 12 | Chief Accounts and Cashier, Public Drawing, &c. | 6,170 |
| 10 | Fractional Parts of Messengers, &c. | 2,908 |
| 33 | House Porters and Watchmen | 2,690 |
| 65 | Clerks for general contingencies | 6,918 |
| 24 | Ditto assistance during shutting, &c. | 2,554 |
| | Emoluments and Gratuities to the above Clerks | 16,860 |
| | * Pensions of retired Clerks from Stock Offices | 12,557 |
| | Dividend, Warrant, Paper, and Stationer | 5,524 |
| | Pen Cutter! | 305 |
| | Printer | 1,767 |
| | Solicitor's Bills | 1,000 |
| | Coals, Candles, and Oil | 1,065 |
| | Rent!! | 26,664 |
| | Sundries—viz. Allowance to Directors 4,000 <i>l.</i> ; Taxes 2,614 <i>l.</i> ; Refreshment for Soldiers 224 <i>l.</i> ; Nightly Superintendents 252 <i>l.</i> ; Clothes for Porters 327 <i>l.</i> ; &c. &c. &c. | 18,966 |
| | Total | <u>£164,433</u> |

To this sum is to be added the expense of managing the public accounts by the Bank 10,000*l.* a year, of which, 6,000*l.* is for twenty-eight clerks and porters.

The foregoing charges certainly appear exorbitant; for instance, 26,664*l.* for office rent is enormous, and nearly ten times as much as the entire Bank of England building is rated at for the house tax; we perfectly, however, agree with Lord Althorp, that the amount to be in future paid to the Bank for the management of the debt (131,896*l.*) is an object of no consideration, compared with the formation or prosecution of a sound system of banking in the country, which the regulations consequent on a new arrangement will afford an opportunity for carrying into effect. We say, a new arrangement, because it is perfectly obvious, as a country banker, in his Letter to Lord Althorp, (attributed to Mr. Francis Lloyd,*) says, "The charter of the Bank of England and the national debt must be coeval, and there is no escaping a claim for its renewal, were the country disposed so to do. In every contract for the various loans which have been negotiated for more than a century past, and under which the present redeemable annuities or dividends are payable, it has, in every instance, been solemnly enacted "that the Bank of England shall continue a corporation until such annuities are redeemed,

* Ridgway, Piccadilly.

or in other words, until the 800,000,000*l.* of debt shall be fully paid off and discharged." Nay, more, the charter of the Bank cannot expire until government pay off whatever sums of money may be due for loans or advances of any nature or kind soever (39, 40 Geo. III. c. 28.)

The present exclusive privileges of the Bank are, that no firm with more than six partners can issue notes payable on demand in London, or within sixty-five miles of the metropolis; and country banks, with more than six partners, are prevented from drawing bills on London, or of making notes payable there for less than 50*l.* value. (Under six partners country bankers may make their notes payable in London.) Another privilege of the Bank is, that its notes are received *exclusively* by government in payment of revenue. Lord Althorp originally intended to confine the exclusive banking privileges of the corporation to a circle of twenty-five miles around London; but his lordship has, it appears, determined to retain the unmeaning limit of sixty-five miles, by which eighty-two country bankers will be placed under the ban of the company in Threadneedle Street.

This, however, is not the only grievance of which a numerous class of the banking community have to complain; we allude to the country bankers, who (while the Bank of England has been principally engaged in performing the duties of a state bank, and in transacting business in London) have been the medium, as they truly declare, of the most important pecuniary transactions in all other parts of the kingdom, and with whose transactions are intimately connected the prosperity of trade, the support of agriculture, the increase of general improvement, and the productiveness of the annual revenue; who are, in fact, like the distant blood vessels in the corporeal system, distributing life and heat to the extremities, to which the large arteries could not reach.

The number of licences granted to country bankers since 1809, will be seen by the following statement:—

| Years. | Number. | Years. | Number. | Years. | Number. |
|----------|---------|----------|---------|-----------|---------|
| 1809 . . | 702 | 1817 . . | 752 | 1825 . . | 797 |
| 1810 . . | 782 | 1818 . . | 765 | 1826 . . | 809 |
| 1811 . . | 779 | 1819 . . | 787 | 1827 . . | 668 |
| 1812 . . | 825 | 1820 . . | 769 | 1828 . . | 672 |
| 1813 . . | 922 | 1821 . . | 781 | 1829 . . | 677 |
| 1814 . . | 940 | 1822 . . | 776 | 1830 . . | 671 |
| 1815 . . | 916 | 1823 . . | 779 | 1831 . . | 641 |
| 1816 . . | 831 | 1824 . . | 788 | 1832* . . | 636 |

These bankers and their branch houses are scattered all over the country, some using Bank of England notes, and others issuing their own paper.

The number and situation of country bankers who act with Bank of England notes exclusively, and the amount of their credit is—

| | | | |
|------------------------|---------|-----------------------|----------|
| Gloucester (1) | £30,000 | Liverpool (2) | £300,000 |
| Birmingham (7) | 426,000 | Hull (1) | 30,000 |

The rate of discount charged to these banks is three per cent. per annum for the use of Bank of England notes.

* From October 1831 to January 1832.

The number and situation of country bankers who issue their own notes is—

| | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|-------------------|
| Gloucester . . . 10 | Leeds 20 | Newcastle . . . 8 |
| Manchester . . . 8 | Exeter 14 | Hull 7 |
| Swansea 7 | Liverpool . . . 1 | Nerwich 4 |
| Birmingham . . 43 | Bristol 12 | |
| | | Total . . . 134 |

And the amount of Bank notes paid in at the branch Banks of England chiefly by country bankers, for the credit of the London bankers, and issued to them chiefly in London, was—

| | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| In 1828 £1,250,000 | In 1830 £4,447,000 |
| 1829 3,430,000 | 1831 6,142,000 |

The Duke of Wellington's government promised, in writing, that the interests of this very valuable part of the community should not be neglected in any negotiation between the government and the Bank of England; and yet no communication was made to the country bankers during the recent private negociation between the government and the Bank; while, in April 1833, the government, say the country bankers, pledged the country, through the House of Commons, to keep the currency settled on an unchangeable basis; yet within three months after, the very identical ministers who obtained the foregoing resolution, proceeded to establish a new legal tender as a permanent part of the monetary system, and strenuously endeavoured to abolish the independence of the country bankers!

Justly is it proclaimed in the important document laid before Parliament, 28th June last, that to throw open the whole country for the exercise of the enormous power of an opulent corporation, to be administered according to the interest, the caprice, the alarm, the favouritism of Directors—to give to them the exclusive power of stimulating industry in one quarter, and checking it in another—of promoting speculation in some commodities, and in others stopping the ordinary exchanges—and to interfere with all the pursuits of the industrious,—would be to create an usurpation, destructive of freedom of action, and dangerous to the public welfare. It would expose the pursuits of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, to the controul of a set of men, who have no intercourse with the country, no sympathy with the people, no knowledge of their wants and circumstances, who are not identified with their prosperity, and could suffer nothing from their adversity—who, from their habits, cannot have the information requisite to guide them aright, and who have no personal risk or public responsibility to guard them from doing wrong. Such a plan would be highly injurious to the general community, and would give especial incitement to crime; it would at times give encouragement to popular discontents, and produce *money panics* resulting from political excitement; it would be grossly unjust to the country bankers, who have embarked their property in a business, and devoted their faculties to a pursuit, of peculiar difficulty, and who anxiously trust on protection from the encroachments of chartered monopolists. The country bankers therefore pray that, (as their direct traffic and close connexion with the productive classes of the com-

munity, are in extent and importance immeasurably greater than that of all the London bankers and the Bank of England Directors put together,) they may have a full and fair opportunity of submitting their case to parliamentary investigation.

Lord Althorp's alleged object is to drive all notes out of the country, but those of the Bank of England. The country bankers, by issuing their own notes, are now enabled to accommodate their constituents with money at from four to five per cent.; if they were necessitated to receive Bank of England notes, and pay thereon three per cent., the interest would be raised to farmers, manufacturers, dealers, &c. to the extent of from seven to eight per cent., and an addition of two per cent. would most probably be added for the deposits which the country banker would be obliged to place in the Bank of England. Thus the rate of interest would be eventually raised to the borrower from four and five, to nine and ten per cent.!

The contemplated change in the usury laws, (which, indeed, ought to be abolished *in toto*,) would no doubt legalize any demand which the country bankers might choose to make for short bills; but that would be no boon to the country at large, and it would be no compensation to the bankers for the additional five per cent., which an adoption of the proposed system would cost.

It has been established by parliamentary evidence, that the issue of the country bankers fluctuated much less, between the years 1817 and 1826, than those of the Bank of England; and it is indisputable that adverse exchanges which endanger the Bank always succeed great importations of foreign, and that they can never be occasioned by large exportations of domestic produce. The circulation of the country bankers acts almost exclusively in promoting domestic industry; and even if an alleged excess of circulation take place, the direct and proper influence of it is to provide the means of paying for the importations of foreign produce, without causing so great an export of gold, as to derange and endanger the monetary system of the country. But (as ably demonstrated by the country bankers, in their memorial to Earl Grey and Lord Althorp, 12th June, 1833,) looking at the separate and independent character of the issues of country bankers, if regarded as a part of a whole, any excess which it must bear its relative proportion of effect in producing derangement, that proportion can never exceed one-tenth; because, assuming that all paper currency has an equal bearing upon depreciation and appreciation, the issues of country bankers never have amounted to one-tenth part of that which is used for effecting the interchanges of commodities and properties in the country. All experience shows that great fluctuations in the currency have originated in the speculations of influential merchants, and never in the channels to which the issues of country banks are confined: their source is in great mercantile cities, and they are promoted by the issues of the Bank of England. This invariable source of fluctuations, resulting from excess and producing derangement, is demonstrated by a multiplicity of facts, as also by the evidence of Mr. Ward and others. The debts of a few speculative merchants, who failed in a single year in the town of Liverpool, (where country bankers' notes never circu-

lated,) amounted to between seven and eight million sterling, and their bills were either lodged in the Bank of England for loans, or were current in all parts of the country, stimulating circulation and promoting excess.

It is asserted, however, that the tendency of too many sources of issue is to promote and encourage fluctuation; but it is singular that the government, in 1826, contended, as an established principle, after full and complete investigation, that the rivalry of numerous banks of issue insures solidity and equability of circulation, "from the constant exchange of notes between the different banks, by which they become checks upon each other, and by which any over-issue is subject to immediate observation and correction."

The Scotch witnesses clearly demonstrated that deposits and cash credits are absolutely dependant on local issues; now, if such even were not the case, and the Bank of England had the sole issue of paper money, the *mere amount of issue* might certainly be kept pretty equal, but *its circulation* would be far from being general; the distribution would be confined to the large trading emporiums, and the distant and obscure parts of the country would be left absolutely deficient in the means of keeping up the commonest transactions of life—a system of barter would be the inevitable result.

The number of London banks that have failed is believed to be relatively greater, and the amount of their debts relatively larger, than that of country bankers; yet an unfair competition tending, from the nature of the system which encourages it, to foster improper speculations, is promoted against the latter in the country, while they are themselves excluded from having recourse to the same kind of supposed security for their deposits in London.

The country bankers necessarily, therefore, protest against the partiality or short-sightedness of the government, in attempting to carry the minister's speculations into effect without any inquiry into their case, without any consultation with them, and without considering that the very groundwork of the measure must introduce revolutionary changes into the affairs of all the productive classes, with which the country bankers are connected and identified.

The distinctive characteristics of the country banks are regularity, and a freedom from extortionary charges; their loans are made with promptitude, facility, and comparative uniformity and cheapness. Their affairs demand peculiarly local knowledge, and are in a great measure based on the confidential intercourse of fellowship and neighbourhood; they frequently acquire personal knowledge of the circumstances and character of individuals, and the closest sympathy with feelings arising from family difficulties, or family expectations and prospects. If these banks be subverted, how will their place be filled by hired, temporary, and stranger agents, of a corporation in London, whose governing principles are totally incompatible with those of the local and natural agents for money transactions? No doubt the free application of capital to land would be prevented, the cost of cultivation enhanced, markets and the sale of produce impeded, and the pursuits of agriculture, manufactures, and mining, deeply injured. Moreover, if the circulation of all notes payable on

demand, except those of the Bank of England be prohibited, the widest field will be thrown open for the machinations of the forger, and a direct encouragement given to his cunning and dexterity; for the most efficacious protection against counterfeit money, is its frequent subversion within limited circles, by those most powerfully interested in its detection.

The loss by forgery to the country bankers is trifling, on account of the vigilance used,—thus, for instance, the Walsal Bank has issued notes for half a century, and in all that time only once suffered from forgery, and that to the extent of 10*l.* only. The loss declared by the Bank of England from forgeries in the public funds, from 1822 to 1831, was 402,040*l.*—thus,

| | | | |
|----------------|---------|----------------|--------|
| 1822 | £12,676 | 1827 | £1,612 |
| 1823 | nil. | 1828 | 1,110 |
| 1824 | 360,214 | 1829 | 700 |
| 1825 | 972 | 1830 | 11,869 |
| 1826 | 10,996 | 1831 | 1,891 |

being an average of 40,204*l.* per annum !*

The effect on prices, if the Bank of England become the sole issuer of notes, would be most disastrous. Mr. Gurney, the bill broker, says in his evidence, that “if country banks were compelled to issue Bank of England notes, the effect on prices would be more sudden, because the whole circulation would be immediately controlled through the Bank only, and the Bank is influenced by the questions of gold and exchanges; whereas, country paper becomes modified by the interests and wants of the particular town or district, and though it must ultimately follow a reduction of the Bank of England, would do so *gradually*.” The present distribution of capital among the traders in the country, is upon the whole in a healthy and favourable state; pecuniary accommodation administered with discretion has occasioned it to be so. Practically, (says Mr. Gurney,) the rise in prices is produced through the discount of bills and loans by country bankers.

The following table shows the amount of commercial paper under discount at the Bank of England, in London, from 1796 to 1831.

| | | | | | |
|----------------|------------|----------------|-------------|----------------|------------|
| 1796 | £3,505,000 | 1808 | £12,950,100 | 1820 | £3,583,600 |
| 1797 | 5,350,000 | 1809 | 15,475,700 | 1821 | 2,676,700 |
| 1798 | 4,490,600 | 1810 | 20,070,600 | 1822 | 3,366,700 |
| 1799 | 5,403,900 | 1811 | 14,355,400 | 1823 | 3,123,800 |
| 1800 | 6,401,900 | 1812 | 14,291,600 | 1824 | 2,369,800 |
| 1801 | 7,905,100 | 1813 | 12,330,200 | 1825 | 4,941,500 |
| 1802 | 7,523,300 | 1814 | 13,285,800 | 1826 | 4,908,300 |
| 1803 | 10,747,600 | 1815 | 14,947,100 | 1827 | 1,240,400 |
| 1804 | 9,982,400 | 1816 | 11,416,400 | 1828 | 1,167,400 |
| 1805 | 11,366,500 | 1817 | 3,960,600 | 1829 | 2,250,700 |
| 1806 | 12,380,100 | 1818 | 4,325,200 | 1830 | 919,900 |
| 1807 | 13,484,600 | 1819 | 6,515,000 | 1831 | 1,533,600 |

The falling off of the discounts in the latter years is very remarkable, and had it not been for the country bankers, the effects of so

* Fauntleroy's doings in 1824 caused the great increase in that year; some other Fauntleroy is now at work in a similar manner.

great a diminution of the circulating credit of the country, (which in fact is equivalent to bank notes or gold,) would have been most disastrous for commerce, more than two-thirds of which is carried on by means of "*accommodation paper*," as it is termed. It is true, that the bank only discounts the best bills, and above the market price; but happily, the country bankers, from knowing the personal characters of the parties, are enabled to discount inferior bills at a low rate of profit.

But, on a view of this important subject in another light, the government plan is pregnant with the most alarming consequences to public liberty, and national, as well as individual independence. We see that the bank of the United States has not one-fifth part of the capital and pecuniary resources of the Bank of England; it admits the freest competition to rival banks of issue in the metropolis, and in every other town in the Union. Yet the great majority of the people have pronounced it dangerous to freedom and national liberty. Heedless, however, of this, the present government proceeds to strengthen a permanent close corporation, freed from personal risk, and from public scrutiny and responsibility, whose conduct would be directed by men living in the metropolis, and liable to be influenced, in every shape, and at every moment, by the executive! If the Bank of England be permitted to hold the entire purse strings of the nation, under the controul of government, what security will there be for public or private liberty? Suppose an individual like Mr. Attwood should become obnoxious to the ruling powers, (whether Tory or Whig,) it would be only necessary to give a hint to the Directors in Threadneedle Street, to *moderate* their discounts for the Birmingham bank,—the same arbitrary sway would be liable to be exercised over any individual or community who might dare to express freely their political opinions. We cannot believe that the nation will listen to a proposition which will bring despotism over the land, if it fail to engender that public confusion which it bids fair to produce. When treating, however, of paper and gold money, we will again direct public attention to this important subject.

* It has truly been observed, that a person who would propose, in the present day, that an exclusive corporation should have the monopoly of supplying all England, or even London, with *provisions*, would be looked on as insane; the remark holds good with respect to the plan of making the Bank of England the *sole issuer of paper money*, the *pabulum vitæ* of the country. The intentions of government are doubtless well meant, the object in view being probably to secure a *steady* circulation; but in the body politic, as in the body corporate, no circulation can be regular unless it be abundant, and capable of natural contraction or expansion according to the wants of the animal or social machine. The remote blood vessels, which distribute sixty times in a minute the elixir of life to the distant extremities, communicate with the heart only through the instrumentality of the nerves, which give warning to the central system—

"Ubi premere, et laxas sive et dare jussus habenas."

The country bankers perform the functions alluded to, and their destruction would be as injurious to the commerce and agriculture of the provinces as that of the nerves, arteries, and veins, would be to the existence of the remote parts of the animal frame.

CHIT CHAT.

Editor's room—Editor in the chair, the table with every preparation for making a night of it—such as brandy, port, and sherry, &c., with a heap of cigars in the centre. Editor, Twist, M.P., and Captain O'Sullivan.

Editor. Captain O'Sullivan, the gentlemen appear to be not over punctual. Will you take a glass of any thing which the table offers, to pass away the time?

O'S. Excuse me; I acknowledge I'm as thirsty as an anchovy—but as a man of honour, I make it a rule on these occasions always to start fair. Perhaps, that I may forget the dull minutes of suspense, Mr. Twist will do me the favour to inform me how many *5l.* notes I shall be able to obtain the yellow boys for, by this new act?

Twist. You must refer to Lord Althorp.

Ed. I rather surmise, that his lordship does not exactly know.

O'S. By the powers! then, it's what in a treaty of peace, you call a secret clause.

Twist. Exactly; and the only way to obtain so much bullion as you require, will be to follow the Scriptures, and not let your left hand know what your right hand doeth.

O'S. I perceive—a little bit of legerdemain. Well, that's no uncommon way of obtaining cash; but, Mr. Twist, I have been reading over the papers, and trying to find out what your parliament people may be about, and the devil a bit can I make it out at all.

Ed. I am not surprised, Captain O'Sullivan, at your making that remark. A bill is brought into the house containing in it a certain number of clauses, containing in them a certain degree of comprehensibility; but it has not been debated upon for two hours, before it assumes a new form. This clause is lopped off as untenable, that given up to conviction, another altered upon suggestion, and five or six more remodelled by compunction. A reaction has taken place, and instead of the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, we now find, at the end of the debate, that we have Any thing but the Bill.

Twist. And, generally speaking, that is the best conclusion that can be arrived at, and proves the sense of the house. They only strike out the objectionable clauses.

O'S. Then what remains?

Twist. Nothing but the preamble.

O'S. And pray what may that be?

Twist. The preamble, Captain O'Sullivan, generally points out what ought to be done—whereas the bill generally proves that they don't know how to do it.

O'S. Then, upon the strength of that, I take a small drop of whiskey; for I'm quite tired of the preamble of this party of ours, and as a preamble points out what ought to be done, I shall follow its advice and my own inclinations. I'll just trouble you for the sugar and hot water, Mr. Twist.

Twist. What do you think of the House of Lords, Mr. Editor?

Ed. They are unwise, to say the least of it; blind to the their own peculiar state of difficulty; blind to the march of events, and the public opinion, which every day become more manifest.

Twist. I grant you that they are not very popular.

Ed. Who have they to thank but themselves? They have arrayed those against them who could have served them on the crisis—those who have most power to sway the public mind, and to check, for a time,

the encroachments of an enlightened people. Not but that a great revolution in the constitution of the country must eventually take place. Every reflecting man must perceive that it is inevitable.

Twist. In that observation I agree with you. As the intelligence of a people is increased, so is their desire, and, what is more, their right to interfere in their own legislation. Public opinion will force its way.

Ed. It will—and if not allowed to flow into the new channels which it may form for itself—but is unwisely dammed up in its old course, its powers are increased until it breaks through every obstacle, sweeping all away, in one general mass of destruction.

O'S. But pray, Mr. Editor, who may be these great enemies of the aristocracy?

Ed. I regret to say, that they are themselves their greatest enemies; the next most dangerous to them, is nearly the whole talent of the country—which they have contemned and neglected. Two works of great power have appeared during this month, which will produce no small effect. Nothing is so insidious as the poison contained in books, written ostensibly for amusement. Have you read *Godolphin*?

Twist. I have not.

Ed. It contains powerful writing, and is evidently produced with the intention of lowering the aristocracy in the public mind. O'Sullivan, the book is near you—I have turned down the leaf of one or two pages, which I will read.

[*Editor takes the book and reads.*]

“ ‘O that aristocracy!’ said Constance bitterly, ‘so mean, so sordid, so insolent—the day must come when we shall see it morally trampled down. It has lived without dignity, it will fall without valour. At present, how startlingly hollow is its real power! It has no vassals—no armed force. To-day opinion supports it—if to-morrow opinion veers round, to-morrow it is weaker than an infant.’ ”

Twist. That's strong.

Ed. Here's another, and the severest cut of all, because it is true.

“ ‘What folly,’ said *Godolphin*, ‘is it for any man of genius (not also of birth) to think the great of this country can possibly esteem him. Nothing can equal the secret enmity with which our lazy aristocracy regard intellect above their comprehension. Party politics—and the tact, the shifting, the common-place that party politics require, these they can appreciate; and they feel respect for an orator, even though he be not a county member, for he can assist them in their paltry ambition for place and pension; but an author, or a man of science—the dull dogs positively jeer at him.’ ”

Ed. So much for a specimen of *Godolphin*. Now we come to another work, “*Dramatic Scenes from Real Life*,” by Lady Morgan.

Twist. Oh!

O'S. None of your “Ohs!” Mr. Twist. Lady Morgan is a country-woman of mine, and show me a lady of more talent in your own country if you can.

Twist. My dear Captain O'Sullivan, I don't dispute it. My “Oh!” only meant to imply that she's rather radical in her opinions.

O'S. The devil a bit! she's fond of her country, that's all; and that's a species of radicalism inherent in every true born Irishman.

Ed. We are not arguing at present whether the attacks upon the aristocracy be just or not; we are only pointing out that they are severe. In the Easter Recess, we have the following dialogue.

“ *MRS. O'NEAL.*—Oh! that ‘us!’ that fatal ‘us!’ It is the conviction of the supremacy of that *us* which makes you dull, and keeps you so. It is that social exclusion from your species, which draws you out of the pale of humanity, and leaves you beyond its sympathies, and ignorant of its relations and its interests.

"CECIL HOWARD, (*sighing*.)—There is something in that:—but we want motives.

"MRS. O'NEAL, (*quickly and petulantly*.)—Oh! you want much more than motives. I will tell you a little secret, which to the mass of society is none: you of the 'us,' of 'the order,' want regeneration, 'reforming altogether.' The sap and the vigour of the original stock, that sent forth the first bold shoots, is exhausted. The physical and moral energies which took plebeian worth out of the 'common roll of men,' and raised it to prompt pre-eminence, is no heir-loom! it must be fed and perpetuated by other accidents than those which men who live in clubs and cabs are liable to."

Twist. Have you any more?

Ed. Yes. [*Turns over the book, and then reads.*]

"MRS. O'NEAL.—Look around you! The highest grades of European society are becoming mere players of billiards, and workers of tapestry,—menials in the palaces of kings, where they are so delighted to serve, and so ready to be trampled upon,—and sybarites at home, the victims of their own idleness, luxury, and selfishness. In society, they are the patrons of a corrupting literature;—in the senate, the conservatives of by-gone institutes, which always violated the laws of nature, and are now utterly inapplicable to existing interests;—institutes perpetuating habits, destructive of health of body and force of mind; giving to the nation, a few over-weening despots, to govern its opinions, by the enormity of their concentrated wealth; and overflowing it with multitudes of ungifted and improvident creatures, that prey upon society, because it affords them no legitimate provision. Meantime, the class of the Figaros 'keep moving.' They are pushing on *la ronde machine!* a little too rapidly, perhaps; but still it is not your dogged resistance to all change, that will slacken their movements, or check their impulses.

"CECIL HOWARD.—If you mean, that we of the higher classes should lend a hand to upset the system of institutions, by which we ourselves exist, and by which we are convinced that the whole frame of society is kept together,—if, to prove our intellectual equality with the middle classes, or our claim to the higher range of philosophy, we must be false to our order, and surrender our time-honoured privileges, for such a miserable remnant of power and property, as our new allies may be contented to spare us; why then, I draw in.

"MRS. O'NEAL.—I mean no such thing; I neither set up your 'system of things' as an idol, nor decry it as a chimera. Whatever of it is really useful, practical, and applicable, I respect; and the world would do so too: not because it is instituted, but because it is true, and good, and wanting! But, as it is not for any one caste to withstand the progress of necessary change, so it is not for any fractional portion, even of the people themselves, to give a wholesome direction to reforms. Party, at best, is passion; but faction is madness; and if instead of coalescing for a common good, peers or people choose to stand aloof from each other, and consult alone their respective antipathies, why they will only succeed in making the nation a Bedlam and a charnel-house. Besides, you over-estimate your strength and importance. Events are more powerful than even the largest masses. They hurry forward the very persons who appear to impel them. At the present moment, events have been prepared by circumstances, deep-rooted, and converging rapidly to a point; and that point is the annihilation of aristocratic influence, and the growth of another, and more resistless dominion. The hope of checking these events, and controlling their march, by conservative conspiracy, is folly; but the alliance of the conservatives with their natural enemies, the destructives—the effort to overthrow the only guarantees for moderation and wisdom, to make way for an anarchical revolt of pauperism against property, would be an act of the deepest criminality, if it were not at the same time the result of the most hopeless, helpless imbecility."

Twist. I grant there is much in what you have read—much matter for reflection. The answer of Cecil Howard is, I presume, the feeling of the major part of the aristocracy.

Ed. I think it is; but do not overlook the remark of Mrs. O'Neal.

"Events are more powerful than the largest masses."

Twist. True; what conclusion do you then draw?

Ed. I pretend not to be a prophet; but this I do think, that although we have had many governments, this country has for a long period been ruled by the *good sense* of the people: and it is in the good sense of the people that I put my whole confidence. Depend upon it, that upon an emergency, it will not fail to come forward, and will save those who are so blind as not to attempt to save themselves.

Enter Mr. Volage, Dr. Punever, Mr. Mortame, and the Don.

Ed. Gentlemen, you are unusually late. Has anything occurred?

Volage. Nothing very particular—Dr. Punever has his coat torn, and Mr. Mortame has a black eye: it might have been worse.

O'S. And pray, Doctor, what might be the occasion of your being in rags, and your friend Mortame in mourning?

Dr. P. Why—upon my word—hem!

Vol. I think I had better be spokesman. The Doctor is a wit, as you all know; but wit, like sauce, ought to be seasonable. We don't serve up potatoes with sauce piquante.

O'S. To be sure you don't. Why should you spoil them?

Vol. Well, Dr. Punever, being in *alto* with wine and conceit—

Doctor. Conceit! I don't conceive your meaning?

Vol. I mean verbal conceits—and Mr. Mortame in the dolefuls, with the mud conglomerated inside and out of his person, one on each arm, I was piloting them down the Strand, no bad representation of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy—

Doctor. No, no, not Garrick, but a sort of melo *dram*, as touching first your situation, and secondly, your addictiveness to alcohol.

Vol. My alcohol, Doctor, may overflow, if you, in your speech, make so many oversights.

O'S. A bull! a bull! by the tail of Paddy Trelawny's cow! A palpable bull!

Some. No, no!

Others. Yes, yes!

Vol. If it is a bull take him by the horns, Captain, and while you are looking him in the face, and settling whether the breed is Irish or English, I shall proceed with my tale—where was I?

Doctor. Stranded in the Strand.

Vol. Enough. In the Strand we were, when finding it late, and remembering our appointment, I proposed a hackney-coach. We called; it drew up, and the Doctor made an enemy at once, by not allowing us to give a penny to the *cad*, because he could not tell why he was a good bait for a gudgeon.

Mort. Yes, my friend was exalted by the vanity of his tongue, and he filled my mind with mourning—therefore—

Ed. Yes; and your eye has very sociably put on the same suit.

Vol. "You're a man of loose morals," says the Doctor to Jarvey. "Morals, sir, I never knowed what they be, bating they be'nt some new name for a sort of gallowses to keep up one's smallclothes."

Ed. Excellent! A better definition of the word was never given!

O'S. I'll remember me Jarvey's morals.

Vol. "Nonsense," said the Doctor, "I mean to say that you're a loose character."—"D—n," says Jarvey, "bating that I've been across the herring pond once, and had a spell at the hulks twice, who can say a word agin my carracter; for being had up now and then goes for nicks, every gemmen knows that ere. But, my precious eyes! I doesn't think as how you're no gemmen at all!" "No, he bean't," said the disappointed cad, "with his gudgeons and his bait. I would for the toss of a tizzey bait him myself." "Would you," says Jarvey, "then, by gosh! here goes." And dash there was a ringing of his knuckles on the Doc-

tor's occiput. Mortame interfered to part the contending powers, the cad interfered to increase the number of the combatants, and I could not interfere at all for laughing.

Mort. It was not a matter of laughter. It was a fearful onslaught. The man with the straw above his shoes hit me as hard as he could.

Doctor. And the hackney-coachman hit me still harder. But I have the consolation to think, that if the brute had only used his tongue instead of his fists, and when I told him he was a loose character, had he but asked me why, I should have hit him harder than he was ever hit before in his life.

O'S. I'll lay a crown this hard hit was some trash about *ill-using the fare*.

Doctor, (sulkily.) It is too bad, Captain O'Sullivan, after a man has been excellently well thrashed for preparing the parturition of a pun, to have that same pun plucked forth unscientifically and barbarously by another. I wish that you may be just as prosperous in the next joke that you attempt.

Ed. I see by the manner in which you are cut up, Doctor, that the birth of your joke has been a Cæsarean operation to you. Well, Volage, how did this *melée* end?

Vol. By all of us going to the station-house, and filing cross bills of assault, which will be heard to-morrow morning at Bow-street.

Twist. I wish you joy, gentlemen, of your morning at Bow-street. Your jokes will come before the world at last, Doctor.

Ed. Now, gentlemen, I trust you will do justice to what's before you. Mr. Twist, I think you drink brandy and water?

Twist. That I do—I can drink like the Lord Chancellor.

O'S. The Lord Chancellor! Does he support the revenue?

Twist. Yes; such is the end of ambition—Harry Brougham would be Lord Chancellor. Now that he has gained his point, what is the result? Worried by all parties—overwhelmed by the multiplicity of his avocations, from the Penny Magazine to the king's conscience—his overloaded mind has demanded a stimulus, and now he drinks brandy and water all day long—more than is good for his health.

O'S. How does that agree with the Court of Chancery?

Twist. Not very well. The arrears are now tremendous; and his difficulties increase daily—so do his potations.

Ed. I pity him. Captain O'Sullivan, you have not mentioned one word of your friend Charley Napier.

O'S. Charley's a broth of a boy, and I always expected that he would do the thing well; but, in this instance, he has effected impossibilities, I may say. When he shook hands with us at the club, when the chaise was waiting for him, "O'Sullivan," says he, "I'll either be in hell or Black Horse Square one month from this."

Doctor. Where may Black Horse Square be?

O'S. In the heart of the town of Lisbon, Doctor.

Twist. It's a pity that he fought on the wrong side.

O'S. Wrong side! I say he fought on the right side.

Vol. So do I.

Mort. So don't I.

Doctor. I don't know which is right.

Ed. Neither does it make any difference. Don Miguel and Don Pedro are a couple of blackguards. The only difference that I can perceive between them is, that one has already forfeited his word, and the other will, as soon as he has an opportunity, and finds it convenient to do so. The main point is granted by all parties—that Napier has performed a most gallant action; and which proves to the world that English sailors can do what no other class of men on earth would attempt. The character of

the British officer has been nobly upheld by Napier ; and, gentlemen, with your leave, we 'll drink his health in a bumper. Fill your glasses—Here's to Charley Napier, *alias* Don Carlos de Ponza, *alias* Duke of St. Vincent, *alias* high-admiral, *alias* major-general.

[*The toast is drunk with enthusiasm.*]

Vol. I have heard it asserted by some old officers, that the surrender of the fleet to Napier was a preconcerted arrangement.

Ed. Then you have heard the attacks of toothless malice. Most truly has it been said—

“ Envy does merit as its shade pursue,
And like the shadow, proves the substance too.”

O'S. It's a pity that we have some few in our service, who, having done nothing themselves, try to raise themselves by depreciating others.

Vol. That's a sort of a bull, captain.

O'S. Never mind, it's the truth. Whenever I hear an officer traducing another, I always look behind for the white feather.

Ed. And nine times out of ten, you'll find it.

O'S. Now that we are on naval matters, pray, Mr. Editor, who is the author of that rascally work called the *Port Admiral*—who is this *patrician* at sea, as he styles himself in Cavendish?

Vol. Patrician! why he must be something more than a patrician—he talks of the blood of Elizabeth trickling through his veins.

Ed. His name I do not know; I have forgot it. But this *patrician* was a *master's assistant* on board of one of the ships in the Mediterranean, and is now, I believe, an *attorney's clerk*.

O'S. D—n his impudence! By the blood of Elizabeth, then, he only meant the blood of “*Betty Martin*,” and the *patrician* is “*all my eye*.”

Ed. Even so. Disappointed in the navy, he has quitted it, and has made use of his talents, (for talent he has,) to run down a service because he could not rise in it. The attack upon Troubridge is most indefensible, and nothing but a tissue of falsehoods.

Twist. I perceive that the Quarterly recommends Sir Thomas to call him out.

Ed. Yes; but it is with the supposition that the offender is a captain in the navy. Sir Thomas has too much respect for himself, and for the service he belongs to, to do otherwise than treat him with the contempt he deserves. Fortunately, it is not a work that will be long before the public; and the “*Patrician*” will soon find his way to the trunk-makers. It requires more than three or four good chapters to save a work from perdition now-a-days.

Volage. The rage for sea novels is subsiding very fast.

Ed. Because their chief merit is their novelty—that has worn off; and they must now be measured, without allowance, by the same standard as all other literary productions. But now I think of it, gentlemen, much as I dislike dunning, I will trouble you for five shillings each.

O'S. Do you mean to pick our pockets, Mr. Editor?

Ed. No, it is to save your pockets from being picked. I demand it in aid of an institution for the reclaiming of juvenile offenders—the rising generation of pickpockets and thieves, who are now collected in the metropolis, and sent off as apprentices to the Cape of Good Hope, and other colonies, by which means they are reclaimed before it is too late, and made honest and useful members of the community.

O'S. Why then, this five shillings appears to be a species of *black mail*, such as they used to pay to the ancestors of our Scotch nobility.

Ed. With the slight difference, that when paid formerly it was an encouragement to the freebooters; whereas, in the present instance, it will, in all probability, remove the evil altogether. I am proud to say

that we are indebted to a captain in the navy for this admirable plan being brought to effect. Captain Brenton deserves the thanks of the community at large.

O'S. Then this five shillings is to insure my pocket from being ever picked again, Mr. Editor; at all events it will for to night, it is all the money I have in it. [*Throws down two half-crowns*]

Ed. I do not say that; but it will certainly decrease the probability even now. At all events, it will assist a most laudable undertaking; and if I can persuade you, gentlemen—

Twist. Oh! certainly. [*Puts down the money.*] A member of parliament subscribes to so many charities, per force, that it's quite a pleasure to feel that he can give five shillings with a conviction that it is well bestowed.

Vol. Mr. Editor, I must beg you will lay down the sum for me. I have no money at present; and you can deduct it, you know.

Mort. Here's my money, Mr. Editor; but allow me to observe, that it would have been better to have made the demand in the morning, when we were all clear-headed to argue upon the merits of the charity; and not now that we are in a situation in which we are hardly at liberty to refuse. (*Counts the money out shilling by shilling.*)

Ed. Thank you, Mr. Mortame, for your advice, and still more for your five shillings. I believe we have all subscribed now except the Doctor.

Doctor. My reasons, Mr. Editor, are—that I have been considering how I may best help the institution, and it appears to me that I know several well-disposed ladies who will be glad to subscribe so small a sum, and I think the institution would benefit by my procuring their subscriptions more than by a paltry five shillings out of my own pocket.

Ed. As you please, Doctor: then we are to take your five shillings out in labour for the charity.

Doctor. Yes; and in this course of practice, I hope to have a safe delivery from many ladies who are long past child bearing.

O'S. By the powers, that pun's past any man's bearing.

Ed. Well, Don, have you been to the fancy fair?

Don. Which? You are apt to stumble on a fancy fair at every corner of a street. Let me see, there have been the Hanover Square Rooms, the Regent's Park, the Putney, the Beulah Spa, the Vauxhall. Really, the thing is becoming an enormous bore! and all this is done for charity! 'Pon my soul, a glorious humbug!

Ed. Charity, aye. I suppose that's the reason that the Poles were excluded from partaking of the profits of the Society of Foreigners in Distress. I suppose we don't reckon the Poles foreigners.

Don. O bless you, no! The Poles are not foreigners, but mere outcasts—a new set of Parias, which it is meritorious to vex and exterminate, in order to oblige that most Christian, pious, enlightened, and philanthropic Autocrat of Russia. However, the charity of the Lady Patronesses of the Hanover Square Rooms' affair produced a very good effect, it aroused the energy of the really charitable, and the *fête* at Vauxhall for the benefit of the Poles took place in consequence.

Ed. Pray, tell me, was the Princess Lieven one of the Lady Patronesses?

Don. I forget—the fact is, I treat these matters with superlative contempt. Some of these philanthropic ladies are prodigious humbugs. Under pretext of selling a little trumpery, they are most anxious to exhibit another kind of trumpery—their sweet selves. Much Lady Allairs, and Lady Exclusiveton, and the Countess of Jerico, and others of that stamp, care for English, Irish, Scotch, Poles, Spaniards, and Italians in distress! Bah! However, some of the public press have spoken sufficiently on the subject.

August, 1833.—VOL. VII.—NO. XXVIII.

A A

Ed. I suppose, Don, you think of quitting town?

Don. Of course, who would be guilty of the enormity of being seen in town in August and September? Oh! odious! Indeed, I know several needy *fashionables* who are already making arrangements to shut themselves up and live quietly in the back premises of their houses, while the front is closely shut up, to indicate that the owners are at the sea side, whereas, good souls! they are merely ruralizing in the back parlour.

Doctor. These people are like the Turks keeping their Ramazan. I suppose they endeavour to sleep away the great portion of the objectionable months.

Don. Oh, they can beguile the time in delicious scandal concerning the past, and forming plans for the ensuing campaign. Alas! I know a mother with six marriageable daughters—she only *placed* one this last season—the rest of the stock still remain on hand—a serious consideration, especially when the stock is not likely to become current in the market. But talking of the market; the fact is, that the matrimonial mart, as well as every other, is at a very low ebb indeed—nothing to be had. Why, I myself cannot get a paltry 30,000*l.*, although I have given hints that an incumbrance of red hair, forty years, no shape, large feet, goggle eyes, and other little *gentillesses* of the sort, would make no difference. Where the deuce are all the fortunes gone? With my whiskers, and moustachios, and charley too!

Ed. But you don't admire beauty.

Don. What call you beauty—a tall, fair, blue-eyed, unmeaning, lanky, smiling, whimpering booby?—odious! But the season or campaign is over, thank heaven, and now for the watering places.

Ed. Stay—what say you of the "*Montechi e Capuletti*," of Bellini?

Don. I say nothing—the opera has *not taken*. We have had too much Bellini of late. By-the-bye, Laporte, they say, has lost 20,000*l.* by the opera.

Ed. The deuce he has! why people said also, he lost 12,000*l.* by Covent Garden, so there goes 32,000*l.* in one season. Why, this Laporte must be a very rich man, to incur such losses.

Don. Oh! very rich in *brass* coin. No one understands the character of John Bull better than this Frenchman. He very coolly kicked the English actors out of Covent Garden into the Olympic; then he gives up the theatre to another management, and when, of course, the good people of London conceived that Laporte had no more to do with Covent Garden theatre than the man in the moon, we find, one fine morning, by the play bills, that "M. Laporte will take a benefit at Covent Garden, previous to his quitting the management." Now this is coolness with a vengeance!

Ed. I understand his losses and troubles excite much sympathy.

Don. And very properly. Was he not the man that first inflicted the dreadful blow to the *national drama*, by the introduction of foreign performers at Covent Garden? Does he not deserve the thanks of the true Englishman for having kicked Shakspeare from his temple, in order to introduce French dancing? Oh! John Bull, thou art a marvellously sagacious and discreet fellow. You displayed an exuberant zeal against Monck Mason; there was no manner of abuse which you did not heap on the devoted head of a gentleman, your countryman, convicted of the heinous crime of squandering his wealth in his endeavours to please you; but when a foreign speculator appears in the market—why, then 'tis a different thing.

Ed. When is Mason's opera to be performed?

Don. I don't know. I have heard it said, that the principal inducement for Monck Mason's taking the king's theatre last season, was in order to have his own opera brought out—and his opera was never brought out!

Ed. How do the theatres get on?

Don. Why, I understand that a heap of novelties have seen the light, most of which have proved very successful. At the Haymarket we have two excellent pieces, "*My Wife's Mother*," which is a clever adaptation of "*La belle Mere et le Gendre*," of the French actor, Samson. In this piece Farren is admirable—his dress, manner, tone, every thing is totally different from what we have been accustomed to see. Farren is the most painstaking performer in London.

Ed. I imagine the other novelty to which you allude is "*The House-keeper*."

Don. It is. I saw it with great pleasure. It contains the proper stuff—sparkling dialogue and good situation. Jerrold has added greatly to his reputation by this new production.

Ed. A clever fellow is that Jerrold.

Don. He possesses some of the very best qualities for a dramatist. I only wish he would not endeavour so much to reach a certain quaintness in language, as some of his points appear sometimes laboured and overstrained.

Ed. The English Opera has also produced several novelties.

Don. Yes; "*The Yeoman's Daughter*," a domestic drama, which has been completely successful. "*The Mummy*," in which Reeves nightly elicits roars of laughter, and last and not least, "*The Convent Belle*," which was d——d; the public found that the language of this "*Convent Belle*," was not at all edifying, and so—they "*would none on't*."

Ed. By-the-bye, how is the Victoria getting on?

Don. Very well indeed, notwithstanding the great mistake of opening the theatre with a miserable farrago, entitled, "*The Forest of Ardennes*:" this was indisputably one of the worst pieces ever perpetrated in a theatre. The managers, however, have gained the lost ground by the production of two clever novelties. A farce, entitled, "*The Spare Bed*," in which Keeley is very droll, and "*The King's Fool*," an extremely skilful adaptation of Victor Hugo's "*Le Roi s'amuse*." We should advise Abbot to adhere to new pieces like these, instead of acting those worn-out plays, such as *Jane Shore*, and others, which have no other merit to recommend them, except a *traditional* fame, upon which they are suffered to be acted, and set people asleep.

Ed. I have heard of a society of *dramatic authors*—will it stand?

Don. Stand! what do you mean? it will either sit, or stand, or lie down; but certainly it will not *fall*, notwithstanding the predictions and quizzing of some d——d good-natured friends. However, don't ask me any more about theatricals; things are now in a state of turmoil and revolution, and next season we shall see what—we shall see—and so, I've an engagement—*au revoir*. [*Exit.*]

Ed. There he goes! a very pleasant clever fellow.

O'S. Pleasant—but confounded frivolous.

Doctor. Yes, pleasant enough; but very, very conceited.

Mort. Clever fellow, certainly, but a great coxcomb!

Ed. A great favourite with the ladies—always after them.

O'S. Why can't he sit quietly, like a reasonable man; drink, doze, smoke a pipe, and get tipsy?

Ed. Well, Volage, how go on the fine arts?

Vol. Not patronized. His majesty went to Somerset House the other day, and never asked the price of a picture.

Ed. I'm sorry for it. The breath of a king is like the wand of Harlequin to courtiers. Let him purchase modern pictures, and they will do the same. How much good may be done by a little reflection! How much depends upon the direction given to public taste by those who rule

over us! Still, his majesty does like good pictures, or he would not be such a patron to Stanfield.

Ed. Yes; but there's a *bit of the sailor* in that. What sailor can look at those pictures without wishing to have them in his possession?

Vol. I grant it; but we have others besides Stanfield. In fact, in marine painters, we beat the world.

O'S. So we ought; don't we take all the paint off the enemy when we meet them?

Ed. Come, let's have no bragging, O'Sullivan. The next war we shall have to do more and talk less.

O'S. Mr. Editor, my dear jewel! I think we've prosed enough.

Doctor. I think so too. For the sake of variety, I've got a copy of verses.

Several. Oh! oh! oh!

Twist. This noise reminds me forcibly of the Honourable House. We only want the braying of the ass——

O'S. Mr. Mortame, Mr. Twist has called upon you for your song.

Mort. Ribaldry—sobriety—hiccup! more brandy!

Twist. —— And the crowing of the cock.

Ed. That is in character—it has been the herald note of treason before.

Mort. Before the cock crows twice—more brandy!

Doctor. Well; touching these verses, gentlemen, for which you have been so polite as to press me so very much, with considerable reluctance I proceed. [*Produces his paper.* “Oh! oh! oh!” *The braying and the crowing, in imitation of parliamentary disorder, are emphatically loud.*]

Mort. More brandy!

O'S. The solemn Mr. Mortame is bungling up the other eye, that the cad left unclosed.

Mort. Mote in my eye—beam in your own!—more brandy!

Dr. Punever perseveres, and at length finding a lull, proceeds to read.

THE CARVER CUT UP.

Mister Samuel Smutch had a strange lump
 Unclass'd by Spurzheim, and by Gall unnoted;
 A *philocarritive* queer kind of bump,
 That by his friends a monstrous bore was voted.
 He seiz'd all things to cut that came in view,
 Therefore most people strove to cut him too—
 The skill was such
 Of this said Smutch,
 Out of an Irish pratee, in a trice,
 Or ere Lord Nugent could turn round in bed,
 He'd carve a brainless head;
 Then hand it round upon a plate or waiter,
 And in it you'd behold a very nice
 Resemblance to an Irish agitator.
 Any damp day,
 He, with some Clay
 Would mould a spruce suburban legislator.
 An apple, rotten at the core, he'd take,
 And a good likeness of old Eldon make.
 But not to weary all
 Who list, with a long list, 'twill do to state,
 Out of a large, soft turnip he'd create
 A sweet fac-simile of Althorp's pate,
 Which all would strike
 As being most extremely like—
 At least, in the *material*.

Sam Smutch was seated at the social board,
 Which, to quote Dryden, "with desert was crown'd ;"
 Sam seiz'd an orange, and thus vaunting roar'd,
 "At carving any here I'll beat." Then round
 He look'd, with priggish and triumphant air,
 Until he met the droll, yet wily stare
 Of William Wilcox, surnamed Waggish Will ;
 Whose wit came quiet, sly—nay, almost still
 It stole upon you, like a prowling cat,
 And when you thought you most show'd off your skill,
 'Twould pounce upon you—pat !
 And clap you in the stocks for others' laughter—
 He'd oil you first, and then he'd smoke you after.
 "I'll lay a crown," said Will, with voice all silk,
 And look as mild as milk
 Out of that orange I will carve, more true

Than you,
 Any small thing the company may name."
 "Done ! done !" bawls Smutch, his features all in flame ;
 "What shall it be ? Lord Brougham's head—the king's ?"
 "No, no," said Will, "you're practised in such things.
 Let it be something worn about a horse."
 "No matter what," says Smutch, "agreed, of course."
 "As this," says Will,
 "Is nothing more than a mere trial of skill,
 It matters not that we may choose—
 Two different things ; for should I take the shoes,
 And you the saddle—if my shoes are good,
 Your saddle bad, I win."—" 'Tis understood."

The company all glee, Sam Smutch all care,
 Th' orange is halv'd, and each one takes his share.
 With look perplex'd, albeit very sly,
 Wilcox began to eye
 His task, then shook his head, and cuts in *two*
 His subject matter, sighing, "It won't do ;"
 Then fell back in his chair, as if quite spent.
 The rest on Smutch, with eager looks are bent,
 Who cuts, and carves, and shapes, and soon the rind
 Grows like a saddle fast. Before, behind,
 All seems correct ; and loudly Samuel chirrups
 When he evolves two little dangling things,
 That at the sides of his small sculpture swings,
 And which he's pleased to call—a pair of stirrups.

Shouts Sam, "You give it up I see. 'Tis done !
 Come Mister William Wilcox, own I've won !
 We'll have a bowl of punch. I'm sure you feel
 To our good friends there is no need t' appeal."

"Not quite so fast," said Will,
 He rose—the company sate still.
 Clapping the mimic saddle on his finger,
 On which he made a smile contemptuous linger ;

"We soon shall see
 Who is to pay for punch, or you or me.
 This is no saddle, gentlemen. No, no—
 This toy a *saddle* ! Those who call it so,
 Must really be, you'll own, without their wits ;
 But I am very sure that of my half,
 (Here Samuel Smutch star'd like a choking calf.)
 I've made *two bits* !"

O'S. Bravo, Doctor ! So you bit the carver—aye, Doctor, doubly.

Mort. [*Singing*] Very good song, and very well sung. More brandy!
Several. A song, a song. Come, O'Sullivan, tip us a stave.
O'S. With all possible alacrity—hurrah my boys, here goes!

Gaffer Blackbeetle, pray where are you bound?
 Rory, bory, lilly, borroo!—
 "What! don't you know that Hobhouse is drown'd?
 And I in his office will shortly be found?"
 So said the Blackbeetle,
 Who stutter'd a leetle—
 With his rory, bory, whiggery, priggery, lilly, lilly, lilly, borroo!
 [*Chorussed energetically,*

Gaffer Blackbeetle, you are monstrously blind,
 Rory, bory, lilly, borroo!
 They'll push you before, on all sides, and behind—
 "Not more than Lord Althorp, and so never mind,"
 Said the Blackbeetle, &c.

Gaffer Blackbeetle, you're a poor creeping thing,
 Rory, bory, lilly, borroo!
 Wherever you crawl a vile odour you bring—
 "But I never, like Grey, tweak'd the nose of a king,"
 Said the Blackbeetle, &c.

Gaffer Blackbeetle, you incompetent prig!
 Rory, bory, lilly, borroo!—
 "For all your revilings I don't care a fig—
Any thing may take office, sure, after a Whig!"
 Said the Blackbeetle,
 Who stutter'd a leetle,
 With my rory, bory, whiggery, priggery, lilly, lilly, lilly, borroo!

Doctor. [*Aside*] Well, a song's a song, especially when it is sung.

Mort. A very good song, and very well sung. I say, more brandy!

Ed. No, no; let us be moral—virtue, gentlemen, virtue is a necessity of going home; therefore, Doctor Puneever, have an eye to Mr. Mortame, seeing that one of his eyes is closed, and the other bunged up. Friendship is a virtue. Gentlemen, good night. Gentlemen, as Lady Macbeth says, "Stand not,"—demme if they can stand at all! "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once." Little order enough they'll stand upon. O'Sullivan, you are very particularly drunk; good night! [*Exeunt tumultuously, all but Editor, who sits down, and fills his glass.*]—A temperate parting glass with your friends is good—when they are all gone—for then you cannot harm them by bad example. [*Exit to his bed-room.*]

THE SPANISH BARBER.¹

BY DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA.

CHAPTER V.

A Ramble—Reflections—Dogs and Men—Visit to the Cathedral at Seville—The *Devotees*—Most pious Cogitations and Remarks—Favourite Saints—Evening Walk—The *Patinillo*—Meeting with a Stranger—A Dialogue—Offer and Acceptance—Don Hilario de Villaseca—A Sevillian Dandy—His character—Description of his Family—Donna Anacleta the *Beata*—The Reverend Father Zanganillo—Descriptions and Interruption, &c. &c.

“ I HURRIED away from the formidable pastrycook’s abominable shop with astonishing expedition. I crossed one street, then flew down another, and then trotted through a third; and when I came to a fourth, I thought I might allow myself a little repose, so as to collect the strength which I was in great need of. I sat myself in a most musing attitude at the entrance of a splendid mansion, and there gave free scope to my powers of meditation. Now, Don Felix, what do you suppose was the first subject for moralizing, that struck my mind?”

“ The injustice of fate towards you.”

“ No Señor; I began to reflect on the hollowness and futility of all *human* friendships; and when I say human, I of course include canine partialities. Alas! sir, I am sure that the friendship of a dog is equally as fragile as that of a man of about forty years of age, who has spent twenty of them in constant commerce with the world. Nay, I am confident there is little to choose between a hungry mastiff, and a briefless barrister—a lean hound, and a solicitor without practice—a starving terrier, and a doctor without patients. Highly as dogs have been extolled, sir, I am convinced that they are not much better than men. Valiente was missing—the sagacious animal found, no doubt, greater attractions in the pastrycook’s residence, than in continuing the beggarly attendant of a most beggarly wanderer. In this he showed his good sense, if not any redundancy of good feeling; but I cannot say I felt much regret at the loss of my companion, for, most assuredly, I was somewhat ashamed of so rascally-looking a follower. Thus, sir, by a wise provision of fate, the dog’s appetite and my vanity were gratified at once. When I had reposed myself sufficiently, I thought I might employ the rest of the day profitably and agreeably, in strolling through the city, and surveying some of the many beautiful buildings for which it has been celebrated. I entered the splendid cathedral with reverential awe, and approached with most respectful step the chapel of St. Ferdinand, the conqueror of Seville. What an awful stillness reigned around!—the soft monotonous whispers of devotion, alone came to break the solemn silence of the scene. Here and there I perceived sundry devotees outpouring their orisons to their favourite saints. Each *ca-*

¹ Continued from p. 256.

pilla, or chapel, was properly attended by three, four, six, or more *beatos*, of both sexes, fervently engaged in prayer. I need scarcely say, that most of these were rather superannuated beatitudes, and that the women preponderated in a proportion of at least two to one. I was highly edified with the piety of some of the faithful. In one corner was a matron, say of about fifty, not overstocked with mundane charms, and she specially drew my attention. She was the owner of an enormous rosary, a Medusan visage, and a remarkably good substitute for a mustachio on her upper lip. She possessed, too, a peculiar habit of uttering a groan now and then, to diversify the tenor of her devotion, which produced a very striking effect. At due intervals—probably at every twentieth *Ave Maria*—the unavoidable groan came forth, and was followed by a fervent kiss, bestowed on the rosary, and now and then on the floor. These pious groans harmonized most capitally with the asthmatic and inveterate cough of a pious octogenarian, who was shaking on the opposite side; so that the groans and the cough made an appropriate concert. I thought that the octogenarian might have been better employed in nursing himself at home, than in exhibiting his asthmatic annoyance in a cathedral; but this, after all, is mere matter of opinion.

“ Well, Don Felix—I confess my sin—notwithstanding the devotion before me, I felt not the least inclination to pray. Nor is this surprising: I was too much engaged with my fellow Christian’s piety, to think of mumbling orisons on my own account. The *sacristan* passed by in a drowsy, shuffling manner, and now and then a canon crossed the aisle of the magnificent church, with a more brisk and consequential step. I have said that the devotees were busily occupied in mental communion with their favourite saints. The Holy Virgin and St. Joseph were of course immense pets. These chapels were more specially patronized, and I observed a greater quantity of wax candles and wax images, and other pious gifts ornamenting their altars, than any other of the less favoured holy personages. I think St. Francis came next—although certainly St. Anthony of Padua was also an enormous favourite—indeed, I remarked this, and have remarked many times after, that those blessed inhabitants of a better world, who had been originally friars and monks in this wicked one, are the objects of special predilection among the Spanish faithful—and no wonder: the Spanish faithful are fortunately enough surrounded with a competent number of friars, to impress devotees with the virtues and merits of the saints who belonged to their cloth; whereas, other professions are not equally zealous in fulfilling their duty in this respect. Think you now, for example, that certain ladies, who shall be nameless, ever take the least pains to sound the praise of St. Mary Magdalene, or St. Mary of Egypt, or any other female saint who was rather *indiscreet* in the outset of her career in life? No. Then again, catch an actor prosing over the conversion of St. Gines, who was a player, and extolling his virtues: the probability is, that no actor ever troubled his head about the histrionic saint. Besides, the Spanish actors being excommunicated, have no business to touch on such sacred topics. I never heard any thief bestow the least praise on the good thief. I should imagine that

there are no good thieves to be found now-a-days—nor, indeed, even a tolerably conscientious pickpocket—although, perhaps, I may be rash in this assertion, for certainly I am aware, that many—many of these worthies frequent churches and convents. I, having my choice, as well as any other Christian, preferred St. Ferdinand, who was a brave soldier, and an able general—but what then? Do you suppose that the Spanish army are very eager to talk, over their mess-table, about St. Ferdinand? No; they, shocking to relate, will rather bandy loose jokes and profane sayings—they will talk of gambling or some intrigue—or promotion in the army—or anything else; but not a word about St. Ferdinand, who conquered Seville from the wicked Moors, or St. Martin, who cut his cloak into two, and gave half to a beggar, by which means a good cloak was spoilt. As for persuading a cavalry officer to divide his mantle in a rainy afternoon, with the first beggar that he may meet on the crossing of two streets, you might as well persuade a sea captain to abandon swearing, a *beata* forego her rosary, or a Spanish barber his gossip and guitar!

“Evening was now fast approaching, and the awful cathedral acquired additional solemnity from the falling shadows. A feeling of religious veneration stole insensibly upon me—my eyes were rivetted on the sacred objects that surrounded me, and but for the exuberant groans of the *beata*, and the pious coughing of the asthmatic gentleman, and sundry other demonstrations of the devotees, my soul would have been completely absorbed in a mood in accordance with the solemnity of the place. As I left the cathedral, evening had fairly set in, and now was the appropriate time for the most pleasing occupation. The heat of the day having subsided, the ladies and gentlemen were enjoying the coolness of the evening in the most agreeable of *tertulias*—those *tertulias* which are held in the *Patio* or *Patinillo*.* As I was prying with more than ordinary curiosity into one of these, situated in the *Calle de Aronas*, a young gentleman sallied out, accoutred in his *sombrero chambergo* and *majo* jacket; he was one of the fashionable youngsters of Seville, and nothing gave me a stronger proof that he belonged to a family of rank and wealth, than his anxiety to ape the dress and manner of a gitano and bull-fighter.”

“*Guardo Pablo!* thanks to you, master barber; and is that your way in forming your opinions of the rank and distinction of a man?”

“Pray, señor, don’t be offended; if you are sincere, you will allow that even in this present day—But I shall forbear hurting your pride and prejudices.”

“Thank you, Gil—you are marvellously complaisant.”

“It is my nature, Don Felix. But to return. The stranger perceiving me with my eyes fixed on the *Patinillo* he was then quitting, halted, and in a manner not in the least remarkable for softness or politeness, exclaimed—

“‘*En nombre de Satanás!*† what is the rascal doing?’

* A square court, in the midst of which there is a marble fountain, surrounded by flowers and shrubs—a delightful retreat: it is covered on the top only with a sheet of canvass. It affords, perhaps, one of the most characteristic remains of the ancient Spanish Moors.

† In the name of Satan.

“ ‘ Nothing, señor. I was only looking.’ ”

“ ‘ And what business have you to look?’ ”

“ ‘ I beg pardon, sir, I was not aware that you had controul over my eyes; but now that I am properly illumined on the subject, I shall be more cautious for the future.’ ”

“ ‘ You seem very simple and foolish; but I am positive you are *not* what you appear.’ ”

“ ‘ I would not offend you by returning the compliment.’ ”

“ ‘ Ah, you saucy dog!’ he said, relaxing his hitherto rigid visage into an approximation of a smile. ‘ Well, I like smartness; I like to see a young fellow with his wits about him.’ ”

“ ‘ Sir, my wits, as you are pleased to call them, constitute the sum total of my wealth in this world, and therefore I cannot afford to lose any part of my little stock out of sight for one moment—I must husband my resources with provident care. You, señor, I dare say, being blessed with another kind of property, are no doubt dispensed from a similar task. Money supplies the place of the other commodity.’ ”

“ ‘ ’Pon my word you have hit on a polite and ingenious manner of calling me a fool.’ ”

“ ‘ *Dios nos libre!* I could never be guilty of such an offence.’ ”

“ Well, Don Felix, I began a regular dialogue with the stranger, in the course of which I did not think it at all necessary to spare him. He had announced his partiality to smartness, and it would be highly unkind and impolitic in me not to please his taste in this respect, especially as I could do it without any great expenditure of brain and ingenuity, the rudeness of the subject supplying all other deficiencies. In this manner, sir, I abused the youngster in the most admirable style of politeness and good breeding. In fact, never was a man called a brute, an ass, and a coxcomb, with such a courtly grace, and such a suavity of deportment. This won the heart of the incognito. I perceived, that before I had uttered half a dozen saucy sayings, I was growing into favour, and that before my impertinence had attained only about one-third of the height which it is susceptible of ascending upon an occasion, I was fairly established in his esteem and good opinion. ”

“ ‘ What is your occupation at present?’ ”

“ ‘ Walking, sitting, or lying, as it may occur—peeping, prying, observing, thinking, and reflecting—and—starving!’ ”

“ ‘ But have you no other pursuit?’ ”

“ ‘ Not a definite one.’ ”

“ ‘ What are you, then?’ ”

“ ‘ What am I—bless me, señor! I thought I had told you sufficiently. Why, I am a gentleman at large, an independent man, a philosopher, a beggar, a vagabond, or a knave, just as you may please to call me, for probably I might, without impropriety, lay claim to any or to all of those appellations. Indeed, some crabbed, sceptical, and morose people go so far as to assert, that many of them are often synonymous; but I, who am neither crabbed, sceptical, or morose, will never subscribe to such an opinion.’ ”

“ ‘ But how came you to be thrown into the world?’ ”

“ ‘ Like many others, I suppose—for the good of the country at large—and to afford practical lessons of fortitude, patience, and abstinence. It is not enough that mankind should possess the *theory* of those admirable virtues, for that task, indeed, devolves on very reverend, pious, and well-fed friars; but it is also necessary that the *practice* should be known, and accordingly Providence, or nature, or fate, or destiny, or the stars, have wisely ordained that a competent number of human beings should be born to fulfil so desirable an object. I consider myself and my brethren of immense service in the world.’

“ ‘ How’s that?’

“ ‘ Why, we enable grandees and bishops, *caballeros*, and dainty ladies, to endure with a little more resignation the awful tribulations to which they are often exposed. Thus, to see a fellow creature literally starving, may reconcile a reverend to have his soup a little too warm, or his dishes not warm enough—to behold one of us suffering from cold—raging with fever, and covered with disease and rags, serves also to render rather more endurable a fit of the vapours, the loss of a favourite fan, or a disappointment in a new dress—calamities to which even the most fortunate ladies are frequently exposed.’

“ ‘ But have you been guilty of any offence?’

“ ‘ Bless you, señor—of many! *Imprimis*—I came into the world in a manner highly objectionable—I am what is called a *natural* child, and consequently much beneath the value of an *artificial* one—or, I beg pardon, one born in wedlock! The sin of poverty, too, I have good reason to believe I have been in the habit of committing for some time past; then again, I have been guilty of the heinous offence of trusting to the fine words of a friend, as also of objecting to torture my fellow creatures by a murderous sort of shaving, and moreover, of refusing to starve. Thus, señor, you see, I am a poor wretch, full of stains and iniquities. But I make no doubt I shall improve as I grow older, and that the lessons of the world will not be thrown away upon me.’

“ ‘ Will you become my valet?’

“ ‘ With unbounded pleasure, señor.’

“ ‘ You are to be trusted, I hope?’

“ ‘ Depend upon it, sir, I would rather be paid for acting honestly, than for being employed in a different cause.’

“ ‘ Well, then, follow me.’

“ I did, and in about a quarter of an hour we arrived at a good mansion in the —.

“ Don Hilario de Villaseca was a young gentleman who had not only inherited considerable property from his father, but was the presumptive heir of a rich old aunt, who lived in the same house with him and his mother, to whom she was an elder sister. Doña Anacleto was a maiden lady, on the confines of fifty;—but before I enter into description of this respectable dame, and the other members of the family, it will be more proper and consistent to introduce you to my young master, Don Hilario. This gentleman was in his twenty-seventh year, his personal appearance was tolerable, and here ends the catalogue of his good points—they were centred in the two words, youth and person. He was what some kind hearted folks

would call a spoiled child, but what I should feel no scruple to denominate a nuisance, a wort, a walking encyclopedia of all kinds of conceit and folly. His tastes were those of a thorough blackguard, and as for knowledge of any sort, unless that of being a competent master of slang, and a *connoisseur* in bull-fights, he possessed no other. With regard to his education, some would say, that it had been rather neglected, but the real fact was, that he had received no education at all. He could read MS. if not badly written, and also could write half a dozen lines without committing more than an equal number of offences against grammar and orthography—this was the sum total of his instruction. He felt an instinctive horror of books; and with him a well-informed person was synonymous with *pedant*. There is a marvellously wise opinion prevailing in Spain, that a man who is born to a good *mayorazgo*,* does not require much learning or knowledge to spend his revenue, and pass an indolent, agreeable life. Indeed, in some cases, it is considered almost derogatory that the *Senorito* should be put to the least expenditure of brains in the acquisition of useful and ornamental knowledge, no doubt considering that the exercise of the mental qualities was meant by Providence to be adopted merely by those unfortunates of an inferior caste, who were born without a fortune. From these admirable premises we draw the natural conclusion—that the higher the rank and fortune of a man, the more obtuse and supine should be his ignorance—and that a fashionable aristocrat should never degrade himself by the display and exercise of talent, industry, and knowledge, which would put him on a par with those that were obliged to *work for their bread*. Don Hilario was a most admirable specimen of the *genus*. He would never disgrace his *caste* by uttering a syllable which might, even by the utmost ingenuity, be constructed into an approach to good sense and reasoning. Except the *catechism*, which he was obliged to learn when he was a boy, at school, he had never since opened a book of any sort. 'Tis true, that his maiden aunt once forced him to read to her one-third of the life of a saint, from the *flos sanctorum*, but the task was so irksome, and he performed it so indifferently, that the good Doña Anacleta never again ventured to call in her nephew's aid towards enjoying one of the most agreeable occupations of her life. But then, Don Felix, you will naturally ask, how in the name of wonder did this same Don Hilario contrive to spend his time from his boyhood up to the period I became his servant?"

"You have guessed my thoughts, Robledo."

"Señor, you are a fashionable young man yourself, but then you do not think it a discredit to be endowed with ideas. I know you can admire a work of art, if good, and skim over a book, if strongly recommended: you like witty, and even useful conversation, and do not think it strictly necessary to convert yourself into a blackguard, in order to prove that you are a true gentleman. Now, señor, my master, Don Hilario, was very different as to the way in which he had spent his youth, I can easily inform you. A considerable portion of his time was consumed in talking with *toreros*, attending bull-fights, and lounging about the city. The hours which he lolled at home

* Entailed estate.

were pleasantly killed with dozing and smoking cigars. Then again, consider the great portion of time which was occupied in the more serious business of his life—*id est*, love intrigue. At the early age of sixteen he had begun a glorious career, which, according to a very reasonable calculation, formed on experience, was to finish at or about thirty, when he would probably marry, in order to take care of his health, and—die. The fact is, that the old age of these amiable men begin about thirty, or five-and-thirty; but then, they have the consolation that they begin *life* when other *boys* are at school or college. My master, although in the very flower of his life, exhibited already decided symptoms of decay. His dissipation had been so furious, that although endowed with an excellent constitution, he showed marks of premature *breaking down*.

“Of him it could not be said, that he was the slave of this or of that particular vice; he evinced a most strict impartiality in this respect, and he was accordingly addicted to all. The character of Doña Benita, his mother, was one of those which is more easily described by negatives. She was neither bad tempered, nor did she possess any remarkable share of feeling. She was ignorant, but not conceited. She was one of the most common-place ladies in Seville, and like many others of her class, fulfilled admirably the purpose for which she had come into the world—to marry and to give an heir to her husband.’ The most prominent feature in her disposition was the total absence of any feature—monotony was the leading characteristic both of her mind and soul; in her youth she had been called pretty, and she had received the usual average of incense from the idlers of Seville; (a numerous cohort); then she married because she was told to do so. She did not love her husband, ’tis true, but then, on the other hand, she did not dislike him, and that was quite sufficient. Indolence and apathy were the constant attendants of the good lady; and, indeed, had she been told that the house was in flames, she would have expressed her terror in the mildest terms. A calamity, however severe, would not probably wrench other marks of pain from her heart and lips than a *Jesus Maria!* pronounced in a very placid manner.

“But Doña Anacleta, her sister, was a personage of a very different stamp. She was a lady who entertained a most comfortable opinion of her mental powers and abilities. She possessed a profound knowledge of the world, and a boundless information, without having devoted the smallest part of her time to study of any sort. She must, consequently, have acquired the said knowledge by divine inspiration, for how could she otherwise talk on all subjects fluently and pertinaciously without having been at the pains of studying the said subject? She was also an extraordinary logician. She could draw a conclusion without first establishing premises—a feat which had hitherto been left unachieved by the most sapient philosophers of ancient and modern times. Then again, she could alternately use the opposite sides of an argument to prove the same proposition. This was exceedingly ingenious, and altogether established her as an oracle among the members of her family and friends. Nor is this surprising. Don Hilario heard all the speeches of his wise aunt with a very respectful

indifference—smoked his cigar, and continued his daily round of meritorious occupations. Doña Benita was too apathetic to take any part in an argument; so she preferred allowing her sister to debate both sides of the question—a task which Doña Anacleta undertook most good-naturedly, and by this means Doña Benita was generally convinced by *proxy*.

“With regard to the friends and visitors—they were all duly persuaded whenever the good lady chose to open her mouth. Some were in dread of her oratorical powers, whilst others had too just an appreciation for the comfort and hospitality enjoyed in her house, to show any foolish diversity of opinion. Of this latter class was the reverend father Zanganillo, a pious man, of remarkably capacious appetite, and a huge favourite of Doña Anacleta.

Father Zanganillo was an excellent judge, and an inveterate swallower, of chocolate. Doña Anacleta's chocolate was accounted the very best in Spain. Zanganillo uniformly nodded assent to whatever the *beata* chose to utter, and then the *beata* as regularly quoted the authority of the reverend as a proof of her propositions. Some obtuse people (for there are such in the world) might be puzzled at this, and probably would be apt to wonder at this “allowing the *beata* to have her own way;” and then they would as anxiously look after a solution of the enigma. But the solution, we apprehend, has already been given. Doña Anacleta being rich and independent, liberal and weak, the worthy friends, with *Padre* Zanganillo at their head, were constantly on the look out for squalls, or windfalls, or godsend—*or call them as you will*. The projects of the friar especially were of a very lofty nature—they amounted literally to nothing less than inducing her to bequeath her whole property to his convent, to the prejudice of her sister, nephew, and a whole bevy of poor relations. This was certainly a magnificent scheme, and at the first blush of difficult achievement, but as such exploits had been often before attempted and performed in Spain, the reverend saw no reason why he should not be equally successful in his undertaking. His most redoubtable adversary was certainly Don Hilario, who, besides having on his side the rights of blood and nature, possessed also those afforded by the partiality of his aunt, whom he contrived to delude in the most exemplary manner. Certainly one-twentieth part of the excesses and irregularities of this worthy would have been sufficient to throw the most devotedly fond aunt into fits. But then the admirable system of logic adopted by the *beata* happily reconciled the most astounding contradictions; and thus, faults and offences, which she would denounce in other men, with all the fire of fanatic zeal, she overlooked with very indulgent heart in her own nephew,—and why? for these simple reasons—1st, the poor young man had enemies; 2d, the thing *must* have been exaggerated; 3d, she would *not* believe it; and so forth. Now for another question—how came Don Hilario to acquire this power over the mind of his aunt? simply by having had the good fortune of getting the key to the whole system of logic in the use of the *beata*—*id est*—he behaved with most *respectful* indifference.”

“Respectful indifference, master barber—and what is that?”

“I can comprehend, señor, much better than describe it. I shall,

however, try. *Respectful* indifference is that quality by which a man skilfully dresses contempt in the attire of deference and respect. So that one listens without *hearing*—smiles without cause—*frowns* ditto, and nods assent, with the wise proviso, of course, of following a totally different plan when once out of the way: in other words—a person merely adopts all the *forms* of persuasion and conviction, silyly reserving in his mind the *substance* of these qualities for other and fitter opportunities.

“Doña Anacleta had been in her youth one of the leading beauties of Seville. She then knew the power of her charms, and had lost no occasion of exercising it to the uttermost limit. Wicked tongues had even hinted that she had not been quite so immaculate in her conduct as she would have people believe. Strange rumours circulated concerning an intrigue which had trespassed the bounds of simple flirtation and coquetry—however, this is a delicate subject, and we will leave it involved in mystery. The *beata* was now a very different person. She hated men, or at least she said so. Why she had not married, having birth, fortune, and beauty on her side, had puzzled many wiseacres; but, nevertheless, she had attained her fiftieth year in single blessedness, and she appeared now wholly engrossed with spiritual speculations—the care of her future welfare filled her mind, and the world she vowed was nothing to her, although, indeed, she was constantly censuring its proceedings.

“I have been thus circumstantial in my account of Doña Anacleta, because, as you will, Don Felix, perceive in the sequel, she was destined by fate to play rather a conspicuous part in the history of my life. I have now, my good señor, introduced you to this worthy family; but I must postpone the narrative of——”

“What, master barber, are you going already.”

“Alas! Don Felix, if you knew——”

“Out with it, man.”

“I am likely to get into a confounded scrape—this comes of being good-natured—the young Marquis of San Justo has acted rather imprudently, and the morose *grandee*, his father, swears vengeance against *me*—and why? simply because, seeing that the young nobleman would play, I, with a kind heart, procured him the means; the old Don thinks that such friendly services should be rewarded with the galleys. I am of a different opinion; and am, therefore, hastening to make interest with the cousin of a friend of a brother of a gentleman, who is connected with the former master of an intimate companion of a person who knows a member of the *Camarilla*. So good morning.”

(*To be continued.*)

THE LAST ESSAY OF CELIA.

THE OLD WORK-BOX.

SWEET casket !—beloved box !—charming receptacle !—adored continent !—‘ mine ancient !’—thrice-darling inanimate !—delightfullest recipient !—queen of thy kind !—beautiful mechanism !—featly-prankt elaboratory !—fairest, finest, flow’riest, fancifullest “ present from Tunbridge !”—how many a thought of the April of my life, (April without its showers,)—how many a remembrance of the May-morning of my being dost thou conjure up—now, now, ALAS ! in the December of my days, amid the snows, and frosts, and icicles—brightly tapering down, like the reflex of some cloud-kissing spire in glassy lake—of life’s winter, when the sun of Hope is frigid in the zodiac of Care, and the calendar of existence exhibits only these sad intimations: “ Cold winds now about ”—“ Stormy, with rain or snow ”—“ Severe frost ”—“ More snow ! ” or haply a spice of flattering qualification is vouchsafed, and we rejoice in the pleasant assurance of “ Cold, but fine ”—“ Bright and clear nights ”—“ Very seasonable ”—“ The year goes out with fair and frosty weather ! ”—

“ And life ends brightly, like a bursting starre.”

How often do I call to mind, sweet wood-gem, the youthful hour in which thou first presentedst thyself in all thy pigmental pride, redolent of varnish, and shining with a lustrousness that might have rivalled the mid-day Apollo ! How I hung enraptured on thy lid, where a beau-ideal of rural scenery—a cottage, a river, a mill, a bridge, a mountain castle-topped, and a setting sun—delectated my enraptured eyne, and showed fairer to my view than the creations of a Claude, or the sublimities of a Salvator ! Around thy edges were garlanded gayest buds, of rose, of pink, of primrose, of forget-me-not, and many a beautiful blossom that garden never knew, produced from the parterre of painter’s imagination, grown in the bright pleasaunce of Fancy’s fairy-land. Thou wert guarded from contact with plebeian table, or canaille mantel-shelf, by four golden globes, which—happy ignorance !—I then believed to be of genuine Golconda. Alas ! how soon, and how sadly was I deceived ! One morning, when I was going to use thee in the pleasant and thought-inducing toil of sempstressy, perceived thee to reel and fall to one side, like tippling Silenus, or inebriate Bacchus. That was the first *great* misfortune of my life. I had met with my little accidents before—who has not ?—I had lost dolls’ eyes, and broken the glass of my time-unheeding watch, and tumbled off my rocking-horse, and skipped my skipping-rope in twain ; but never—never till now, had my best-beloved present, in all its gloss of newness, been ravished, torn, and unmendably maimed by the unhallowed hand of ruthless violator. Oh, George-Henry ! my youngest, favouritest brother, well might I be irate with thee for dismantling my pretty box, to furnish thee with a GOLDEN TAU ! How I topsy-turvied that whole bag of detested marbles, making them dance at my feet like hailstones, accompanied by the thunder of my grief, the lightning-flash of my indignation, and the cat-and-dog storm of my tears, flowing in wildest gush through the flood-gates of my eyes, and irrigating the meadows of my cheeks ; or, like that far-famed Niagarian cataract, dashing fragmentedly down, with a glittering cadence, into the lowest abysme of earth ! In vain profferedst thou immediate restitution ; in vain our half-angered parent, chiding *thee* in hope to assuage *my* sorrow, glued on the mangled limb ! Its brightness was gone—its shine had been dimmed—scratches, innumerable scratches were visible on its surface ; and here and there

eyeball-searing patches of plaster were evident upon its white-speckled sides.

"Withouten spot, withouten staine,
Whilome thou wert, my bosome friende ;
But now, albee thy lyfe remaine,
Thy lovelinesse, alas ! doth ende—
Likened to rose in Autumne donne,
The plante alive, but flower gone."

Ancient MS.

But enough of this ; revert we to the sunny days of eld, ere that box, like MAN, had rued the devil Temptation—when I first lifted its beautiful lid, and let fall the light of my eyes upon its delectable containments. There, in tiny cells, ruby-tinted, lay a choice collection of cotton balls—whiter than snow new fallen in desert land—fine, finer, finest, in well-arranged gradation ; how woud I wist not, so exactly did each twine overcross its fellow, so compact and neatly-formed was every spheroid of that magic clue. For a long time I hesitated to use them. I could not prevail upon myself to unravel those thready labyrinths for the ignoble purposes of hemming villain pocket handkerchiefs, or darning base cotton stockings. By their side were ranged divers packets of needles—*gold-eyed* needles, gradational, like the thread, of all sizes, from that of "Cleopatra's neeld" down to a so small diminuity, that the eye was as invisible as that of earth-inhabiting mole. A silken yard stood close by, incarcerated in an ivory box, (the very model of our new summer-house,) with which I proceeded to measure our little parlour, and "my garden," and my little brothers and sisters, and Mary the nurse, and mamma, and papa, and, above all, MYSELF !

Ah ! would I had always been so careful in this self-admeasurement ! would I had oftener unfurled the shrinkless yard of conscience, and taken the length, width, breadth, and depth of my growing mind !

A pincushion, an emery-bag, a thimble—of *solid silver*, with a place for my name to be engraven—albeit it never *was* engraved—and an ivory stiletto occupied other portions of my casket's interior, and at the discovery of each, new raptures fired my bosom, and new jubilations escaped from my juvenescent lips. But what moved my especial wonderment, and excited my most fervid joy, was the collection of *bijouterie* that was traced—so to say—on the lid's under side. There, sheathed in belt of crimson—like the poniard of Appenine bandit—glittered in steely brightness the sweetest pair of scissors that mortal optics ever beheld. The bows were semblant of twain snakes, a bird's head composed the rest, whose beak was represented by the blade, and whose eye might in sooth be said to be *riveted* upon you. Veritable it is that those elfin shears wist not to *cut*—not more than the razors of the poor rustic in the legend—but what was that ? any vulgar scissors might serve for such ignoble office, the vilest shears that ever scintillated on the anvil of Sheffieldian artisan, might be made available for such ignominious purpose—*mine were above it !*

Beside these was a bodkin, a chased silver bodkin, white and bright like wand of fairy ; and oh ! how long I sighed in vain for an opportunity to use it ! when at last the happy requirement came, and I was called upon by my brother—that very brother who had so cruelly robbed my casket of its gold supporter—to put a string to his WORM-BAG.

How shall I tell what else was marshalled in bright array upon that teeming lid, now that the remanent sockets are vacate ! What occupied this broad belt, that seems even now to bewail its sad emptiness ? Ah ! too soon the flash of memory comes, lightning-like, over my soul, and reminds me of the absent, the lost ! 'Twas a *knife*—yes, gentle bookworm, it was the sweetest, sharpest, steel penknife, that ever carved goose-quill,

or cut the riband of heaven-scenting nosegay—the *chef-d'œuvre* of art cutlerian, the pride of my beautiful box! And where is it now? Did I give it, under evil star, to perfidious friend, and did it “cut our love?”—No. Did I lose it—as I have since lost many a knife, and thimble, and ring, and pencil-case, and smelling-bottle, and brooch, and comb, and frill, and pocket-handkerchief, and bow off my bonnet, and flower out off my hair? No, gentlest of *lectores*, it was not thus my sweet knife left its fellows lonely; it was not thus that the tears of grief were awakened from the cradle of my eye; the Fates stole it not, but a villanous, dishonest, dirty, knife-and-scissor-grinding errant, who sneaked away with that and twelve ivory-hafted dinner knives, and has never been seen or heard of by me, or mine, from that day to this. Poor knife! I wonder where thou art now—or *if* thou art. I should like to see thee once again before I die!

Pardon me, gentle skimmer-over of printed leaves, if I so deeply lament these little companions—companions! aye, *friends* of my youth. They are gone, and I am left! Soon—*how* soon!—I shall be *GONE*, and *they* will be—LEFT!

Since thy halcyon days, my box, I have had many handsome presentments—gold watches—rosewood writing-desks—prancing ponies—LOVERS' HEARTS! But never hath the midsummery delight of that happy morn when I newly pressed thee, my casket of caskets, to my bosom, fallen upon the days of thy Celia. Yet I loved thee all. I loved that golden horologe, with its elfin chimes and adamantine pivotry, ever singing at my side, like a cricket in the grassy jungle of daisy-decked meadow. I loved that *dark beauty*, my rosewood desk—rosewood! sweet name!—with its inclined plane of purpureous velvet, (gorgeous in margent of gold,) its reservoirs, its magazines, its dépôts of Bath post, and, above all, its SECRET DRAWER, in the which I panted to place some skulking, semi-treasonous document, to be guarded like Hesperian fleece from the Jason-peering eyes of prying mundanes. And thee too, my sweet “*bai clair*,” my caprioling palfrey, my well-loved Okrar, lineal descendant—or I much mistake me—of the Prophet's favourite Rabdha, or that more ancient blood of Mashoor, the star of the East, the beauty, the boast of Beni Obeyda—thee I affectioned highly, thee I loved with a love passing that in common usance between the dumb and undumb creatures of life—a Martin-like regard, the love-link that binds all things together in a universal concatenation of kindliness, (albeit too often broken by the rebel sons of Terra,) from the great, the eternal PAN, down to the unseen, undreamt-of being that forms life's minimum—creation's *ne plus ultra*! And oh! loveder than all these was that ONE HEART, faithful as Phæbus to the east, changeless as empyrean blue, the heart of! Oh, . . ., dear . . .! of gracile form and mind magnific, dutifullest of sons, kindest of brethren, affectionest of *sweethearts*—sweethearts! sweet, old-fashioned word! there has never been any true-love i' the world since thou wert obsoleted—constancy and thou went out together!

Yes, I have loved these, and more, but most of all have I loved thee, my box, my jewel of uncountable carats, my morning-star in life's blue heaven, my earliest song-bird in the springtide of existence! Women can love but once—after-affection is an echo only in the sound-reflecting labyrinths of the rocky heart, Cupid's image in a looking-glass, Venus in Paris plaster, a stuffed dove! But thou, mine ownest of own caskets, thou wert my one adoration, Cupid the first, Venus fresh from the sea, a sucking dove, the lightning-bar from Love's heaven, that burns up the heart of hearts, and renders it incapable of putting forth a new shoot of affection.

May thy existence be eterne—may thy wood outlive the *lignum vitæ*—may thy loved sides never feel the bite of defædationous wood-worm, or the assailment of demolitious dry-rot!

PETER SIMPLE.¹

I do not remember any circumstance in my life which, at the time, lay so heavily on my mind, as the loss of poor Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, who, of course, I took it for granted, I should never see again. I believe that the chief cause was, that at the time I entered the service, and every one considered me to be the fool of the family, that Mr. Chucks and O'Brien were the only two who thought and treated me differently; and it was their conduct which induced me to apply myself, and encouraged me to exertion. I believe, that many a boy, who if properly encouraged would turn out well, is, by the injudicious system of brow-beating and ridicule, forced into the wrong path, and in his despair, throws away all confidence in himself, and allows himself to be carried away by the stream to perdition. O'Brien was not very partial to reading himself; he played the German flute remarkably well, and had a very good voice. His chief amusement was practising, or rather playing, which is a very different thing; but although he did not study himself, he always made me come into his cabin for an hour or two every day, and, after I had read, repeat to him the contents of the book. By this method he not only instructed me, but gained a great deal of information himself, for he made so many remarks upon what I had read, that it was impressed upon both our memories.

"Well, Peter," he would say, as he came into the cabin, "what have you to tell me this morning? Sure it's you that's the school-master, and not me,—for I learn from you every day."

"I have not read much, O'Brien, to day, for I have been thinking of poor Mr. Chucks."

"Very right for you so to do, Peter; never forget your friends in a hurry, you'll not find too many of them as you trot along the highway of life."

"I wonder whether he is dead?"

"Why, that's a question I cannot answer; a bullet through the chest don't lengthen a man's days, that's certain; but this I know, that he'll not die if he can help it, now that he's got the captain's jacket on."

"Yes, he always aspired to be a gentleman—which was absurd enough in a boatswain."

"Not at all absurd, Peter, but very absurd of you to talk without thinking; when did any one of his shipmates ever know Mr. Chucks to do an unhandsome or mean action? Never—and why? because he aspired to be a gentleman, and that feeling kept him above it. Vanity's a confounded donkey, very apt to put his head between his legs and chuck us over; but pride's a fine horse, who will carry us over the ground, and enable us to distance our fellow travellers. Mr. Chucks had pride, and that's always commendable even in a boatswain. How often have you read of people rising from nothing, and

¹ Continued from p. 272.

becoming great men? This was from talent, sure enough; but it was talent with pride to force it onward, not talent with vanity to check it."

"You are very right, O'Brien; I spoke foolishly."

"Never mind, Peter, nobody heard you but me, so it's of no consequence. Don't you dine in the cabin to day?"

"Yes."

"So do I. The captain is in a most marvellous humour this morning. He told me one or two yarns that quite staggered my politeness and my respect for him and the quarter-deck. What a pity it is that a man should have gained such a bad habit."

"He's quite incurable, I'm afraid," replied I; "but, certainly, his fibs do no harm; they are what they call white lies. I do not think he would really tell a lie, that is, a lie which would be considered to disgrace a gentleman."

"Peter, *all* lies disgrace a gentleman, white or black; although I grant there is a difference. To say the least of it, it is a dangerous habit, for white lies are but the gentleman ushers to black ones. I know but of one point on which a lie is excusable, and that is, when you wish to deceive the enemy. Then your duty to your country warrants your lying till you're black in the face; and, for the very reason that it goes against your grain, it becomes as it were a sort of virtue."

"What was the difference between the marine officer and Mr. Phillott, that occurred this morning?"

"Nothing at all in itself—the marine officer is a bit of a gaby, and takes offence where none is meant. Mr. Phillott has a foul tongue, but he has a good heart."

"What a pity it is!"

"It is a pity, for he's a smart officer; but the fact is, Peter, that junior officers are too apt to copy their superiors, and that makes it very important that a young gentleman should sail with a captain who is a gentleman. Now, Phillott served the best of his time with Captain Ballover, who is notorious in the service for foul and abusive language. What is the consequence?—that Phillott, and many others who have served under him, have learnt his bad habit."

"I should think, O'Brien, that the very circumstance of having had your feelings so often wounded by such language when you were a junior officer, would make you doubly careful not to make use of it to others, when you had advanced in the service."

"Peter, that's just the *first* feeling, which wears away after a time; but at last your own sense of indignation becomes blunted, and becoming indifferent to it, you forget also that you wound the feelings of others, and carry the habit with you, to the great injury and disgrace of the service. But it's time to dress for dinner, so you'd better make yourself scarce, Peter, while I tidivate myself off a little, according to the rules and regulations of his majesty's service, when you are asked to dine with the skipper."

We met at the captain's table, where we found, as usual, a great display of plate, but very little else, except the ship's allowance. We certainly had now been cruising some time, and there was some ex-

cuse for it; but still, few captains would have been so unprovided. "I'm afraid, gentlemen, you will not have a very grand dinner," observed the captain, as the steward removed the plated covers of the dishes; "but when on service we must rough it out how we can. Mr. O'Brien, pease-soup? I recollect faring harder than this through one cruize, in a flush vessel. We were thirteen weeks up to our knees in water, and living the whole time upon raw pork—not being able to light a fire during the cruize."

"Pray, Captain Kearney, may I ask where this happened?"

"To be sure. It was off Bermudas: we cruized for seven weeks before we could find the Islands, and began verily to think that the Bermudas were themselves on a cruize."

"I presume, sir, you were not sorry to have a fire to cook your provisions when you came to an anchor?" said O'Brien.

"I beg your pardon," replied Captain Kearney; "we had become so accustomed to raw provisions and wet feet, that we could not eat our meals cooked, or help dipping our legs over the side, for a long while afterwards. I saw one of the boat-keepers astern, catch a large barracouta, and eat it alive—indeed, if I had not given the strictest orders, and flogged half a dozen of them, I doubt whether they would not have eaten their victuals raw to this day. The force of habit is tremendous."

"It is indeed," observed Mr. Phillott, drily, and winking to us—referring to the captain's incredible stories.

"It is indeed," repeated O'Brien; "we see the mote in our neighbour's eye, and cannot observe the log of wood in our own,"—and O'Brien winked at me, referring to Phillott's habit of bad language.

"I once knew a married man," observed the captain, "who had been always accustomed to go to sleep with his hand upon his wife's head, and would not allow her to wear a night-cap in consequence. Well, she caught cold and died, and he never could sleep at night until he took a clothes-brush to bed with him, and laid his hand upon that, which answered the purpose—such was the force of habit."

"I once saw a dead body galvanized," observed Mr. Phillott; "it was the body of a man who had taken a great deal of snuff during his lifetime, and as soon as the battery was applied to his spine, the body very gently raised its arm, and put its fingers to its nose, as if it was taking a pinch."

"You saw that yourself, Mr. Phillott?" observed the captain, looking at the first lieutenant earnestly in the face.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Phillott, coolly.

"Have you told that story often?"

"Very often, sir."

"Because I know that some people, by constantly telling a story, at last believe it to be true; not that I refer to you, Mr. Phillott; but still, I should recommend you not to tell that story where you are not well known, or people may doubt your credibility."

"I make a rule to believe every thing myself," observed Mr. Phillott, "out of politeness; and I expect the same courtesy from others."

"Then, upon my soul! when you tell that story, you trespass very much upon our good manners. You must meet a friend of mine, who has been a courtier all his life; he cannot help bowing. I have seen him bow to his horse, and thank him, after he had dismounted—beg pardon of a puppy for treading on his tail; and one day, when he fell over a scraper, he took his hat off, and made it a thousand apologies for his inattention."

"Force of habit again," said O'Brien.

"Exactly so. Mr. Simple, will you take a slice of this pork; and perhaps you'll do me the honour to take a glass of wine? Lord Privilege would not much admire our dinner to day, would he, Mr. Simple?"

"As a variety he might, sir, but not for a continuance."

"Very truly said. Variety is charming. The negroes here, get so tired of salt fish and occra broth, that they eat dirt by way of a relish. Mr. O'Brien, how remarkably well you played that sonata of Pleyel's, this morning."

"I am happy that I did not annoy you, Captain Kearney, at all events," replied O'Brien.

"On the contrary, I am very partial to good music. My mother was a great performer. I recollect once, she was performing a piece on the piano, in which she had to imitate a *thunder storm*. So admirably did she hit it off, that when we went to tea, all the cream was *turned sour*, as well as three casks of *beer* in the cellar."

At this assertion Mr. Phillott could contain himself no longer; he burst out into a loud laugh, and having a glass of wine to his lips, spattered it all over the table, and over me, who unfortunately was opposite to him. "I really beg pardon, Captain Kearney, but the idea of such an expensive talent was too amusing. Will you permit me to ask you a question? As there could not have been thunder without lightning, were any people killed at the same time by the electric fluid of the piano?"

"No, sir," replied Captain Kearney, very angrily; "but her performance *electrified* us, which was something like it. Perhaps, Mr. Phillott, as you lost your last glass of wine, you will allow me to take another with you?"

"With great pleasure," replied the first lieutenant, who perceived that he had gone far enough.

"Well, gentlemen," said the captain, "we shall soon be in the land of plenty. I shall cruize a fortnight more, and then join the admiral at Jamaica. We must make out our despatch relative to the cutting out of the *Sylvia*, (that was the name of the privateer brig,) and I am happy to say, that I shall feel it my duty to make honourable mention of all the party present. Steward, coffee."

The first lieutenant, O'Brien, and I, bowed to this flattering avowal on the part of the captain; as for me, I felt delighted. The idea of my name being mentioned in the *Gazette*, and the pleasure that it would give to my father and mother, mantled the blood in my cheeks till I was as red as a turkey cock. "*Cousin Simple*," said the captain, good naturedly, "you have no occasion to blush, your conduct deserves it; and you are indebted to Mr. Phillott for having made me acquainted with your gallantry."

Coffee was soon over, and I was glad to leave the cabin and be alone, that I might compose my perturbed mind. I felt too happy. I did not, however, say a word to my messmates, as it might have created feelings of envy or ill-will. O'Brien gave me a caution not to do so, when I met him afterwards, so that I was very glad that I had been so circumspect.

The second night after this, we had the middle watch, and I claimed Swinburne's promise that he would spin his yarn, relative to the battle of St. Vincent. "Well, Mr. Simple, so I will, but I require a little priming, or I shall never go off."

"Will you have your glass of grog before or after?"

"Before, by all means, if you please, sir. Run down and get it, and I'll heave the log for you in the mean time, then we shall have a good hour without interruption, for the sea breeze will be steady, and we are under easy sail." I brought up a stiff glass of grog, which Swinburne tossed off, and as he finished it, sighed deeply as if in sorrow that there was no more. Having stowed away the tumbler in one of the capstern holes for the present, we sat down upon a coil of ropes under the weather bulwarks, and Swinburne, replacing his quid of tobacco, commenced as follows.

"Well, Mr. Simple, as I told you before, old Jervis started with all his fleet for Cape St. Vincent. We lost one of our fleet—and a three-decker too—the *St. George*; she took the ground, and was obliged to go back to Lisbon; but we soon afterwards were joined by five sail of the line, sent out from England, so that we mustered fifteen sail in all. We had like to lose another of our mess, for, d'y'e see, the old *Culloden* and *Colossus* fell foul of each other, and the *Culloden* had the worst on it; but Troubridge, who commanded her, was not a man to shy his work, and ax to go in to refit, when there was a chance of meeting the enemy—so he patched her up somehow or another, and reported himself ready for action the very next day. Ready for action he always was, that's sure enough, but whether his ship was in a fit state to go into action, is quite another thing. But as the sailors used to say in joking, he was a *true bridge*, and you might trust to him; which meant as much as to say, that he knew how to take his ship into action, and how to fight her when he was fairly into it. I think it was the next day that Cockburn joined us in the *Minerve*, and he brought Nelson along with him, with the intelligence that the Dons had chased him, and that the whole Spanish fleet were out in pursuit of us. Well, Mr. Simple, you may guess we were not a little happy in the Captain, when Nelson joined us, as we knew that if we fell in with the Spaniards, that our ship would cut a figure—and so she did sure enough. That was on the morning of the 13th, and old Jervis made the signal to prepare for action, and keep close order, which means, to have your flying-jib-boom in at the stern windows of the ship a-head of you; and we did keep close order, for a man might have walked right round from one ship to the other, either lee or weather line of the fleet. I sha'n't forget that night, Mr. Simple, as long as I live and breathe. Every now and then we heard the signal guns of the Spanish fleet booming at a distance, to windward of us, and you may guess how our hearts leaped

at the sound, and how we watched with all our ears for the next gun that was fired, trying to make out their bearings and distance, as we assembled in little knots upon the booms and weather-gangway. It was my middle watch, and I was signal man at the time, so of course I had no time to take a caulk if I was inclined. When my watch was over, I could not go down to my hammock, so I kept the morning watch too, as did most of the men on board; as for Nelson, he walked the deck the whole night, quite in a fever. At daylight it was thick and hazy weather, and we could not make them out; but about five bells, the old Culloden, who, if she had broke her nose, had not lost the use of her eyes, made the signal for a part of the Spanish fleet in sight. Old Jervis repeated the signal to prepare for action; but he might have saved the wear and tear of the bunting, for we were all ready, bulk-heads down, screens up, guns shotted, tackles rove, yards slung, powder filled, shot on deck, and fire out—and what's more, Mr. Simple, I'll be d—d if we wer'n't all willing too. About six bells in the forenoon, the fog and haze all cleared away at once, just like the rising of the foresail, that they lower down at the Portsmouth theatre, and discovered the whole of the Spanish fleet. I counted them all. 'How many, Swinburne?' cries Nelson. 'Twenty-six sail, sir,' answered I. Nelson walked the quarter-deck backwards and forwards, rubbing his hands and laughing to himself, and then he called for his glass, and went to the gangway with Captain Miller. 'Swinburne, keep a good look upon the admiral,' says he. 'Aye, aye, sir,' says I. Now you see, Mr. Simple, twenty-six sail against fifteen, were great odds upon paper; but we didn't think so, because we know'd the difference between the two fleets. There was our fifteen sail of the line all in apple-pie order, packed up as close as dominoes, and every man on board of them longing to come to the scratch; while there was their twenty-six, all *somehow no how*, two lines here, and *no line* there, with a great gap of water in the middle of them. For this gap between their ships we all steered, with all the sail we could carry, because, d'ye see, Mr. Simple, by getting them on both sides of us, we had the advantage of fighting both broadsides, which is just as easy as fighting one, and makes shorter work of it. Just as it struck seven bells, Troubridge opened the ball, *setting* to half a dozen of the Spaniards, and making them *reel* Tom Collins, whether or no. Bang—bang—bang, bang. O Mr. Simple, it's a beautiful sight, to see the first guns fired, that are to bring on a general action. 'He's the luckiest dog, that Troubridge,' said Nelson, stamping with impatience. Our ships were soon hard at it, hammer and tongs, (my eyes how they did pelt it in!) and old Sir John, in the Victory, smashed the cabin windows of the Spanish admiral, with such a devil of a raking broadside, that the fellow bore up as if the devil kicked him. Lord-a-mercy, you might have drove a Portsmouth waggon into his stern—the broadside of the Victory had made room enough. However, they were soon all smothered up in smoke, and we could not make out how things were going on—but we made a pretty good guess. Well, Mr. Simple, as they say at the play, that was act the first, scene the first; and now we had to make our appearance, and I'll leave you to judge, after I've told my tale, whether the old Captain wasn't prin-

cipal performer, and *top sawyer* over them all. But stop a moment, I'll just look at the binnacle, for that young topman's a nodding at the wheel. 'I say, Mr. Smith, are you shutting your eyes to keep them warm, and letting the ship run half a point out of her course. Take care I don't send for another helmsman, that's all, and give the reason why. You'll make a wry face upon six water grog, to-morrow, at seven bells. D—n your eyes, keep them open—can't you?' "

Swinburne, after this genteel admonition to the man at the wheel, resealed himself, and continued his narrative.

"All this while, Mr. Simple, we in the Captain had not fired a gun; but were ranging up as fast as we could to where the enemy lie in a heap. There were plenty to pick and choose from; and Nelson looked out sharp for a big one, as little boys do when they have to choose an apple; and, by the piper that played before Moses! it was a big one that he ordered the master to put him alongside of. She was a four-decker, called the *Santissima Trinidad*. We had to pass some whappers, which would have satisfied any reasonable man; for there was the *San Josef*, and *Salvador del Mondo*, and *San Nicolas*; but nothing would suit Nelson but this four-decked ship, so we crossed the hawse of about six of them, and as soon as we were abreast of her, and at the word "Fire!" every gun went off at once, slap into her, and the old Captain reeled at the discharge as if she was drunk. I wish you'd only seen how we pitched it into this *Holy Trinity*; she was *holy* enough before we had done with her, riddled like a sieve, several of her ports knocked into one, and every scupper of her, running blood and water. Not but what she stood to it as bold as brass, and gave us nearly gun for gun, and made a very pretty general average in our ship's company. Many of the old Captains went to kingdom come in that business, and many more were obliged to bear up for Greenwich Hospital.

"'Fire away, my lads—steady aim!' cries Nelson. 'Jump down there, Mr. Thomas, pass the word to reduce the cartridges, the shot go clean through her. Double shot the guns there, fore and aft.'

"So we were at it for about half an hour, when our guns became so hot from quick firing, that they bounced up to the beams overhead, tearing away their ringbolts, and snapping the breechings like rope yarns. By this time we were almost as much unriggered as if we had been two days paying off in Portsmouth harbour. The four-decker forged a-head, and Troubridge, in the jolly old *Culloden*, came between us and two other Spanish ships who were playing into us. She was as fresh as a daisy, and gave them a dose which quite astonished them. They shook their ears, and fell astern, when the *Blenheim* laid hold of them, and mauled them so that they went astern again. But it was out of the frying-pan into the fire; for the *Orion*, *Prince George*, and one or two others, were coming up, and knocked the very guts out of them. I'll be d——d if they forget the 14th of April, and sarve them right too. Wasn't a four-decker enough for any two-decker, without any more coming on us? and couldn't the beggars have matched themselves like gentlemen? Well, Mr. Simple, this gave us a minute or two to fetch our breath, let the guns cool, and repair damages, and swab the blood from the decks; but we lost our four-decker, for we could not get near her again."

"What odd names the Spaniards give to their ships, Swinburne."

"Why, yes they do; it would almost appear wicked to belabour the Holy Trinity as we did. But why they should call a four-decked ship the Holy Trinity, seeing as how there's only three of them, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I can't tell. Bill Saunders said that the fourth deck was for the Pope, who was as great a parsonage as the others; but I can't understand how that can be. Well, Mr. Simple, as I was head signal man, I was perched on the poop, and didn't serve at a gun. I had to report all I could see, which was not much, the smoke was so thick; but now and then I could get a peep, as it were, through the holes in the blanket. Of course I was obliged to keep my eye as much as possible upon the admiral, not to make out his signals, for Commodore Nelson wouldn't thank me for that; I knew he hated a signal when in action, so I never took no notice of the bunting, but just watched to see what he was about. So while we are repairing damages, I'll just tell you what I saw of the rest of the fleet. As soon as old Jervis had done for the Spanish admiral, he hauled his wind on the larboard tack, and followed by four or five other ships, weathered the Spanish line, and joined Collingwood in the Excellent. Then they all dashed through the line: the Excellent was the leading ship, and she first took the shine out of the *Salvador del Mondo*, and then left her to be picked up by the other ships, while she attacked a two-decker, who hauled down her colours—I forget her name just now. As soon as the *Victory* ran along side of the *Salvador del Mondo*, down went her colours, and *Excellent* reasons had she for striking her flag. And now, Mr. Simple, the old Captain comes into play again. Having parted company with the four-decker, we had recommenced action with the *San Nicolas*, a Spanish eighty, and while we were hard at it, old Collingwood comes up in the Excellent. The *San Nicolas*, knowing that the Excellent's broadside would send her to old Nick, put her helm up to avoid being raked; in so doing, she fell foul of the *San Josef*, a Spanish three-decker, and we being all cut to pieces, and unmanageable—all of us indeed reeling about like drunken men—Nelson ordered his helm a starboard, and in a jiffy there we were all three hugging each other, running in one another's guns, smashing our chain plates, and poking our yard-arms through each other's canvass.

"'All hands to board!' roared Nelson, leaping on the hammocks, and waving his sword.

"'Hurrah! hurrah!' echoed through the decks, and up flew the men, like as many angry bees out of a bee-hive. In a moment, pikes, tomahawks, cutlasses, and pistols, were seized, (for it was quite unexpected, Mr. Simple,) and our men poured into the eighty-gun ship, and in two minutes the decks were cleared, and all the Dons pitched below. I joined the boarders, and was on the main deck when Captain Miller came down, and cried out, 'On deck again immediately.' Up we went, and what do you think it was for, Mr. Simple? Why to board a second time; for Nelson having taken the two-decker, swore that he'd have the three-decker as well. So away we went again, clambering up her lofty sides how we could, and dropping down on her decks like hailstones. We all made for the quarter deck, beat down every Spanish beggar that showed fight, and in five minutes

more we had hauled down the colours of two of the finest ships in the Spanish navy. If that wasn't taking the shine out of the Dons, I should like to know what is. And didn't the old Captains cheer and shake hands, as Commodore Nelson stood on the deck of the San Josef and received the swords of the Spanish officers! There was enough of them to go right round the capstern, and plenty to spare. Now, Mr. Simple, what do you think of that for a spree?"

"Why, Swinburne, I can only say that I wish I had been there."

"So did every man in the fleet, Mr. Simple, I can tell you."

"But what became of the Santissima Trinidad?"

"Upon my word, she behaved one *deck* better than all the others. She held out against four of our ships for a long while, and then hauled down her colours, and no disgrace to her, considering what a precious hammering she had taken first. But the lee division of the Spanish weather fleet, if I may so call it, consisting of eleven sail of the line, came up to her assistance, and surrounded her, so that they got her off. Our ships were too much cut up to commence a new action, and the admiral made the signal to secure the prizes. The Spanish fleet then did what they should have done before—get into line; and we lost no time in doing the same. But we both had had fighting enough."

"But do you think, Swinburne, that the Spaniards fought well?"

"They'd have fought better, if they'd only have known how. There's no want of courage in the Dons, Mr. Simple, but they did not support each other. Only observe how Troubridge supported us. By God, Mr. Simple, he was the *real fellow*, and Nelson knew it well. He was Nelson's right-hand man; but you know there wasn't room for *two* Nelsons. Their ships engaged held out well, it must be acknowledged, but why warn't they all in their proper berths? Had they kept close order of sailing, and all had fought as well as those who were captured, it would not have been a very easy matter for fifteen ships to gain a victory over twenty-six. That's long odds, even when backed with British seamen."

"Well, how did you separate?"

"Why, the next morning, the Spaniards had the weather-gage, so they had the option whether to fight or not. At one time, they had half a mind, for they bore down to us; upon which we hauled our wind, to show them we were all ready to meet them, and then they thought better of it, and rounded to again. So as they wouldn't fight, and we didn't wish it, we parted company in the night; and two days afterwards we anchored, with our four prizes, in Lagos Bay. So now you have the whole of it, Mr. Simple, and I've talked till I'm quite hoarse. You haven't by chance another drop of the stuff left to clear my throat. It would be quite a charity."

"I think I have, Swinburne; and as you deserve it, I will go and fetch it."

We continued our cruize for a fortnight, and then made sail for Jamaica, where we found the admiral at anchor at Port Royal; but our signal was made to keep under weigh, and Captain Kearney having paid his respects to the admiral, received orders to carry despatches to Halifax. Water and provisions were sent on board by the boats of the admiral's ships, and to our great disappointment, as

the evening closed in, we were again standing out to sea instead of, as we had anticipated, enjoying ourselves on shore; but the fact was, that orders had arrived from England to send a frigate immediately up to the admiral at Halifax, to be at his disposal.

I had, however, the satisfaction to know that Captain Kearney had been true to his word in making mention of my name in the despatch, for the clerk showed me a copy of it. Nothing occurred worth mentioning during our passage, except that Captain Kearney was very unwell nearly the whole of the time, and seldom quitted his cabin. It was in October that we anchored in Halifax harbour, and the Admiralty, expecting our arrival there, had forwarded our letters. There were none for me, but there was one for O'Brien, from Father M'Grath, the contents of which were as follow:—

“MY DEAR SON—And a good son you are, and that's the truth on it, or devil a bit should you be of a son of mine. You've made your family quite contented and peaceable, and they never fight for the *praties* now—good reason why they shouldn't, seeing that there's a plenty for all of them, and the pig craturs into the bargain. Your father and your mother, and all your brothers, and all your sisters, send their duty to you, and their blessings too—and you may add my blessing, Teague, which is worth them all; for won't I get you out of purgatory in the twinkling of a bed-post? Make yourself quite asy on that score, and lave it all to me; only just say a *pater* now and then, that when St. Peter lets you in, he mayn't throw it in your teeth that you've saved your soul by contract, which is the only way by which emperors and kings ever get to heaven. Your letter from Plymouth came safe to hand: Barney, the post-boy, having dropped it under foot close to our door, the big pig took it in his mouth and ran away with it; but I caught sight of him, and *spaking* to him, he let it go, knowing (the cute cratur!) that I could read it better than him. As soon as I had disgested the contents, which it was lucky the pig did not do instead of me, I just took my meal and my big stick, and then set off for Ballycleuch.

“Now you know, Teague, if you haven't forgot—and if you have, I'll just remind you—that there's a flaunty sort of young woman at the poteen shop there, who calls herself Mrs. O'Rourke, wife to a Corporal O'Rourke, who was kilt or died one day, I don't know which, but that's not of much consequence. The devil a bit do I think the priest ever gave the marriage blessing to that same; although she swears that she was married on the rock of Gibraltar—it may be a strong rock fore I know, but it's not the rock of salvation, like the seven sacraments, of which marriage is one. *Benedicite!* Mrs. O'Rourke is a little too apt to fleer and jeer at the priests; and if it were not that she softens down her pertinent remarks with a glass or two of the real poteen, which proves some respect for the church, I'd excommunicate her body and soul, and every body and every soul that put their lips to the cratur at her door. But she must leave that off, as I tell her, when she gets old and ugly, for then all the whiskey in the world sha'n't save her. But she's a fine woman now, and it goes agin my conscience to help the devil to a fine woman. Now this Mrs. O'Rourke knows every body and every thing that's going on in the

country about; and she has a tongue which has never had a holiday since it was let loose.

“ ‘Good morning to ye, Mrs. O’Rourke,’ says I.

“ ‘An’ the top of the morning to you, Father M’Grath,’ says she, with a smile; ‘what brings you here? Is it a journey that you’re taking to buy the true wood of the cross? or is it a purty girl that you wish to confess, Father M’Grath? or is it only that you’re come for a drop of poteen, and a little bit of chat with Mrs. O’Rourke?’

“ ‘Sure it’s I who’d be glad to find the same true wood of the cross, Mrs. O’Rourke, but it’s not grown, I suspect, at your town of Ballycleuch; and it’s no objection I’d have to confess a purty girl like yourself, Mrs. O’Rourke, who’ll only tell me half her sins, and give me no trouble; but it’s the truth, that I’m here for nothing else but to have a bit of chat with yourself, dainty dear, and taste your poteen, just by way of keeping my mouth nate and clean.’

“ So Mrs. O’Rourke poured out the real stuff, which I drank to her health; and then, says I, putting down the bit of a glass, ‘So you’ve a stranger come, I find, in your parts, Mrs. O’Rourke.’

“ ‘I’ve heard the same,’ replied she. So you observe, Teague, I came to the fact all at once by a guess.

“ ‘I’m tould,’ says I, ‘that he’s a Scotchman, and spakes what nobody can understand.’

“ ‘Devil a bit,’ says she; ‘he’s an Englishman, and speaks plain enough.’

“ ‘But what can a man mane, to come here and sit down all alone?’ says I.

“ ‘All alone, Father M’Grath!’ replies she; ‘is a man all alone, when he’s got his wife and childer, and more coming, with the blessing o’ God?’

“ ‘But those boys are not his own childer, I believe,’ says I.

“ ‘There again you’re all in a mistake, Father M’Grath,’ rejoins she. The childer are all his own, and all girls to boot. It appears that it’s just as well that you come down, now and then, for information to our town of Ballycleuch.’

“ ‘Very true, Mrs. O’Rourke,’ says I; ‘and who is it that knows every thing so well as yourself?’ You observe, Teague, that I just said every thing contrary and *arce versa*, as they call it, to the contents of your letter; for always recollect, my son, that if you would worm a secret out of a woman, you’ll do more by contradiction than you ever will by coaxing—so I went on, ‘Any how, I think it’s a burning shame, Mrs. O’Rourke, for a gentleman to bring over with him here from England a parcel of lazy English servants, when there’s so many nice boys and girls here to attind upon them.’

“ ‘Now there you’re all wrong again, Father M’Grath,’ says she. ‘Devil a soul has he brought from the other country, but has hired them all here. Arn’t there Judy Flanagan for one maid, and Terence Driscoll for a footman? and it’s well that he looks in his new uniform, when he comes down for the newspapers; and arn’t Moggy Cala there to cook the dinner, and pretty Mary Sullivan for a nurse for the babby, as soon as it comes into the world?’

“ ‘Is it Mary Sullivan you mane?’ says I; ‘she that was married

about three months back, and is so quick in child getting, that she's all but ready to fall to pieces in this same time ?

" 'It's exactly she,' says Mrs. O'Rourke ; 'and do you know the reason ?'

" 'Devil a bit,' says I ; 'how should I ?'

" 'Then it's just that she may send her own child away, and give her milk to the English babby that's coming ; because the lady is too much of a lady to have a child hanging to her breast.'

" 'But suppose Mary Sullivan's child arn't born till afterwards, how then ?' says I. 'Speak, Mrs. O'Rourke, for you're a sensible woman.'

" 'How then ?' says she. 'Och ! that's all arranged ; for Mary says that she'll be in bed a week before the lady, so that's all right you'll perceive, Father M'Grath.'

" 'But don't you perceive, sensible woman as you are, that a young woman, who is so much out of her reckoning as to have a child three months after marriage, may make a little mistake in her lying-in arithmetic, Mrs. O'Rourke ?'

" 'Never fear, Father M'Grath, Mary Sullivan will keep her word ; and sooner than disappoint the lady, and lose her place, she'll just tumble down stairs, and won't that put her to bed fast enough ?'

" 'Well, that's what I call a faithful good servant that earns her wages,' says I ; 'so now I'll just take another glass, Mrs. O'Rourke, and thank you too. Sure you're the woman that knows every thing, and a mighty pretty woman into the bargain.'

" 'Let me alone now, Father M'Grath, and don't be pinching me that way, any how.'

" 'It was only a big flea that I perceived hopping on your gown, my darling, devil any thing else.'

" 'Many thanks to you, father, for that same ; but the next time you'd kill my fleas, just wait until they're in a *more decent* situation.'

" 'Fleas are fleas, Mrs. O'Rourke, and we must catch 'em when we can, and how we can, and where we can, so no offence. A good night's rest to you, Mrs. O'Rourke—when do you mean to confess ?'

" 'I've an idea that I've too many fleas about me to confess to you just now, Father M'Grath, and that's the truth on it. So a pleasant walk back to you.'

"So you'll perceive, my son, that having got all the information from Mrs. O'Rourke, it's back I went to Ballyhinch, till I heard it whispered that there were doings down at the old house at Ballycleuch. Off I set, and went to the house itself, as priests always ought to be welcomed at births, and marriages, and deaths, being as you know of great use on such occasions—when who should open the door but Father O'Toole, the biggest rapparee of a priest in the whole of Ireland. Didn't he steal a horse, and only save his neck by benefit of clergy ? and did he ever give absolution to a young woman, without making her sin over again ? 'What may be your pleasure here, Father M'Grath ?' says he, holding the door with his hand.

" 'Only just to call and hear what's going on.'

" 'For the matter of that,' says he, 'I'll just tell you that we're

all going on very well; but ar'n't you ashamed of yourself, Father M'Grath, to come here to interfere with my flock, knowing that I confess the house altogether?' "

" 'That's as may be,' says I; 'but I only wanted to know what the lady had brought into the world.' "

" 'It's a *child*,' says he. "

" 'Indeed!' says I; 'many thanks for the information: and pray what is it that Mary Sullivan has brought into the world?' "

" 'That's a *child*, too,' says he; 'and now that you know all about it, good evening to you, Father M'Grath.' And the ugly brute slammed the door right in my face. "

" 'Who stole a horse!' cries I; but he didn't hear me—more's the pity. "

"So you'll perceive, my dear boy, that I have found out something at all events, but not so much as I intended; for I'll prove to Father O'Toole that he's no match for Father M'Grath. But what I find out must be reserved for another letter, seeing that it's not possible to tell it to you in this same. Praties look well, but somehow or another *clothes* don't grow upon trees in ould Ireland; and one of your half-quarterly bills, or a little prize-money, if it found its way here, would add not a little to the respectability of the family appearance. Even my cassock is becoming too *holy* for a parish priest; not that I care about it so much, only Father O'Toole, the baste! had on a bran new one—not that I believe that he ever came honestly by it, as I have by mine—but, get it how you may, a new gown always looks better than an ould one, that's certain. So no more at present from your loving friend and confessor,

" URTAGH M'GRATH."

"Now, you'll observe, Peter," said O'Brien, "after I had read the letter, that, as I supposed, your uncle meant mischief when he went over to Ireland. Whether the children are both boys or both girls, or your uncle's is a boy, and the other is a girl, there's no knowing at present. If an exchange was required, it's made, that's certain; but I will write again to Father M'Grath, and insist upon his finding out the truth, if possible. Have you any letter from your father?" "

"None, I am sorry to say. I wish I had, for he would not have failed to speak on the subject." "

"Well, never mind, it's no use dreaming over the matter, we must do our best when we get to England ourselves, and in the mean time trust to Father M'Grath. I'll go and write to him while my mind's full of it." O'Brien wrote his letter, and the subject was not started again.

The captain, as was his custom, went on shore, and took up his quarters at a friend's house. That is to say, the house of an acquaintance, or any polite gentleman who would ask him to take a dinner and bed. This was quite sufficient for Captain Kearney, who would fill his portmanteau, and take up his quarters without thinking of leaving them until the ship sailed, or some more advantageous invitation was given. This conduct in England would have very much trespassed upon our ideas of hospitality; but in our foreign set-

tlements and colonies, where the society is confined and novelty is desirable, a person who could amuse like Captain Kearney was generally welcome, let him stay as long as he pleased. All sailors agree in asserting that Halifax is one of the most delightful ports in which a ship can anchor. Every body is hospitable, cheerful, and willing to amuse and be amused. It is, therefore, a very bad place to send a ship to if you wish her to refit in a hurry, unless indeed the admiral is there to watch over your daily progress, and a sharp commissioner to expedite your motions in the dock-yard. The admiral was there when we arrived, and we should not have lain there long, had not the health of Captain Kearney, by the time that we were ready for sea, been so seriously affected, that the doctor was of opinion that he could not sail. Another frigate was sent to our intended cruising ground, and we lay idle in port. But we consoled ourselves: if we did not make prize money, at all events we were very happy, and the major part of the officers very much in love.

We had remained in Halifax harbour about three weeks, when a very great change for the worse took place in Captain Kearney's disease. Disease indeed it could hardly be called. He had been long suffering from the insidious attacks of a hot climate, and although repeatedly advised to invalid, he would never consent. His constitution appeared now to be breaking up. In a few days he was so ill, that, at the request of the naval surgeons, he consented to be removed to the hospital, where he could command more comforts than in any private house. He had not been at the hospital more than two days, when he sent for me and stated his wish that I should remain with him. "You know, Peter, that you are a cousin of mine, and one likes to have one's relations near one when we are sick, so bring your traps on shore. The doctor has promised me a nice little room for you, and you shall come and sit with me all day." I certainly had no objection to remain with him, because I considered it my duty so to do, and I must say that there was no occasion for me to make any efforts to entertain him, as he always entertained me; but I could not help seriously reflecting and feeling much shocked at a man lying in so dangerous a state, for the doctors had pronounced his recovery to be impossible, still continuing a system of falsehood during the whole day without intermission. But it really appeared in him to be innate, and as Swinburne said, "if he told truth, it was entirely by mistake." One day I ventured to bring my Bible to his bedside, as if I was reading it myself.

"What are you reading, Peter?" said he.

"Only a chapter in the Bible, sir," said I. "Would you like that I should read aloud?"

"Yes, I'm very fond of the Bible, it's the book of *truth*. Peter, read me about Jacob, and his weathering Esau with a mess of pottage, and obtaining his father's blessing." I could not help thinking it singular that he should select a portion in which, for divine reasons, a lie was crowned with success and reward. When I had finished it, he asked me to read something more; I turned over to the Acts of the Apostles, and commenced the chapter in which Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead. When I had finished, he observed very seri-

ously, "That is a very good lesson for young people, Peter, and points out that you never should swerve from the truth. Recollect, as your motto, Peter, 'to tell truth and shame the devil.'"

After this observation I laid down the book, as it appeared to me that he was quite unaware of his propensity; and without a sense of your fault, how can repentance and amendment be expected? He became more feeble and exhausted every day, and at last was so weak that he could scarcely raise himself in his bed. One afternoon, he said, "Peter, I shall make my will, not that I am going to kick the bucket just yet, but still it is every man's duty to set his house in order, and it will amuse me; so fetch pen and paper, and come and sit down by me."

I did as he requested.

"Write, Peter, that I, Antony George William Charles Huskisson Kearney, (my father's name was Antony, Peter, I was christened George after the present regent, William and Charles after Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, who were my sponsors; Huskisson is the name of my great uncle, whose property devolves to me; he's eighty-three now, so he can't last long.)—have you written down that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Being in sound mind, do hereby make my last will and testament, revoking all former wills."

"Yes, sir."

"I bequeath to my dearly beloved wife, Augusta Charlotte Kearney, (she was named after the Queen and Princess Augusta, who held her at the baptismal font,) all my household furniture, books, pictures, plate, and houses, for her own free use and will, and to dispose of at her pleasure upon her demise. Is that down?"

"Yes, sir."

"Also, the interest of all my money in the three per cents. reduced, and in the long annuities, and the balance in my agent's hands, for her natural life. At her death to be divided into equal portions between my two children, William Mohamed Potemkin White, and Caroline Anastasia White. Is that down?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well then, Peter, now for my real property. My estate in Kent, (let me see, what is the name of it?) Walcot Abbey, my three farms in the Vale of Aylesbury, and the marsh lands in Norfolk, I bequeath to my two children aforementioned, the proceeds of the same to be laid up, deducting all necessary expenses for their education, for their sole use and benefit. Is that down?"

"Not yet, sir, 'use and benefit.' Now it is, sir."

"Until they come to the age of twenty-one years, or in case of my daughter, until she marries with the consent of my executors, then to be equally and fairly valued and divided between them. You observe, Peter, I never make any difference between girls or boys—a good father will love one child as much as another. Now, I'll take my breath a little."

I was really astonished. It was well known that Captain Kearney had nothing but his pay, and that it was the hopes of prize-money to support his family, which had induced him to stay out so long in the

August, 1833.—VOL. VII.—NO. XXVIII.

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West Indies. It was laughable; yet I could not laugh: there was a melancholy feeling at such a specimen of insanity, which prevented me.

"Now, Peter, we'll go on," said Captain Kearney, after a pause of a few minutes. "I have a few legacies to bequeath. First, to all my servants 50*l.* each, and two suits of mourning; to my nephew, Thomas Kearney, of Kearney Hall, Yorkshire, I bequeath the sword presented me by the Grand Sultan. I promised it to him, and although we have quarrelled and not spoken for years, I always keep my word. The plate presented me by the merchants and underwriters of Lloyd's, I leave to my worthy friend, the Duke of Newcastle. Is that down?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well; my snuff-box, presented me by Prince Potemkin, I bequeath to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin; and also I release him from the mortgage which I hold over his property of the Madeleine Islands, in North America. By the bye, say, and, further, I bequeath to him the bag of snuff presented to me by the Dey of Algiers; he may as well have the snuff as he has the snuff-box. Is that down."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, now Peter, I must leave you something."

"O never mind me, sir," replied I.

"No, no, Peter, I must not forget my cousin. Let me see; you shall have my fighting sword. A real good one, I can tell you. I once fought a duel with it at Palermo, and ran a Sicilian prince so clean through the body, and it held so tight, that we were obliged to send for a pair of post horses to pull it out again. Put that down as a legacy for my cousin, Peter Simple. I believe that is all: now for my executors; and I request my particular friends, the Earl of Londonderry, the Marquis of Chandos, and Mr. John Lubbock, banker, to be my executors, and leave to each of them the sum of one thousand pounds for their trouble, and in token of regard. That will do, Peter. Now, as I have left so much real property, it is necessary that there should be three witnesses; so call in two more, and let me sign in your presence."

This order was obeyed, and this strange will duly attested, for I hardly need say, that even the presents he had pretended to receive were purchased by himself at different times; but such was the force of his ruling passion even to the last. Mr. Phillott and O'Brien used to come and see him, as did occasionally some of the other officers, and he was always cheerful and merry, and seemed to be quite indifferent about his situation, although fully aware of it. His stories, if anything, became more marvellous, as no one ventured to express a doubt as to their credibility.

I had remained in the hospital about a week, when Captain Kearney was evidently dying: the doctor came, felt his pulse, and gave it as his opinion that he could not outlive the day. This was on a Friday, and there certainly was every symptom of dissolution. He was so exhausted, that he could scarcely articulate; his feet were cold, and his eyes appeared glazed, and turning upwards. The doctor remained an hour, felt his pulse again, shook his head, and said to me

in a low voice—"He is quite gone." As soon as the doctor quitted the room, Captain Kearney opened his eyes, and beckoned me to him. "He's a confounded fool, Peter," said he; "he thinks I am slipping my wind now—but I know better; going I am, 'tis true—but I sha'n't die till next Thursday." Strange to say, from that moment he rallied, and although it was reported that he was dead, and the admiral had signed the acting order for his successor, the next morning, to the astonishment of every body, Captain Kearney was still alive. He continued in this state, between life and death, until the Thursday next, the day on which he asserted that he would die—and on that morning he was evidently sinking fast. Towards noon, his breathing became much oppressed and irregular, and he was evidently dying; the rattle in his throat commenced, and I watched at his bed-side, waiting for his last gasp, when he again opened his eyes, and beckoning me with an effort, to put my head close to him, to hear what he had to say, he contrived, in a sort of gurgling whisper, and with much difficulty to utter—"Peter, I'm going now—not that the rattle—in my throat—is a sign of death—for I once knew a man—to *live* with—the rattle in his throat—for six weeks." He then fell back and expired, having, perhaps, at his last gasp, told the greatest lie of his whole life.

Thus died this most extraordinary character, who, in most other points, commanded respect; he was a kind man, and good officer; but from the idiosyncrasy of his disposition, whether from habit or from nature, could not speak the truth. I say from *nature*, because I have witnessed the vice of stealing equally strong, and never to be eradicated. It was in a young messmate, of good family, and who was supplied with money to almost any extent; he was one of the most generous, open-hearted lads that I ever knew; he would offer his purse, or the contents of his chest, to any of his messmates; and at the same time, would steal every thing that he could lay his hands upon. I have known him watch for hours, to steal what could be of no use to him, as for instance, an *odd* shoe, and that much too small for his foot. What he stole he would give away the very next day; but to check it was impossible. It was so well known, that if any thing was missed, we used first to apply to his chest to see if it was there, and usually found the article in question. He appeared to be wholly insensible to shame upon this subject, though in every other, he showed no want of feeling or of honour; and, strange to say, he never covered his theft with a lie. After vain attempts to cure him of this propensity, he was dismissed the service as incorrigible.

Captain Kearney was buried in the churchyard with the usual military honours. In his desk we found directions in his own hand, relative to his funeral, and the engraving on his tomb-stone. In these, he stated his age to be thirty-one years. If this was correct, Captain Kearney, from the time that he had been in the service of his country, must have entered the navy just *four months* before he was born. It was unfortunate that he commenced the inscription with "Here lies Captain Kearney," &c. &c. His tombstone had not been set up twenty-four hours, before somebody, who knew his character, put a

dash under one word, as emphatic as true, "*Here lies Captain Kearney.*" The day after Captain Kearney's decease, his acting successor made his appearance on board. The character of Captain Horton was well known to us from the complaints made by the officers belonging to his ship, of his apathy and indolence; indeed, he went by the sobriquet of the "*Sloth.*" It certainly was very annoying to his officers to witness so many opportunities of prize-money and distinction thrown away through the indolence of his disposition. Captain Horton was a young man of family, who had advanced rapidly in the service from interest, and from occasionally distinguishing himself. In the several cutting-out expeditions, on which he had not volunteered but had been ordered, he had shown not only courage, but a remarkable degree of coolness in danger and difficulty, which had gained him much approbation; but it was said that this coolness arose from his very fault—an unaccountable laziness. He would walk away, as it were, from the enemy's fire, when others would hasten, merely because he was so apathetic that he would not exert himself to run. In one cutting-out expedition, in which he distinguished himself, it is said that having to board a very high vessel, and that in a shower of grape and musketry, when the boat dashed alongside and the men were springing up, he looked up at the height of the vessel's sides, and exclaimed with a look of despair, "*My God! must we really climb up to that vessel's decks?*" When he had gained the deck, and became excited, he then proved how little fear had to do with the remark, the captain of the ship falling by his hand, as he fought in advance of his own men. But this peculiarity, which in a junior officer was of little consequence, and a subject of mirth, in a captain became of a very serious nature. The admiral was aware how often he had neglected to annoy or capture the enemy when he might have done it, and by such neglect, Captain Horton infringed one of the articles of war, the punishment awarded to which infringement is *death*. His appointment, therefore, to the *Sangler* was as annoying to us, as his quitting his former ship was agreeable to those on board of her.

As it happened, it proved of little consequence; the admiral had instructions from home to advance Captain Horton to the first vacancy, which of course he was obliged to comply with; but not wishing to keep on the station an officer who would not exert himself, he resolved to send her to England with despatches, and retain the other frigate, which had been ordered home, and which we had been sent up to replace. We therefore heard it announced with feelings of joy, mingled with regret, that we were immediately to proceed to England. For my part, I was glad of it. I had now served my time as midshipman, to within five months, and I thought that I had a better chance of being made at home than abroad. I was also very anxious to go home, for family reasons, which I have already explained. In a fortnight we sailed with several vessels, and directions to take charge of a large convoy from Quebec, which was to meet us off the Island of St. John's. In a few days we joined our convoy, and with a fair wind bore up for England. The weather soon became very bad, and we were scudding before a heavy gale, under bare

poles. Our captain seldom quitted the cabin, but remained there on a sofa, stretched at his length, reading a novel, or dozing, as most agreeable.

I recollect a circumstance which occurred, which will prove the apathy of his disposition, and how unfit he was to command so fine a frigate. We had been scudding three days, when the weather became much worse. O'Brien, who had the middle watch, went down to report that "it blew very hard."

"Very well," said the captain, "let me know if it blows harder."

In about an hour more the gale increased, and O'Brien went down again. "It blows much harder, Captain Horton."

"Very well," answered Captain Horton, turning in his cot. "You may call me again—when it *blows harder*."

About six bells the gale was at its height, and the wind roared in its fury. Down went O'Brien again. "It blows tremendous hard now, Captain Horton."

"Well, well, if the weather becomes worse——"

"It can't be worse," interrupted O'Brien, "it's impossible to blow harder."

"Indeed. Well, then," replied the Captain, "let me know when it *lulls*."

In the morning watch a similar circumstance took place. Mr. Phillott went down, and said that several of the convoy were out of sight astern. "Shall we heave to, Captain Horton?"

"O no," replied he, "she will be so uneasy. Let me know if you lose sight of any more."

In another hour, the first lieutenant reported, "that there were very few to be seen."

"Very well, Mr. Phillott," replied the Captain, turning round to sleep. "Let me know if you lose any more."

Some time elapsed, and the first lieutenant reported, "that they were all out of sight."

"Very well, then," said the Captain, "call me when you see them again."

This was not very likely to take place, as we were going twelve knots an hour, and running away from them as fast as we could, so the Captain remained undisturbed until he thought proper to get up to breakfast. Indeed, we never saw any more of our convoy, but taking the gale with us, in fifteen days anchored in Plymouth Sound. The orders came down for the frigate to be paid off, all standing, and recommissioned. I received letters from my father, in which they congratulated me at my name being mentioned in Captain Kearney's despatches, and requested me to come home as soon as I could. The admiral allowed my name to be put down on the books of the guardship, that I might not lose my time, and then gave me two months' leave of absence. I bade farewell to my shipmates, shook hands with O'Brien, who purposed to go over to Ireland previous to his applying for another ship, and with my pay in my pocket, set off in the Plymouth mail, and in three days was once more in the arms of my affectionate mother, and warmly greeted by my father and the remainder of my family.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DIPLOMATIST.¹

• SPAIN AND HER STATESMEN.

"Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all."—LAVATER.

CAN the world furnish a more lamentable subject for the contemplation of mankind, or a lesson graver in moral for their instruction, than a nation once great, flourishing, and powerful, "fallen from its high estate," debased by indolence, suffering through poverty, tarnished in reputation, and dwindled into insignificance? Surely not. To probe the evils and apply the remedies to national character deteriorated, and human happiness abridged, affords an ample scope for the humanity of the philanthropist and the philosophy of the statesman. But from a picture portraying the sun of prosperity obscured, and exhibiting only misery enveloped in the darkness of ignorance and apathy, the mind of man too often recoils, disliking to view that which is disagreeable, or to assist in the improvement of that which is sunken and degraded. How extreme, then, ought to be the caution of the statesman; how great the responsibility attached to his measures, when we reflect that a few years of false or mistaken policy are sufficient to reduce a nation to the most abject condition, but that centuries are mostly needful for the recovery of its lost prosperity!

To no state in modern times are these remarks more applicable than to the kingdom of Spain, once imposingly grand and chivalrously honourable, but now abjectly poor and disgracefully faithless. Humbled through the weakness of her princes, pillaged by her clergy, helpless from the ignorance and apathy of her population, and hopeless from the inability or the supineness of some of her statesmen, and from the vacillation of them all, the prospects of Spain are densely clouded, and her return to prosperity made a distant event, unless her policy be changed, unless her measures for regeneration arise out of patient research, are adapted to her internal condition, are followed up with unflinching firmness, and are pursued with determined perseverance. When it is recollected how numerous are the circumstances requisite to ensure national prosperity—that it depends on the moral state of the population—on commercial enterprize—on trading and manufacturing industry—on agriculture—on talent in the direction of affairs, both at home and abroad—on an economical regulation of the finances—on an equitable distribution of taxation—on an impartial administration of justice—on the support of a proper naval and military force, capable of preserving order at home and commanding respect from foreign powers; and that in all these essentials of good government Spain is miserably and glaringly deficient; it becomes evident that the population, under such an order of things, possess not the benefits of national resources fully developed, and that it is this deficiency which dooms her to stagnate in wretchedness, and to retrograde in the scale of national grandeur and prosperity.

The following remarks illustrate the impression made on the mind of M. K-m-k, a clever young diplomatist, on his arrival in Spain, as they relate both to the people and to the government. "The Spanish people,

¹ Continued from p. 69.

said he, "appear to me as strange and inconsistent as the government. The one delights to ponder over the bygone glories of the nation, in indolence and poverty, and the other attempts to rule it, and to restore its long-lost splendour, without any correct knowledge of its powers and its resources, any clear ideas of the errors of past cabinets, or any digested plans for the restoration of its prosperity. In conjunction with her former glory and preponderance among the nations of Europe, Spain can only be viewed, in the present day, with the same feelings that one regards Palmyra or Babylon—as a ruin, the glories of which are departed, leaving little more than a name to posterity." Now, as whatever is old ceases to be surprising, so these ideas, erroneous as they were, neither surprised me nor gave me a mean opinion of the talents and penetration of my young friend. I had heard their counterpart before, and had heard them from graver and more experienced heads than his, and I knew them to proceed from a hasty and superficial view of the state and construction of society. They, however, serve to show the deceitfulness of appearances, and the danger of trusting to them in grave and extensive political subjects like the present; and, knowing their prevalence, I have given them for the sake of declaring their fallacy.

It became my immediate object to clear away the errors that occupied the mind of M. K-m-k, and to assure him that a longer residence in the country, and a closer attention to its resources and its wants, would convince him that a Colbert or a Stein would still find an ample store of excellent materials to rebuild, on a more solid basis, the prosperity of the nation, and to raise its grandeur to a height, far more lofty than it had ever attained at any former period of its history.

"Convinced that the renovation of Spain would be an event highly beneficial to Europe, I feel an intense interest in the subject," said M. K-m-k, "and although the knowledge of her actual state, as to her powers, resources, and intelligence, form a question difficult, and at present incomprehensible to me, yet I am determined to master it in all its bearings; but," continued he, with his accustomed rapidity, "tell me what view you take of the subject after a residence in the country, what do you consider to be the causes which led to the degradation of Spain; and what are those which continue to paralyze her faculties?"

As the greater part of these causes have become matter of history, in which they have been variously and contradictorily explained, according to the passions or the prejudices of the writer, I referred my young friend to the most impartial records; contenting myself with pointing out the wars of arrogance and ambition, arising out of the pride of some of her sovereigns, the injudicious alliances of others, by which the prosperity of the kingdom was sacrificed upon the altar of national revenge, and for the gratification of private resentment, and the acquisition of her golden colonies in South America, as some of the most prominent points; and remarking of the latter one, that by personal intrepidity and enterprize, aided by national encouragement, came wealth; but that wealth begat pride, and pride begat indolence, and indolence begat poverty and national degradation, and that so according to the old proverb, "extremes met." M. K-m-k did not remain long enough to complete the inquiries which he had begun. He had splendid talents, was ardent and enthusiastic in his pursuit of knowledge, but he had not prudence enough to steer clear of the numerous shoals which threaten the diplomatic helmsman in the perilous region of the court of Madrid. He started well, and promised to realize the *beau ideal* of a diplomatist of the present day, for he entered into the internal state of Spain with a zeal and a perseverance which nothing could daunt or turn aside, and had he remained he would have been as perfectly master of her statistics as the most radical politician could desire or even believe to be possible. But poor

K-m-k, through a shameful manœuvre, contrived for his enthrallment, fell into the toils of a lady, famous for her generalship in the arts of intrigue; and as his character would have been sacrificed or his life endangered by his stay at this court, he left Spain suddenly and secretly, to the great joy of many of the great and privileged, who had become acquainted with his pursuits; they acknowledged his talents but they dreaded his penetration, and they disapproved of his researches, because they were alarmed for the results. The chief actors in this conspiracy were a grandee and an ecclesiastic of high rank.

The court of Madrid, formal and ceremonious, is a hot-bed of intrigue in all its various forms, fashions, and contrivances. The king intrigues, and so does the church; the court intrigues, and so do the ambassadors; and in the midst of so many practised fowlers, nothing short of the most extreme caution can save an obnoxious individual from becoming entangled in their snares. Female influence is constantly resorted to and powerfully exerted. I remember a M. De P. who, during a short residence at this court, contrived to do as much mischief, and to make as many enemies, as any one person could well effect within the limits of a similar period. He was a little man, of the pure dapper species, but of a most bold and swaggering demeanour, from which circumstances he acquired the name of Achilles *l'effronté*. This highly mischief-loving sprig of diplomacy, this Achilles the shameless, had the propensity, not of neglecting his own business, but of paying a far greater attention to that of his neighbours than was either necessary or agreeable. Having facilitated the acquisition of some exclusive commercial advantages for his nation, he employed himself in covertly circumventing the endeavours of M. Van H. to obtain a similar object for his. The latter, who was a man of great firmness and penetration, soon discovered that he had an enemy secretly working to undermine him, and after some little exertion he became convinced that it was *Petit Achille*. Various were the stratagems that Van H. employed to silence his adversary, who, through vigilance and conceit of his diplomatic importance, resisted every temptation and avoided every snare. Foiled at all points, he expressed great vexation that such an insignificant creature should be able to give him so much trouble and uneasiness. "A gnat may worry a noble animal," said I to M. Van H., "but it cannot subdue it. De P. is a vain man, and although he has withstood all your attacks upon him, I feel certain that there is an influence which he cannot resist—that of your friend, Senora G—y P. for instance." The hint was sufficient, the experiment was tried, and proved successful; Achilles became more tame and docile, and the last time I saw him he was strutting by the side of this very lady in a grove of orange trees.

It is the opinion of many persons, as it was of my friend K-m-k, that Spanish statesmen are ignorant of the powers and resources of the country, and of the measures required for affecting its improvement. This may still be true of some of them, but it is certainly not applicable to them all. Previous to the year 1820, the statistics of Spain were very inaccurately known, but since that period, when a ray of light, transient indeed, shot across her darkened horizon, they have been more studied, and are now better understood. A too sanguine expectation of the amount of the revenue, and a want of moral courage to enforce the payment of the contributions, are the errors of Spanish statesmen. They assess the nation, rely on the full receipt of the taxes; at the end of the year find themselves more than half the amount minus; and then have recourse to a loan to cover the deficiency: an excellent course for the formation of a national debt. Such has, however, been the method pursued for many years, a change of men seldom producing any material change of measures, except that some have raised the loans in foreign states, while

others have preferred the course of raising them at home. Among the latter is C. Arguelles, who will probably shortly resume the office of minister of the finances, a post which he held under the Cortes in the year 1820. By application and industry he is considered to have attained a perfect mastery of the subject of finance; but what advantage can Spain hope to derive from him, if his exertions are to be fettered, or if he want courage to work out his plans for improvement? He has borne the burthen before, and found it a dead weight upon his shoulders. He writhed under its pressure, he shifted it from side to side, but there it still remained to the last, the same bulky and disburthened pannier, as it was when he first took possession of it. At that time numerous were his opportunities and vast his power, but he used them not, and preferred a distant advantage to a present benefit. Beset on all sides by the clamour of interest, by the force of habit, by the claims of vested right, and by the domination of aristocratic influence, his situation became difficult, but his course was evident. He courted these giants, with a view to their gradual subjugation; but he was in error, he ought to have destroyed them. Opposed to parties which embodied a large portion of the rank, the wealth, and the influence of the state, a policy, like that of Arguelles, required an intelligent population, on whom he might at all times fall back for support; but deprived of that aid, the penetration and foresight of a Talleyrand would have readily perceived only certain defeat. Numerous were the clamours, and powerful was the opposition, which was raised by the people against this temporizing policy,—the clamours were just, but the opposition was unsuccessful;—the people, suffering from unequal taxation, and the destructive privileges of the church and the nobles, cried for an equitable distribution of the one, and for an immediate relief from the other;—they saw the rock on which Arguelles was about to founder, and they loudly warned him of his danger, but he met the advocates for bolder measures with censure and sarcasm, and characterized them as deficient in capacity and incompetent in knowledge, vague and impertinent clamourers about points they were unable to investigate, and senseless declaimers for measures they did not comprehend. I know this statesman well, and remind him, that curtailed as his sphere of action will now be, on his return to power, he may still do much for the benefit of his country; but if he be desirous to effect a purpose so noble, and to make for himself a name bright and lasting in the pages of Spanish history, he must exhibit more firmness of principle, much greater determination of purpose, and a far larger stock of moral courage, than he displayed during the period of his former administration.

The resistance of the clergy to bear a fair proportion of taxation is one of the causes of its unequal pressure. Proofs are too numerous, because the occurrence is annual; one fact, however, shall be given, because it illustrates the enormous extent of the evil, and the imbecility and subterfuge with which it was met by the minister, De Sierra y Pampléy. In 1821, the quota of taxation assessed upon the clergy was 30,000,000 of reals, an amount far below that which they ought to pay. Now how much did this tax produce? The estimates of the minister were formed on the supposition that the whole amount would be received: mark the deficiency—it produced about 11,000,000; or, a trifle more than one-third of the estimated sum. But how was this great defalcation met by the minister, and how did he provide against its consequences? The Cortes had provided the means of enforcing the taxes; because that body knew, from long experience, that it would be impossible to collect them from the rich and powerful without their aid. Did he then use the means they wisely provided, or take advantage of the aid thus offered for his assistance? No. Deficient in moral courage, like his predecessors, he feared the conflict—temporized—and was beaten. But what said the

Cortes, who had provided ample means to insure a different result? Why the members complained, and the minister replied, "that the repeated representations of diocesan juntas, respecting the endowments of the clergy, and the apprehension that the want of funds might paralyze public worship in a nation so pious as the Spanish, have been the causes that the government has not availed itself of all the means placed in its hands, by the Cortes, for the recovery of this tax." This fact alone amply shows that pusillanimity more than ignorance obstructs the course of financial reform in Spain.

Well do I recollect the surprise which I felt on my first entrance into Spain, at the vast tracts of dreary wastes and barren heaths, that met my sight on every side, and were often from forty to fifty miles in length; and the curiosity which I entertained to know why so large a portion of the kingdom should be suffered to remain in such a miserable state of uncultivation. "These," said a friend, who travelled with me, "are the lands of the Mesta."

"And pray," said I, "what is the Mesta?"

"The Mesta," said my companion, "is the friend of selfishness, and the enemy of all generous feeling—the advocate of oppression, by which it is upheld; and the opponent of reformation, by which it would be destroyed: it sets its cloven foot upon all projects of improvement, and crushes them in the bud; it may be called the titular devil of Spain. In plain terms, however, it is an association of nobles, monasteries, ecclesiastical chapters, and other rich proprietors, who feed their flocks upon these waste lands. They are not the proprietors of the lands, but of the flocks. They have exacted laws against the breaking up of the waste lands and pastures, which they can occupy at a low fixed price, the rate of which is unalterable by the landlord; they cannot be ejected while they choose to keep possession, and they possess many other privileges inimical to agricultural and national improvement. In return for these immense national sacrifices," he continued, "they employ about 48,000 persons, who attend the flocks, export from twelve to fifteen millions of pounds of wool, and contribute about 300,000*l.* in duties to the treasury."

Such was the Mesta; and such it remains to the present hour. It is a hydra-headed monster, possessing great power; but it is hated and friendless, and its destruction is a task far less formidable than has been commonly represented. Arguelles could have overthrown it in 1820; such a minister as Stein would destroy it at any time. By him the laws which have been extorted through the selfishness of the powerful, prohibiting the cultivation of the waste lands, would be instantly annulled, agriculture would be promoted, the dreary wildernesses, now almost strangers to the footsteps of man, would soon be covered with an industrious population, and the wild herbs of the desert be succeeded by the orchard and the corn field, emblems of prosperity and independence.

Another point of great moment must not be forgotten: it is important to all Spanish statesmen; to Arguelles it is transcendently important; I mean the restoration of faith with the public creditor. Far be it from me to impute dishonesty to the Spaniards generally, for such an imputation would be as base as it is unjust. When Ferdinand the Sixth, frightened at a debt of nine millions sterling, called a council to decide on the question, "whether a king was obliged to discharge the debts of his predecessor?" the very nature of the doubt involved, showed him to be both a weak and a dishonest man; and the act tarnished the splendour of his course; but when the bishops, lawyers, and ministers of state, who composed the council, set the laws of God and man at defiance, by pronouncing a judgment in favour of non-liability, which was received and acted upon by the king, they not only involved their own characters in the

guilt and dishonesty of the transaction, but that of the nation also. It was a bad precedent ; and has been used by after times, like many other bad precedents, to cover similar enormities ; one of which, as it regards Spain, is still fresh in our memories. Many other points affecting the renovation of Spain must remain unnoticed, as they would lead me into more detail than my space at present allows.

By the jaundiced eye of modern times she has been viewed as a sort of anomaly ; as a territory abounding in natural and political resources, and capable of the highest degree of cultivation and improvement ; inhabited by a population, apparently insensible of the advantages by which they are surrounded ; and preferring the penury of slothfulness, to the wealth of industry and the independence of activity. This view, however, is illusive. The Spaniards are neither inimical to change, nor incapable of improvement ; but the great question for consideration, as it affects the other states of Europe, is this—will the regeneration of Spain be a general benefit ? Such an inquiry is certainly not very creditable to the hearts, whatever it may be to the heads, of statesmen ; but so perverse is human nature, that through the jealousy and apprehension of some states, and from false policy on the part of all, the debased and helpless condition of Spain has been viewed as a general benefit ; and the arts of foreign diplomacy have aided the oppression of native tyranny, to strengthen the chains which bind the liberties of unfortunate Spain. But let those who hold the welfare of Spain in shackles reflect that a mightier power than they is working against them. Let the neighbouring states who withhold the hand of the good Samaritan, remember, that if the Spaniard be vindictive, he is also noble-minded, generous, and grateful ; and that on his return to prosperity, an event, not perhaps so distant as some may apprehend, his attachment to his friends will be marked by the fidelity and honour of the Castilian of the olden time.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

"FAINT heart," says the adage, "never won fair ladye." I know not who it was that gave birth to this "wise saw"—whether it is to be found in Homer, as some say all things may, (it is a long time since we read Homer)—or whether some gallant son of Mars introduced it to the world by way of forwarding the views of himself and comrades. But this I know, that whoever the person may be, he has much to answer for: much to answer for to the ladies for subjecting them to the affectations and impertinences of our sex—much to answer for to us, for encouraging the belief that such a behaviour is pleasing to the fair.

Perhaps it may be urged that a misapprehension and misapplication of the adage have caused the grievance I complain of. It may be so: but it is not enough that a law is made with a view to encourage merit; it should be so framed as to defy a perversion to the purposes of evil. In the blessed days of chivalry, no doubt, the bravest knights were—as they deserved to be—the most successful pleaders in the bower of beauty. But let it be remembered that, in those days, the gallants were bold as lions in battle, but in a lady's boudoir, (if such an anachronism may be allowed,) meek as so many lambs. Now, I much fear, the high bearing of our gallants is chiefly displayed in the chambers of their mistresses, while craven hearts are found to tremble in the tent. Alas, for the days of chivalry! In a word—though I speak it with the most perfect good humour, and without a particle of jealousy—I consider the young men of the present day a saucy, empty, assuming, ill-bred set of fellows, and altogether unworthy the favours of the belles of the nineteenth century.

I am not a nineteenth-century man myself, and I thank the gods (particularly the god of love) for that consolation in the midst of all my sorrows. Forty years ago things were very different: the young folks of that age were men of another calibre, men who paid some regard to *decency*, and were not ashamed to wear the blush of modesty upon all proper occasions. I was a lover then; and I confess, (though at the risk of getting laughed at for my pains,) felt as much alarm at the idea of "popping the red-hot question," as facing a fifteen-pounder. An offer of marriage at that time of day was matter of deliberation for weeks, months—nay, frequently for years: not, as now, an affair of three interviews—a ball, a morning call, and an evening at the opera. No, no: *Gretna Green* was a *terra incognita* in those days; and except in plays and romances, no man ever dreamt of stealing a heiress *burglariously*, (for I can find no softer term for it,) or running away with a beauty, and asking her consent afterwards.

The manner of popping the question, certainly, must always vary considerably with the varying dispositions and habits of men. The young lawyer, for instance, would put it in a precise, parchment sort of way,—*I, A. B., do hereby ask and solicit, &c.*—while the poet, no doubt, would whip in a scrap of Ovid, and make it up into a sonnet, or moonlight impromptu. I remember the opinion of a young beau of Gray's Inn, (macaronies we used to call them in those days,) who, on its being suggested that the best way of putting the query was by writing, replied, "No, that would never do; for then the lady would have it to show against you."

But to my tale. About twenty years ago, (I was not then so bald as I am now,) I was spending the Midsummer with my old friend and school-fellow, Tom Merton. Tom had married early in life, and had a daughter, Mary Rose, who, to her "father's wit and mother's beauty," added her uncle Absalom's good humour, and her aunt Deborah's notability. In her you had the realization of all that the poets have sung about fairy forms, dulcet voices, and witching eyes. She was just such a being as you may imagine to yourself in the heroine of some beautiful romance—Narcissa, in Roderick Random, for instance—or Sophia, in Tom Jones—or Fanny, in Joseph Andrews—not the modern, lackadaisical damsels of Colburn and Bentley. If she had met the eye of Marc Antony, Cleopatra might have exerted her blandishments in vain: if Paris had but seen Mary Rose Merton, Troy might have been standing to this day. Such was the presiding divinity of the house where I was visiting. My heart was susceptible, and I fell in love. No man, I thought, had ever loved as I did—a common fancy among lovers—and the intensity of my affection I believed would not fail to secure a return. One cannot explain the secret, but those who have felt the influence, will know how to judge of my feelings. I was as completely over head and ears as mortal could be: I loved with that entire devotion that makes filial piety and brotherly affection sneak to a corner of man's heart, and leave it to the undisputed sovereignty of feminine beauty.

The blindness incidental to my passion, and the young lady's uniform kindness, led me to believe that the possibility of her becoming my wife was by no means so remote as at first it had appeared to be; and, having spent several sleepless nights in examining the subject on all sides, I determined to make her an offer of my hand, and to bear the result, pro or con, with all due philosophy. For more than a week I was disappointed in an opportunity of speaking alone with my adored, notwithstanding I had frequently left the dinner-table prematurely with that view, and several times excused myself from excursions which had been planned for my especial amusement.

At length the favourable moment seemed to be at hand. A charity sermon was to be preached by the bishop, for the benefit of a Sunday school, and as Mr. Merton was churchwarden, and destined to hold one of the plates, it became imperative on his family to be present on the occasion. I, of course, proffered my services, and it was arranged that we should set off early next morning, to secure good seats in the centre aisle. I could hardly close my eyes that night for thinking how I should "Pop the Question;" and when I did get a short slumber, was waked on a sudden by some one starting from behind a hedge, just as I was disclosing the soft secret. Sometimes, when I had fancied myself sitting by the lovely Mary in a bower of jasmine and roses, and had just concluded a beautiful rhapsody about loves and doves, myrtles and turtles, I raised my blushing head, and found myself *tête-à-tête* with her papa. At another moment, she would slip a beautiful, pink, hot-pressed billet-doux into my hand, which, when I unfolded it, would turn out to be a challenge from some favoured lover, desiring the satisfaction of meeting me at half-past six in the morning, and so forth, and concluding, as usual, with an indirect allusion to a horsewhip. Morning dreams, they say, always come true. It's a gross falsehood—mine *never* come true. But I had a pleasant vision that morning, and recollecting the gossip's tale, I fondly believed it would be verified. Methought I had ventured to "pop the question" to my Dulcinea, and was accepted. I jumped out of bed in a tremor. "Yes," I cried, "I *will* pop the question: ere this night-cap again envelope this unhappy head, the trial shall be made!" and I shaved, and brushed my hair over the bald place on my crown, and tied my cravat with unprecedented care; and made my appearance in the

breakfast-parlour just as the servant maid had begun to dust the chairs and tables.

Poor servant maid ! I exclaimed to myself—for I felt very Sterne-ish—was it ever thy lot to have the question popped in thy unsophisticated ear? Mayhap, even now, as thou dustest the mahogany chairs, and rubbest down the legs of the rosewood tables, pangs of unrequited affection agitate thy tender bosom, or doubts of a lover's faith are preying upon thy maiden heart ! I can fancy thee, fair domestic, standing in that neat dress thou wearest now—a gown of dark blue with a little white sprig, apron of criss-cross, (housemaids were not above checked aprons in those days,) and *black* cotton stockings—that identical *duster*, perhaps, waving in thy ruby hand—I can fancy thee, thus standing, sweet help, with thy lover at thy feet—he all hope and protestation, thou all fear and hesitation—his face glowing with affection, thine suffused with blushes—his eyes beaming with smiles, thine gushing with tears—love-tears, that fall, drop—drop—slowly at first, like the first drops of a thunder storm, increasing in their flow, even as that storm increaseth, till finding it no longer possible to dissemble thy weeping, thou raisest the duster to thy cheeks, and smearest them with its pulverized impurities. But Love knows best how to bring about his desires : that little incident, simple—nay, silly as it may seem, has more quickly matured the project than hours of sentiment could have done : for the begrimed countenance of the maiden sets both the lovers a laughing—*she* is anxious to run away, to wash “the filthy witness” from her face—*he* will not suffer her to depart without a promise, a word of hope—*she* falters forth the soft syllables of consent—and the terrible task of “popping the question” is over.

Breakfast-time at length arrived. But I shall pass over the blunders I committed during its progress ; how I salted Mary Rose's muffin instead of my own, poured the cream into the sugar basin, and took a bite at the teapot lid. “Pop the question” haunted me continually, and I feared to speak, even on the most ordinary topics, lest I should in some way betray myself. Pop—pop—pop ! every thing seemed to go off with a pop ; and when at length Mr. Merton hinted to Mary and her mother that it was time for them to *pop* on their bonnets, I thought he laid a particular stress on the horrible monosyllable, and almost expected him to accuse me of some sinister design upon his daughter. It passed off, however, and we set out for the church. Mary Rose leaned upon my arm, and complained how dull I was. I, of course, protested against it, and tried to rally : vivacity, indeed, was one of my characteristics, and I was just beginning to make myself extremely agreeable, when a little urchin, in the thick gloom of a dark entry, let off a pop-gun close to my ear. The sound, simple as it may seem, made me start as if a ghost had stood before me, and when Mary observed that I was “very nervous this morning,” I felt as if I could have throttled the lad ; and inwardly cursed the inventor of pop-guns, and doomed him to the lowest pit of Acheron.

I strove against my fate, however, and made several observations. “Look,” cried Mary Rose, as we gained the end of the street, “what a beautiful child !”

I turned my head to the window, when the first object that met my eyes was a square blue paper, edged with yellow, on which was written in too, too legible characters, “Pop.” I believe I was surprised into an exclamation stronger than the occasion would seem to warrant, and the poor child came in for a share of my anathema. I didn't intend it, however, for I am very fond of children : but it served Mary Rose to scold me about till we came to the church door ; and, if possible, bewildered me more than ever. We had now arrived in the middle aisle, when my fair companion whispered me—“My dear Mr. —, won't you take off

your hat?" This was only a prelude to still greater blunders. I posted myself at the head of the seat, sang part of the hundredth psalm while the organist was playing the symphony, sat down when I should have stood up, knelt when I ought to have been standing, and just at the end of the creed, found myself pointed due west, the gaze and wonder of the whole congregation.

The sermon at length commenced; and the quietness that ensued, broken only by the perambulations of the beadle and sub-schoolmaster, and the collision ever and anon of their official wands with the heads of refractory students, guilty of the enormous crime of gaping or twirling their thumbs, gave me an opportunity of collecting my scattered thoughts. Just as the rest of the congregation were going to sleep, I began to awake from my mental lethargy; and by the time the worthy prelate had discussed three or four heads of his text, felt myself competent to make a speech in parliament. Just at this moment, too, a thought struck me, as beautiful as it was sudden—a plan by which I might make the desired tender of my person, and display an abundant share of wit into the bargain.

To this end I seized Mary Rose's prayer-book, and turning over the pages till I came to matrimony, marked the passage, "Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?" with two emphatic dashes; and pointing significantly and confidently to myself, handed it to her with a bow. She took it!—she read it!!—she smiled!!! Was it a smile of assent? O how my heart beat in my bosom at that instant—so loud, that I feared the people around us might hear its palpitations; and looked at them to see if they noticed me. She turned over a few leaves—she took my pencil, which I had purposely enclosed in the book—and she marked a passage. O ye gods and demigods! what were my sensations at that moment! not Jove himself, when he went swan-hopping to the lovely Leda—nor Pluto, when he perpetrated the abduction of the beautiful Proserpine, could have experienced a greater turmoil of passions than I at that moment. I *felt* the score—felt it, as if it had been made across my very heart: and I grasped the book—and I squeezed the hand that presented it; and, opening the page tremblingly, and holding the volume close to my eyes, (for the type was small, and my sight not quite so good as it used to be,) I read—O Mary Rose! O Mary Rose! that I should live to relate it!—"A woman may not marry her grandfather."

EPIGRAM.

WHY feign we love as wanting eyes,
When most from sight his pow'rs arise?
We feign him blind, because too well
He sees what love alone could tell:
Better to swear that he is blind,
Than own what fools are human kind.

MY WEDDING DAY.

THE clear merry tones of a girlish voice awoke me from a sweet slumber, and still sweeter dream. Methought I was dancing the gallopade at the Montpelier Rotunda at Cheltenham, with my first love, the Honourable Captain Mowbray of the Guards, and enjoying the combined delights of rapid motion, exhilarating music, coloured lamps, green-house plants, and the intelligent glances of a pair of the finest hazel eyes in the universe. The unwelcome intruder on my slumbers was my sister Fanny, a girl of fourteen, who exclaimed in a cruelly shrill pitch of voice, "You have no time to lose, Emily; it is half-past eight; not a moment of to-day should be wasted; it is the happiest day of your life!" I slowly opened my eyes; my sister held a taper in her hand, not, as might be supposed, as an emblem of the torch of Hymen, but as a matter of dire necessity: my shutters were unclosed, but instead of admitting light they only made me sensible of the existence of a dense yellow fog, it was the month of December; the preceding day had been bright and frosty, but that contradictory and unpleasant operation of Nature, "a cold thaw," had taken place during the night, and a drizzling rain completely obscured the window pane: if happiness reigned over this day, she certainly appeared in her dishabille!

It was my marriage morn—no wonder my sister deemed it happy; she, poor thing, was still subject to all the tortures, ordinary and extraordinary, of the school-room; back-boards, close bonnets, chemical lectures, four language-masters, and five hours practising per diem; and on consideration, as my dream gradually faded from my mind, and I turned to the realities of life, I began to think it a happy day likewise. I was five-and-twenty, and had been perceptibly declining in prettiness for three years. I had met with many attentions, but few proposals. Captain Mowbray had nothing but poverty to offer me, and although I lamented the necessity of my refusal, I could not repent that I had given it. I had failed to accomplish an *entrée* into Almack's; papa was unreasonably stingy in my allowance, and mamma unseasonably observant of my flirtations. My elected husband, Sir Matthew Medium, was a baronet of three thousand a year; I should have jewels and a carriage, I should be my own mistress, and perhaps my husband's. "Yes," I rejoined with a yawn, "it is undoubtedly the *happiest* day of my life!"

My *femme-de-chambre* began to array me: I looked in the glass; she assured me, with professional flattery, that I had never appeared to such advantage. I could not believe her: I was labouring under the effects of that unbecoming and unromantic malady, a violent cold in the head; the rose-coloured tint of my cheeks had departed to my nose, and the light of my eyes was as obscured and invisible as that of the sun. She threw a dressing-gown over me, and announced that Monsieur de Mille-fleurs, a celebrated French friseur, who had been recommended to me from high authority, was awaiting my com-

mands. I followed her to the boudoir—it was a melancholy scene. It was, like my sleeping-room, filled with yellow fog, and was illumined by a solitary lamp; the Frenchman stood by, brandishing his instruments of torture. I caught a glance of myself in the mirror; my white wrapper, pale cheeks, and flowing tresses, gave me quite the air of a victim: it was a scene worthy of the judgment-room of the Inquisition! I took down from my book-case a small volume bound in crimson silk—it was an Annual of two year's standing—and resigned myself to the scientific fingers of my tormentor. It may seem surprising that I should feel any inducement at such a time to study an old Annual, but there was "attractive metal" in the pages of the one in question. Mowbray had written a sentimental tale to illustrate an equally sentimental engraving in it. I read it with more admiration than ever, and when my *femme-de-chambre* ventured respectfully to remark that she "did not think I should like the effect of my *chignon*," I fretfully desired her not to interrupt me.

At length my labours and those of Monsieur de Mille-fleurs came to a termination; just as I closed the Annual, he placed the last black pin in my garland of orange flowers. Fanny at that moment entered the room, and her undisguised laughter, and assurances that he had made a perfect fright of me, caused me to raise my eyes to the mirror. My hair was dragged away from my forehead in a style which gave an air of something between the lunatic and the vixen, and the huge towering bows and knots at the top of my head assimilated ill with the pale and anxious countenance beneath them. It was too late, however, to level this unfortunate fabric, and erect a new one; time was wearing on, and I was quickly arrayed in the cold and comfortless splendor of white satin, gauze, and blonde, and pronounced ready to descend to the company who were now beginning to assemble. A tap at my boudoir door was just then heard, and two notes and a small box were delivered to me. The first note was from an aunt, whose presence at my wedding I had particularly desired; she was the widow of a rich nabob, who had left his property entirely at her disposal, and her long diamond ear-rings, innumerable sparkling rings, and superb India shawl, rendered her a desirable assistant on occasions of festivity like the present. She expressed her sorrow that she was prevented by sudden indisposition from attending on me, and hoped that I would oblige her by accepting the accompanying gift as a token of her esteem, good will, &c. I knew myself to be in high favour with her, and ever since my marriage had been settled, I had exhausted my imagination in conjectures on the probable magnificence of her wedding present. I hastily opened the box, and took out layer after layer of cotton and silver paper; at last I arrived at the bottom, where I fully expected to find a deposit of jewellery, and discovered—three small, neat, china jars for the mantel-piece! I had never been formally introduced to them before, but I knew them perfectly well by sight: I had seen them at the Soho Bazaar, where they were ticketed one guinea and a half in price! The other note was from my favourite female friend, Louisa Danvers, who was to share with my sister Fanny the honour of attending me as bride-

maid; it was also an excuse, but the reason was mysteriously expressed, "She had long been engaged in marriage against the wishes of her friends; fear of my prudential caution had prevented her from confiding the secret to me, her fate was approaching to a crisis. I should know more hereafter; in the meantime, as the notice was so short, she hoped that I would accept the services of her cousin, Harriet Sutton, as bridesmaid in her stead." I was concerned at my friend's folly in devoting herself to the horrors of love in a cottage; and Harriet Sutton was a dowdy dependant, but still I was glad of her company: for I felt secure that Louisa must have invested her with the bridesmaid's attire which was to match with that worn by Fanny, a celestial blue silk dress, and white hat wreathed with convulvulus. I descended out of spirits and out of humour. There is a French proverb, that "no woman is ugly when she is dressed;" but I felt that full dress in a foggy winter morning was no beautifier to any woman, or at any rate, not to me. The company were a shade less wretched in appearance than myself, for they had the comfort of bonnets and high dresses, but they all looked cold and depressed; and the bridesmaid, to my utter dismay, had been abandoned to her own resources of finery, and was arrayed in a dress of Egyptian brown silk, with three deep flounces, and an enormous Leghorn bonnet; the contrast between the freshness of appearance, and the obsolete fashion of these articles, plainly demonstrating that they had constituted her gala attire for at least seven years! Every body assured me that I had never looked so well before, and that this was the happiest day of my life, and I was too civil to contradict them.

Of the bridegroom little can be said; he was elderly, red-haired, very shy, and very corpulent—of course he could not be expected to look or behave like a hero. The carriages were announced, and we soon reached St. George's, Hanover Square. As we entered the vestry-room, another bridal party were preparing to leave it. I remarked them with attention; their rank in life was evidently much below mine.

The bride was a pretty pleasing young woman, dressed with remarkable neatness and simplicity; her ingenuous features indicated health and modesty, and she had enough of the air of weeping to be suitable to the occasion, without disfiguring her appearance; the tears floated in her eyes, but did not descend on her cheeks. The bridesmaid, evidently a sister by her extreme likeness, was almost as pretty as the bride, and might have appeared quite as much so, in an equally interesting situation. The mother, a comely placid looking woman, was contemplating her fair daughter with a smile of tranquil satisfaction; and the cordial good-humoured father was warmly shaking hands with his new son-in-law, an athletic, open-countenanced young man. The party were evidently all happy in themselves, and in each other; it was a simple but a touching sight. I looked round on my own over-dressed, drowsy, listless train of superfluous attendants, half of whom I knew to be indifferent to, and the other half to be envious of me. I had long been convinced of the hollowness and frivolity of the gay world, but I had never before been so sensible of its vulgarity and bad taste.

The ceremony was soon performed, and we returned home, where a splendid *déjeûné* was prepared; things now began to assume rather a more tolerable aspect. Gunter is one of the few artists whose performances always put English people in real good-humour for the time, but still the event went off heavily; it might be recorded by that "word of fear," equally "unpleasing to the ear" of the fashionable and mercantile world, "a decided failure!" Mamma was thoroughly discomposed by the foggy morning, my pallid looks, the want of generosity in the present of my aunt, and the want of uniformity in the dress of my bridesmaids. Papa was never very brilliant at any time, and being accustomed to late hours, he was on the present occasion more than half asleep. My sister Fanny seldom spoke in company, especially if it were desirable that she should do so; she was of that unhappy age, when girls are always silent when they ought to talk, and talkative when they ought to be silent.

Towards the close of the repast, a friend of the family entered the drawing-room; he had not been invited, but, like Paul Pry, he was in the constant habit of "dropping in" where his presence was not required; he was a very good-natured man, and a great newsmonger, two striking recommendations, but he always contrived, with the best intentions of giving pleasure to his friends, to tell them news which was particularly disagreeable to them. After oppressing me with clamorous congratulations, he continued, his broad countenance odiously beaming with benevolence—"You do not want much, my dear, to add to your happiness on a day like this, but I have a piece of news to tell you about your old friend Captain Mowbray, which I am sure you will be delighted to hear. A miserly relation of his, from whom he entertained no expectations, has just died, and left him heir of his large property; the amount was at first reported to be a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, but I am glad to tell you, that I met this morning with an intimate friend of the deceased, who assures me that any one might safely give Mowbray two hundred thousand for it, and get a good bargain by so doing!"—"I-am-rejoiced-to-hear-it;" I with difficulty stammered out, my heart palpitating almost to bursting, and the tears starting to my eyes. "And," pursued my tormentor, "it is particularly acceptable to him at this moment, for he had been engaged for some time to a charming young lady without money, and they had actually just made up their minds to marry and starve, when this fortunate windfall came to reward them for their disinterestedness." I attempted to inquire the name of the "charming young lady," but my temples throbbed violently; the room appeared to turn round, and hastily pleading sudden indisposition, I took the arm of my sister and retired. "Poor thing," exclaimed an unsuspecting matron, who sat near me, "her feelings are too much for her—joy overpowers as well as grief—this is the *happiest* day of her life!"

Left alone with my sister, I had fresh cause to lament the absence of Louisa Danvers, who united sense and sensibility sufficiently to prove an excellent comforter. Poor Fanny was a very inefficient substitute; she cried and scolded me by turns, reminded me that *she* had always advised me to marry Mowbray, wondered that I should

have hesitated to accept such a man, even if sure of living on bread and water with him; then lamented that I had not heard of his accession of fortune the day before, which would have been plenty of time to break off my marriage; and then again, recollecting the account of her engagement, vented her indignation on my unknown rival, whom she declared herself convinced was very artful, ugly, and disagreeable. I was glad to exchange her society even for that of my husband, and a short time saw me arrayed in my travelling apparel, and seated in the carriage which was to convey us to Richmond. The windows were dimmed with the incessant rain, my tears flowed with equal perseverance, and the conversation of Sir Matthew fell on my ear with just as dull and monotonous a drizzle. I cannot remember much of his discourse, except that he lamented the state of the weather, and hoped it would clear, deplored the bad aspect of affairs in Ireland, and touched on the Slavery Question, and the East India Company's Charter.

Gloomy, however, as was the ride, I could not look forward with any pleasure to its termination; we were to pass the first few days of our honeymoon at the house of a married brother of Sir Matthew's. Mr. Medium was, like his relative, a complete non-entity, but his wife I particularly disliked; she was a crafty, selfish woman, much beneath her husband in point of rank, but yielding to no one in vanity and ambition. Owing to Sir Matthew's long continuance in "single blessedness," she had flattered herself that the baronetcy and estate would eventually centre in her eldest son, and of course regarded me with very unpleasant feelings as the destroyer of her maternal visions; conventional policy induced her to cloak her dislike of me in a double-wove garb of courtesy, but natural coarseness of character caused her to over-act her part so glaringly, that her flatteries could not impose upon the most credulous hearer; there was something absolutely feline in the fawning excess of her fondness and caresses. Dinner passed as heavily as could be anticipated; no one was there but the family, and I had the consciousness that the eyes of all the servants and all the children were directed towards me, in eager curiosity to see how I should behave under my new honours of bridal consequence. In the evening the newspaper came. Mrs. Medium officiously seized it, that she might read aloud to me the paragraph of my marriage, which, with modern foresight, had been sent to the press the day before. Alas! she had little need to give me the intelligence: I was painfully conscious that I was married, without finding it necessary to refer to the fact in print. Having read the announcement, she turned to the next paragraph. "Dear me," she exclaimed, "it is no wonder your friend Miss Danvers excused herself from attending you as bridesmaid—she was married herself on the same morning!" "Married! to whom?" exclaimed I eagerly, my fancy running through a long list of younger brothers with whom Louisa had sung, waltzed, and flirted during the last season. She read the name of the bridegroom with dreadful precision and emphasis—"The Honourable Captain Mowbray of the Guards!" The symptoms of my morning attack returned upon me; I pressed my hand on my forehead, and was obliged to have recourse

to my embroidered pocket-handkerchief and *eau de Cologne*; but the window was instantly thrown open for my benefit, and a relieve of foggy night air admitted, which enabled me to "sit it out!" "How strange it is, my dear," observed my unsuspecting husband, "that you should have twice been taken ill to-day, when you were hearing news about young Captain Mowbray!" My sister-in-law said nothing, but she fixed her keen grey eyes on my face, with an expression which denoted that she thought it anything but strange.

This last *contre-temps* completely destroyed my spirits, and I said little more than yes and no for the ensuing two hours. Towards the close of the evening, the eldest daughter of my hostess, a pert forward girl just emancipated from boarding-school, said to me, "Now your wedding day is nearly at an end, Lady Medium, has it not been the *happiest* day of your life?" Had I been in the Palace of Truth, I should certainly have replied that it had been the most miserable; but I was not desperate enough to feel inclined to "electrify my audience," by so startling a burst of ingenuousness. Some author, whose name I forget, says: "As society can only be held together by lies, the old, which are already current, may serve the purpose just as well as the new!" I therefore determined to let the axiom in question pass uncontradicted; but like many other imperfect and minor moralists, although willing passively to sanction a falsity, I was not inclined actively to tell one. I therefore replied to the young lady's teasing question, with equal truth, politeness, and self-possession: "I only hope your own may be just as *happy*!"

M. A.

SUMMARY OF INDIAN NEWS.

Hurkaru Office, Calcutta, Jan. 31, 1833.

THE failures of the great houses of Alexander and Co., and Mackintosh and Co., continue the engrossing topics of conversation, and the influencing causes of commercial depression. Great efforts were made to keep the former house out of the Insolvent Court, but they were rendered unavailing through the want of unanimity amongst the creditors. The persons of the members of the late firm are, however, inviolate, owing to a declaration by the assignees, that they have assets forthcoming equalling a moiety of the claims on them. Similar exertions are being used to guard the house of Mackintosh and Co. from the necessity for a declaration of insolvency, and certain propositions have been submitted by the partners for an ultimate liquidation of a portion of the claims on them, conditionally that they are not forced into court. It is doubtful, however, whether the contingency can be averted, for the irritation of disappointed or ignorant creditors, combined with the workings of malevolence, militate against the hope of a favourable compromise. This disinclination to seek refuge in insolvency—the sole expedient of the bankrupt in India—arises from a belief, though an unfounded one, that the charges of the process in court of examining claims and determining dividends, absorbs a large portion of each creditor's balance; and although a public representation has been made, that the expenses in the Insolvent Court attending the examination of the accounts of Palmer and Co., during a period of *three years*, have not involved more than a *thirty-eighth* part of the assets—the clamor still continues, and it is not easy to guess at its termination.

The Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, is on his way to the Presidency from the Upper Provinces, with the intention, it is said, of embarking, soon after his arrival, for Madras, in order to inquire into the causes of certain disturbances in the Mysore country. Lord William Bentinck's tour in the interior has been distinguished by an active inspection of the provincial administration of affairs, which cannot fail to have beneficial results; while his visits of ceremony to, and political intercourse with, the native potentates in the north, have been signalized by all the "pomp and circumstance," for which oriental courts have ever been celebrated.

The Commander-in-Chief, Sir E. Barnes, is also on his way to the Presidency, and may be daily expected. The sudden return of his Excellency has excited some surprise, as it was expected that he would have returned to Simlah, and spent the hot season in the hills.

Notwithstanding the stagnation of commerce in a general way, the indigo market has lately been very lively. The largest purchases have been made by the Honourable Company; but there have likewise been some considerable exports by private merchants. Saltpetre has been in great demand, as dead weight for vessels loading; and

shell lac and rice are also in request—the latter for the Mauritius and Europe. With regard to imports from Europe, however, little has been done. Coloured piece goods, twist, woollens, metals, ales, wines, &c. remain on hand in large quantities. Freight to London varies from 6*l.* to 7*l.*

The *James Sibbald*, Darby, from Calcutta to England, grounded on the night of the 28th December, on the north point of the Bay of Masulipatam. The silk and indigo, which formed part of the cargo, were saved by the exertions of the captain, aided by the master attendant at Coringa, and the whole of the passengers and crew were landed in safety; but the vessel went to pieces in spite of every effort to save her.

We are not much oppressed by the presence of rulers just now. The Honourable W. Blunt, fourth member of council, went to the Cape about a month since, leaving but one individual in council at the Presidency, the much esteemed Sir Charles Metcalf, the Vice-President. Sir Charles accordingly called Mr. Alexander Ross (a provisional member) to the council board to assist until the return of Lord William Bentinck, or any other member.

Letters from the Cole or Chooar country do not give very cheering accounts of the progress of our arms against the predatory tribes who have been disturbing the peace of the districts for the past year. Our troops appear to be badly off for provisions and other comforts, and have to contend with an enemy who atones for his inferiority in discipline, and a knowledge of the refinements of war, by his skill in availing himself of the advantages conferred by his jungles and numberless fastnesses. Government, however, has ordered certain regiments to move, with a view, it is suspected, of putting an end to the wearying contest by a *coup de main*.

The scarcity of grain, arising from a deficiency of the periodical rains, has been very severely felt in the south and west of the peninsula of India. Various granaries, abounding with rice, &c. have been plundered by the natives, but the timely interference of the public authorities has prevented much evil from thence accruing to the community. The import duties of grain were taken off by the government, and shipments encouraged from all quarters where there happened to be superabundance.

You have probably heard of the Bangalore conspiracy—a conspiracy by two havildars or serjeants and twelve privates of the Madras army to seize the Fort of Bangalore, and murder their European officers. It was at first supposed that a great many more than this small number were engaged in the intended mutiny, but the results of the court martial prove this to have been a mistake. Annexed, are the remarks of Sir R. O'Callaghan, the Commander-in-Chief at Madras, on the proceedings of the court, which will give you a clear idea of the nature of the disturbance.

“The Commander-in-Chief has much gratification in communicating to the army the result of the investigation into the recent mutinous proceedings at Bangalore.

“These proceedings would appear to have originated with certain obscure individuals, of desperate fortunes,—civil inhabitants of the

Pettah, who, for their own ends, squandered such money as they could command in tampering with the native soldiers in their neighbourhood.

"It is gratifying to place on record, that in a force comprising 3,500 men, two havildars and twelve privates alone are known to have been corrupted. All large bodies must contain *some* unworthy members open to corruption, and the corps composing the Mysore division of the army may justly feel proud that they have been found to be so singularly exempt. Not the breath of *suspicion* even has attached to any one of the native officers of the army; they have throughout this affair, upheld their high and long established character for honour and fidelity. The attempts of the instigators of this mutiny succeeded with a trivial number of the lower ranks of the army only, persons overwhelmed with debt and given up to debauchery; and when these attempts were carried further, the result was the immediate disclosure of the plot by good and faithful soldiers, whose services the Commander-in-Chief has not failed to bring to the special notice of government."

This is an unfortunate country for judges. Sir W. O. Russell, our new Chief Judge, was obliged a very few months after his arrival to go to Penang, owing to the infirm state of his health, brought on by the rupture of a blood-vessel. His absence, however, is not of any great moment just now, for there is scarcely any business doing, nor is it likely that the *amor litigandi*, which has for so many years been a besetting passion amongst the natives here, will rapidly revive. Our last Chief Justice, Sir Charles Grey, has, it is complained, destroyed all confidence in the judgment of the Supreme Court, by the inconsistent and varying character of his decisions: proverbially uncertain as is the law, he is said to have rendered it a still more doubtful source of redress, and has tended to perplex the profession in their search after precedents.

The Bombay papers contain accounts of successful operations against the town of Balmeir, in Nuggur Parkur, on the north west frontier of the peninsula. Many of the rajpoots in the enemy's service were killed, while on our side only a few sepoy fell. Two European officers were however wounded. The same journals likewise furnish the particulars of an attack on the fort of Mahodoogur, in the petty state of Sawantwarree, to the south of the rajah of Sattarah's territories. The systematic mystery in which the proceedings of our local councils are clothed, precludes us from getting at the cause of these various campaigns, so that we can only *surmise* that they have been undertaken on just and sufficient grounds. The most that can be learnt regarding the attack on Mahodoogur is, that the subjects of the rajah had lately risen against him, and getting possession of the fort, resisted his authority. In this dilemma he applied to the Bombay government, which, in virtue of a treaty, binding us to secure the rajah in possession of his dominions, against one Bhow Serwant, the leader of the rebellion—who, *it seems, has some claim to them*, sent a regiment against the refractory party. In the contest resulting from our co-operation two British officers were killed.

Our latest arrivals from China mention the death, either by his

own hand or the order of the Emperor, of Governor Le, while on his way to Peking. He was for some time Governor of Canton, and was exceedingly popular during his administration of affairs. The state of commerce is not, on the whole, very cheering. There had been an extraordinary demand for opium; but the merchants still endeavoured to keep down the price of cotton, in which article but few transactions had taken place. Produce continued very high and scarce. An American frigate was about to leave Lintin for Cochin China and Siam, carrying a gentleman entrusted with general powers of a diplomatic nature. The use of such a functionary in that remote part of the commercial world, so far removed from appeal to superior authority at home, is obvious; and it is to be hoped, the British East India Company, or the government, in the event of the non-renewal of the charter, will nominate a similar delegate.

Hurkaru Office, Calcutta, Feb. 1, 1833.

Accounts from Madras give a most deplorable picture of the state of the interior arising from the scarcity of grain. Famine stares thousands in the face. The monsoons have passed away with little or no rain; and the fields are consequently waste. The prospects of the poor at the Presidency are not much more favourable. There has been an alarming rise in the price of grain;—rice has risen to upwards of a hundred per cent., and grain is now selling at three times its price a few months ago. Coffee, sugar, and, in short, every thing else, is proportionably dear.

Inquiries, resulting from the late melancholy failures at Calcutta, having established that much inconvenience has arisen from the plans of Life Insurance at present used here, a notice has appeared this day, of the formation of a *New Bengal Mutual Assurance Society*. It is to be hoped that this society may succeed. Such an institution is of the highest value to the numbers residing in India whose families are not provided for after their decease.

An epidemic fever has made its appearance in Calcutta, and appears to have attacked several families. It has not yet, however, spread its ravages very far.

Lord W. Bentinck has arrived at the Presidency.

SCENES BEHIND THE CURTAIN.¹

No. III.

THE "NATIONAL DRAMA," A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS.

"SIR, Mr. Rant wishes particularly to see you."

"Zounds! what can the *tragedian* want now? Tell him I am engaged—not to be disturbed by any soul living. Go, Jackall, my best compliments to Mr. Rant; but being deeply occupied in preparing the *National Drama*, I am denied the pleasure of his visit—go, Jackall."

Jackall, the messenger, left the manager's room, where Mr. Starling, and two or three other important personages, were busily engaged in forwarding the success of the *National Drama*. A short time elapsed—another gentle knock—Jackall again!

"D—— you, sir! what do you mean by this interruption?"

"Beg pardon, Mr. Starling, but Mr. Snooks demands to see you."

"I shall go mad! What can the *comedian* want now? I can't see any body living. Run, Jackall, and tell him that the *National Drama* precludes the honour of his visit."

Jackall left the room a second time. Mr. Starling and his colleagues were again at leisure to attend to the *National Drama*. But, as bad luck would have it, another knock came to disturb their important occupation. A peculiarly harsh voice bawled out, "Come in."

"*Angels and ministers of grace, &c.!*" Mr. Ardent and Mr. Caustic, *two* authors, stood before the manager. What a perplexing and unpleasant exhibition—*two* dramatic authors at *once*! Mr. Starling, fully alive to the horrors of his situation, suddenly invested himself with all the awe of managerial importance, and in a consequential, full-toned, *drama-congealing* tone, exclaimed, "Well, gentlemen?"

Now observe; the laconic Mr. Starling only addressed two words to the *two* authors—just one word apiece; but yet in these two words a prodigious quantity of meaning was conveyed. He was perfectly understood by the brace of dramatists that stood in a respectful attitude at the entrance of the *sanctum*. Messrs. Ardent and Caustic ascertained from the manager's "*Well, gentlemen,*" that they had made their visit *pour des prunes*, and that they might retrace their steps with all convenient dispatch. Now the uninitiated reader may wonder at this laconic power on the part of Mr. Starling, no less than at the extraordinary quickness of comprehension in the dramatic visitors; but it is nevertheless the fact, that such things are of daily occurrence in the theatrical world.

Messrs. Ardent and Caustic were politely dismissed by the "*Well, gentlemen.*" Still, as it was necessary for form's sake to say something, Mr. Ardent ventured to speak, having previously summoned a placid smile to his help, in order to counteract the dismal frown which clouded the manager's brow.

"Why, my dear Mr. Starling, you surely are aware that an author in my peculiar circumstances, must feel very awkward at the——"

"What, sir?"

¹ Continued from p. 190.

"Pray don't be offended; but really my play has been so often postponed, that—that——"

"By heavens, this is really not to be borne! Was it not by your own desire that the play was postponed? and how have you the face to come and reproach me for fulfilling your wishes?"

"Yes, sir, I wished it postponed for a week, not two months."

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Ardent, we cannot derange the whole system of the establishment, to suit the convenience of authors. You have no right to complain, and you must submit to——"

"And when will the play be performed?"

"Bless me! how should I tell? We are at present bringing out the *National Drama*, and have no time to think on any thing else. So, Mr. Ardent, you must excuse me if——"

"Mr. Starling," said Ardent, with a burst of indignant pride, "authors are shamefully used—but this horrid system must end. I'm going now to my friend Bulwer's, and we shall see what parliament does for us."

A formal bow, and *exit* Mr. Ardent at a *tangent*.

"Now, for you, Mr. Caustic," said the manager.

"Really, Mr. Starling, I'm exceedingly surprised——" (A *puff* indignant.)

"At what, sir?"

"At your taking my *Dun*, and you'll get out of the bills."

"Why, sir, we have been playing *Dun*, and you'll get, twelve nights running without the least profit. Now, as you are paid by the night——"

"No," interrupted Caustic, "I am not paid at all; and that's precisely why I wish to enter into a little explanation."

"Mr. Caustic, I positively cannot listen to your complaints at present. All our attention is engrossed with the *National Drama*, and therefore we cannot afford to lose time in hearing debates on *plays* and *farces*. Good morning to you, sir."

Mr. Caustic retired with the firm impression—first, that dramatic authors were the most ill-used persons in the world, and he himself the most ill-used of all dramatic authors; and, secondly, that managers were the most unjust and brutal of men, and Mr. Starling the most unjust and brutal of all managers.

The stage being cleared from the unreasonable intrusion of tragedians, comedians, and dramatic writers, the great work of the *National Drama* could be continued with all due care and attention. Presently the place was filled with the mighty crowd that were to contribute to the interesting performance. One carriage rolled to the stage-door—then another—then another; in dropped a signor—then a signora—then another signor—followed by a monsieur—followed by a madame, accompanied by a demoiselle, attended by another demoiselle—closely followed by *her* this and *her* t' other—then came a Don and a Von—a Vrow and a bow-wow—and Doctor Bowring, interpreter-general of the *National Drama*. This was only a *batch* of the *personnel* that were to contribute their valuable aid to the performance—another rush, and the whole theatre was filled with the interesting foreigners who came animated with a laudable zeal to rescue the *National Drama* of England from utter ruin.

The rehearsal proceeded with as much decorum and propriety as could be desired. The manager did not swear much; but, on the contrary, behaved with such politeness and such amiable kindness of manner, that really one is astonished at the libellous assertion of Mr. Caustic, the farce-writer, concerning managers.

We subjoin, *pro bono publico*, a literal copy of this most extraordinary drama.

THE NATIONAL DRAMA:

A grand Play in Five Acts,

As it is performing, with unbounded applause, at the Theatres Royal.

ACT I.

A lion—a lioness—tigers, cats, and dogs—snakes and a crocodile—an elephant—a beautiful jackass—trumpets and clarions—a splendid diorama—another splendid diorama—a third, and a *still* more splendid diorama—a shower of fire—a tremendous conflagration—a terrific combat—awful apparitions—more awful apparitions, and more terrific combats—demons, and fiends, and imps of h-ll—resplendent red flames—*ditto* blue—*ditto* green—*ditto* purple—*ditto* yellow—storms, tempests, earthquake, pestilence, and famine—the celestial abodes, and the infernal regions—dragons, gorgons—more demons, and more imps of h-ll—another *reflection* of flames, red, blue, green, purple, and yellow!—another splendid diorama, surpassing in its magical effects all Mr. Brushall's former efforts—thunder, lightning, sulphur, and smoke—noise of drums, guns, trumpets, the sea, the wind, and also of the manager bawling his directions behind the scenes!

ACT II.

"Ah, Monsieur Desjambes, vous voila—eh bien! allons nous commencer?"

"Doucement s'il vous plait—Mademoiselle Virginie n'est pas encore ici. Ah! mon ange venez—donc—on vous attend."

"Mon dieu! quel ballet charmant! et puis, monsieur Danse-t-il bien?—c'est superbe! absolument, monsieur, est le dieu de la danse! Quel gout exquis!—quelle profondeur!! Par exemple c'est bien lui qui connoit la philosophie de la danse. Mais regardez donc Virginie! c'est un ange! a-t-on jamais vu un *rond de jambe* qui exprime la tendresse comme le sien? Ah! aussitôt qu'elle leve la jambe ou pèut bien s'écrier, voilà quelque chose de très joli—ahi! Que c'est délicieux! on pourrait regarder jusqu'à à la *fin* du monde. Milord Dancington qui s'y connaît m'a dit que. Mais silence! point d'indiscretion!"

"Monsieur Desjambes votre ballet esta mon avis tout ce que nous avons de mieux dans son genre. Vramient vous vous êtes mis au niveau Didelot, Gardel, Vestris, Aumer, Albert, Taglioni, enfin tous les grands hommes qui ont contribués à l'éclat de cet art divin!"

ACT III.

Su via, non perdiam tempo. Gran piena avremo sta sera. Nulla al mondo di piu bello dell' opera Italiana. E come stà mia cara signora? Male di molto—che terribile raffreddore! Ah! eccoci alle solite. Gran fatalità! I cantanti più famosi sono sempe tormentati da tossi veramente *irritanti*! Confido però ch' ella vorrà *degnarsi* di fare uno sforzo. Io ho da aver la grand'aria. L'avrà. Insisto per avere il primo duo puntato più basso. Lo avrà. Ascoltate un poco. Signor Starling, poss' io avere un palco a me con ventisei biglietti d'ingresso? Gli avrà. Badi che intendo avere l'altra metà del mio denaro domani L'avrà—una serata al mio total beneficio. L'avrà. Eh! E - - - nulla più?—nulla!—che amabilissima virtuosa!—orsù ai cori!

"Viva, viva, e sempre viva
Il Rossini, col Pacini—
E'l bellissimo Bellini!
Viva, viva, e sempre viva

Paga—Paga—Paga—nini!
Tamburini ed il Rubini,
Donizetti, Dragonetti—
Poi Moretti, Spagnoletti—
Viva 'l dramma musicale
Italiano—Nazionale!

Da capo, &c.

ACT IV.

Erlauben sie wir nun meine Herren und Damen sie zu benachrichtigen, dass wir uns heute abend enies sehr vollen Hauses zu erfreuen haben werden. Unsere gnädigote Königin ist die Beschützerin des nationellen Dramas, und sie hac daher die aufführung emier deutschen Oper bey Ihrem Besuche des Theaters beordet. Nichts Kaun dem Effect bei seite geseitzt werden den die Zauber-fiddel her vorbrachte. Wie herrlich! die Hälfte der Zuhöwer wiegte sie zum Schlafe em! Hier haben wir den einen schlagenden Beweis von den Fortschritten des Musikalischen Geschmackes in England. Gewiss, werden wir in Kurzer Zeit dertsche operfn in allen theatern habent.

Das wahre National Drama is die Deutsche Oper.

ACT V.

An Italian duet—a French *pas de deux*—a concerto—a miscellany, or foreign salmagundi—a salad of plants extraneous to the soil—a striking jumble of sounds—Doctor Bowring in attendance.

"Che gusto! valgame Dios! que jarana!—esto parece una Babilonia."

"Eh bien, monsieur l'Espagnol, qu'en pennez vous? C'est un ballet superbe n'est-ce pas?"

"Si, senor, levantam las piernas que es un contento."

"Weg denn mit dem französischen balleti."

"Eccoli! mia cara signora eccoli! tutti gli astri del gran dramma musicale."

"Venite qua orsu ai Cori. Viva, viva è sempre viva."

"Faites, un peu de silence la-bas si l vous plait—avec ce tapage de tous les diables on ne peut pas s'entendre pour *danser*."

"Tu vedrai la sventurata cosa pui bella non e!"

"Weg denn mit eurem Grellenden Walienischen Geränge."

"I say, Simkins, what the devil are they all jabbering about?"

"Can't tell, Jenkins; the fact is, that ever since the *National Drama* was introduced into the theatre, I don't understand a word of what is said."

[Curtain drops.]

Tremendous applause. Enter manager, smiling graciously, leading a signora, or a madame, smiling also graciously. Manager makes a profound bow—the lady star curtsies most affably, placing her right hand on her heart. She appears very much affected at the enthusiastic reception she experiences from the audience—specially if two or three wreaths (value 2s. 6d.) prepared for the occasion, are thrown by mere chance, in the impulse of the moment, at her feet. After three rounds of applause, *exit* lady-star. Manager then comes forward again, bows, and says—
"Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission, this *National Drama* will be repeated *every evening till further notice!*"

"Bravo! bravo!" and *exit* manager.

Nothing can exceed the success which has crowned this extraordinary production. The *National Drama* brought to this high degree of excellence, is indeed a subject of proud congratulation to the British nation. Let the French, the Spaniard, the German, or the Italian, boast of their

dramatic superiority after this ! Every class of the English nation ought to feel a noble pride ; for every class has a right to claim, more or less, some share in this glorious result : the government, for *all* that it does to support this important branch of literature ; the laws, for the protection they afford ; and the public in general, for their liberal patronage of the national drama ! But softly, this is an irrelevant digression ; let us return behind the curtain.

What a beautiful prospect !---what a rich---nay, profuse harvest of talent ! Observe the portentous success which has attended the production of the *National Drama*. Bless me ! 'tis a fortune made ! The *National Drama* has drawn 30,000*l*.

"You really mean to say that the *National Drama* has drawn 30,000*l*.?"

"I do ; perhaps it has *drawn* more."

"Good heavens ! then the lessees have enriched themselves."

"No ; quite the contrary."

"How can that be, when the combined efforts of the national drama have drawn 30,000*l*.?"

"Why, I'll tell you how---it is all owing to the misapplication of a preposition : the 30,000*l*. have been drawn *from* instead of *to* the treasury !"

X. X.

THE LOVER'S SONG.

LET commerce search the land and deep,
Where'er musk breathes or diamonds beam ;
Let Avarice o'er his glittering heap,
Enjoy his lone and rapturous dream ;
Such treasures ne'er my heart enthrall,
One smile of love is worth them all.

Let sages burn their midnight oil,
To build in after years a name ;
In senates, courts, let statesmen toil,
To fill the trump of present fame ;
Their hopes, vain meteors, flash and fall,
The star of love is worth them all.

Let rattling arms and dying groans
Wild rapture to the warrior yield ;
Let monarchs on their dazzling thrones,
O'er crouching earth their sceptres wield,
Glory will fleet and splendour pall,
A cot with love is worth them all.

CLAVERING'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.¹

CONTAINING OPINIONS, CHARACTERS, &c. OF HIS COTEMPORARIES.

It is asked, for what purpose I have passed through life? What good I have done? I am not sure I have done any; I have wished to do much: but what have they done? He, who operates on public opinion through the press, though anonymously, *may* do infinite good, if his thoughts and sentiments are true and virtuous, and at the same time expressed with clearness and force. There is no greater good than to enlighten and purify the minds of others.

There are no harsh names which have not been applied to me; light-heartedness, vanity, boasting, reckless expense, avarice, cupidity, wicked ambition, profligacy of morals, male-coquetry, gambling, lying, folly, absurdity, &c. &c. I do not mean that any thing of this has been said to my face; people knew my strong arm, muscular height, and fierce eye, too well. They have seen what I have done in the face of all the lads: they have seen me take up little S. P. by the band, and twist another young rascal right round by the shoulder, till he twirled round like a top at a boy's whip!

The great men of society are gone to their graves: there is no one of whom it is possible at present to have any awe. Old Lord Eldon, for instance: he cries, and talks righteously; but does he feel? Or does he act? Has he the courage to stand up for his friends? Would he not sacrifice the best of them, rather than give offence to his opponents? And what is this fear of giving offence? Pure and unqualified selfishness! What stand did he make against the late John Mitford, Lord Redesdale? How did he do in Sir John Sidney's claim to the Barony of Lisle? Did he not let that *illegal* lord have his own way, in every thing, when he knew that he was wrong, and that the wrong-doing all sprung from spite and envy? Did he not truckle to the false law of Redesdale and Ellenborough, in the Banbury case? Did not the three overturn the settled law of bastardy, such as it had been established for five hundred years? And what right had they to do this without an act of parliament? All the while Lord E. must have despised the intellect, knowledge, and character of both Redesdale and Ellenborough!

Then let us look at the ex-ministers—the Tory rulers! Is the D. of W. to beat one down by mere bluffness, as if he was a serjeant with his cane, crying out, "*To the right about, march!*" and writing letters, like the command in an orderly book, only not so intelligibly expressed? Is Sir Robert Peel to be endured, after his ruinous Bill of 1819, to which all the agricultural distress and incendiarism is to be attributed? A scheme, by which he doubled the value of his own funded property!

Lord Brougham seems likely, by his plans of reform, to turn out a great man: but he is not a man to be afraid of. We need not speak

¹ Continued from p. 282.

of the chief justices: they are strong men, each in their own way; and may be trusted as under the controul of known laws, to which they well adhere. Lord Grey is a stern man; but hitherto it is right to trust to his professions as a constitutional minister: still he has not that sort of brilliance which dazzles. Then who remain? Certainly none with overawing genius, or hereditary greatness.

No one will say, that the present bench of Bishops as a body are to be feared. Never was there a less commanding set there.

As to the Commons, there are three or four witty and able debaters, but not men to be afraid of. Of the present cabinet, the characters are so well known, and so universally agreed on, that it would be stale to say a word about them. The late cabinet was far beneath even mediocrity: they had scarce a single man of talent among them but Lord Lyndhurst and Peel. How could such men govern the country with safety?

Early in life I had a respect for the old nobility: the peerage is now so degraded, that nobody cares for it. I will not flatter the rich nobility of a date not modern, by saying, that in general they keep up their dignity. There are exceptions. I will not admit the Duke of Northumberland among the modern: *he* keeps up his dignity magnificently, and most courteously. The Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Newcastle, are the only two dukes who are peers of the Plantagenet dynasty! The Dukes of Somerset, Beaufort, Bedford, Rutland, and Dorset, belong to the Tudor dynasty. The Dukes of Richmond, Grafton, St. Albans, Leeds, Devonshire, Marlborough, and Manchester, to the Stuart dynasty. The others are too new to be noticed. I could never understand why the family of Nelson was not as much entitled to a dukedom as the family of Colley-Wellesley, or rather Westley, for it does not appear to me that these are the same name. The *W* are important letters, which are not a mere difference of orthography. Four peerages in four brothers of this lucky family are rather too much! The duke was almost the first premier we have ever had who had no regard to literature. Even Pitt paid some attention to literary men, though of a minor cast. But what did Harley, Bolingbroke, Pulteney, Chatham, North, Fox, do? Lord Grenville himself writes Latin verses, and is a good classical scholar.

When William Lisle Bowles was at Oxford, he lived gaily, and I spent some jolly evenings with him. He was of honest old Tom Warton's college: he had a mixture of melancholy and sentimentality, which I thought rather affected. *There* was James Dallaway also—a big, swarthy, pock-fretten man, who wrote tender elegies, not the most original; and sometimes had a vanity in acting as a voluntary amanuensis to good-natured Tom. He became afterwards secretary to the grey-coated Earl-Marshall, and has written and edited books on all sorts of subjects. I believe he is vicar of Mr. Maberley's parish of *Leatherhead*. Coleridge has recorded his enthusiastic admiration of Bowles's sonnets. Coleridge's *Auto-Biography* is rather a strange book, not equal to his acknowledged genius. It contains a good deal of almost unintelligible metaphysics, and this not quite relevant to his subject. It is all very well to listen to so brilliant a talker; but he is too impatient to let others speak. This does not suit my Irish boiling-

over! One day when I fidgetted, he rolled about like a porpoise: I did not let out my foam. He rolled away, and struck at me; but my boat was too heavy for him to upset. I have seen true porpoises do the same in the Mediterranean; when we have thrown our harpoons on their scales, which recoiled from them with only a splash!

Now that Goethe is dead, what will Lord Leveson Gower say? May he not still find enough for his pen in German literature? It is well that we have such a multitude of young stripling nobility for authors. What an array of names! Lord Morpeth, Lord Porchester, Lord Mahon, Lord Nugent, &c.; but for the rest, the reader must look into the Red Book. They are old nobility, too, except the last; and three of them may almost be called Plantagenet nobility.

I am not very well acquainted with the fashionables among the poets. I have had the honour to dine in company with Mr. Milman; a little, dark, pale, spruce man, who said not a word, and of whom, therefore, I can form no judgment, except by his writings, which are a little too ornate and laboured. I should guess him to be an artificial man, but my guess may be wrong.

As to the writers in the Annuaries, they are out of my nomenclature; and I will not attempt to decypher them.

I do not feel my faculties much decayed, but I am in daily expectation that they will break up all at once; and, therefore, I lose no time in endeavouring to finish these Memoirs. Some of my acquaintance are become a little sensitive as to the probable insertion of their names, and the mode in which I may do it. But I shall always speak with delicacy as to my living *friends*, though as to puffing them, that no flattery or intrigue will induce me to do.

“How are the mighty fallen!”

I will not exult over misfortune; but Mr. Maberley, the leather-cutter and contractor, was no friend of mine! I saw him the day he took his seat in the House, exulting in his riches, and the paths of golden ambition which he doubted not would be ever open to him; but like the gallant D. of W. he went a step too far; and behold all his splendid visions of inextinguishable glory vanish into dust! Thus one unlucky sentence of the Duke, pronounced in the plenitude of his self-confidence, blew up his political power for ever. What results, good or bad, it may have on the nation, remain to be proved.

Lord Goderich, a lively, gentlemanly, generous, sensitive, accomplished little man, with an every-day countenance, but more quick and voluble than deep—not only without firmness, but weakly ductile—cannot be thought by any one a great statesman. He bends like a willow, and yields to all the whims of the popular cry. He is vain of his family—that is, the maternal line; but not insolent. He said one day, speaking of the great magician of the north, that “he had himself a great deal of good Scotch blood in his veins.” So he has; but he has also all the blood of the illustrious Anglo-Norman family of Grey, Earls of Kent. I venerate that name, which has so long shone in our annals. Who has forgot Spenser's noble patron, Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton? Who can ever forget the angelic Lady Jane?

August, 1833.—VOL. VII.—NO. XXVIII.

E E

Lord Lansdowne is among the very old Irish nobility. The Fitzmaurices are a branch of the Fitzgeralds, and both are of the same line with the Carews, Windsors, and Geraldts. In all these, except Carew, the alliance of coat-armour is kept up; viz. the cross, called the *saltier*. Genealogists have disputed the seniority between the houses of Kildare and Desmond. The late Fitzgerald, the poet, or rather versifier, the spouter at clubs, claimed to represent the Desmonds; on what ground I know not. I have no personal knowledge of Lord Lansdowne, and therefore cannot speak from my own observation. He bears a high character, but is said to be indolent. He made a good answer to a good speech of Lord Carnarvon.

As to Lord Carnarvon, he has not fallen in my way. Of his father, whom I did know, I can say no good. He was a most violent-tempered, proud, intolerant man, who thought that there existed no nobility but in the Herberts. He was hated and dreaded in his neighbourhood, which I well knew. I also knew two of his brothers, of whom I have nothing memorable to say. The reader must allow a very old man to be garrulous, and sometimes to repeat, through forgetfulness, what he has already said.

I am called so proud and irritable, that I can brook no contradiction. I always disputed violently with the late Lord Carnarvon: we both soon got into a passion, and both continued to rage. I laughed at his claims to superiority of family over me. I asked when the Herberts began. Then he foamed at the mouth. It touched him to the quick. "Clavering!" he cried, "Clavering! what is Clavering?" "At least," I answered, "four hundred years older, and more noble than Herbert, where you first got a surname. And then you are only a bastard branch, even from them!" He would have knocked me down if he dared, but I was too strong for him. I do not think much of the families who were raised at the Reformation by church-lands. See Naunton's *Fragmenta Regalia*. Lord Carnarvon was the most bigoted Tory I have ever encountered. Lord North made him a peer.

Sometimes I have fits of melancholy and visionary dreaming. Then my acquaintance cry, "Where are your bitter quips and points now?" I answer with Gray, in one of his magnificent Runic odes—

"Leave me, leave me to repose!"

O if calumnies, and blights, and insults, were ever directed to silence any man, they have been aimed at me! But mark!—at seventy-seven they have not silenced me: they have recoiled upon their propagators.

I am still an enthusiast, and still, it will be said, a satirist. "O forbear these continued egotisms!" the censorer exclaims. "What! in *Auto-Biography*, refrain from speaking of myself!—this is new doctrine."

Suppose one to be a little above the mediocrists, to have something in one's qualities or accidental character, in some small degree worthy of remark, is it all vapour and emptiness now and then to prate egotisms? What care I for scoffs and affected scorn, which is the

most mean and cowardly of all ebullitions? I have seen the high and the bright rise, fall, be buried, and forgotten!

All now are as children to me, as beings whose voices and whose airs I treat as the prattlings and the pretensions of the nursery. I have seen weak and despicable men climb, or be lifted to the loftiest places; and I have seen the insolence of office thrown back upon its knees, to crawl the ground, and eat the dirt whence it sprang. There have been times when I have experienced temporary want, even to extremity; and then I have known of what ice or iron man's heart is made. I have no near alliances of blood: I have neither brother, nor sister, nor children: but I have those who, in prosperous moments, have professed warmth of friendship. In the hour of need they came not, spake not, wrote not.

I will not let loose the indignant bursts of my heart. I spare the names, though they will tremble on reading this. I efface their base images from my bosom. I have been persecuted by fraud; the very purple stream, that runs yet cheerily in my veins, has been thirstily drawn upon by plunder. Shylocks have cut from me the pound of flesh, and yet I live. They have bound me in a thousand chains, while the knife was applied, or I would have crushed twenty of them by one fell blow. I have met with innumerable beasts and birds of prey; but never either the lion or the eagle. The tiger, the hyæna, the bear, the vulture, and the carrion-crow, I have often met. I could identify them, for I have left my marks on every one; so that if they fall victims to their crimes any where within human notice, I may easily say, "These are the very animals who have committed their reckless assaults on me. Gibbet their mangled remains—tear them limb from limb—for they deserve no mercy!"

Not naturally self-confident, experience and the blunted arrows of malignity have made me so. Not one is there in this day—no, not one, of whom I stand in awe. The rude and crowing fumianness of the D. of W. is nothing to me. I tell him to speak or write English, or hold his tongue, and throw away his pen. I am as fearless in what I write as Cobbett; I hope not so foul and mischievous. I wish I had his acuteness, and his occasional eloquence and force. Give me his *Rural Rides*, and how many of his images have the native force of exquisite poetry!

When the grave closes over me—as soon it must—then probably many of my innumerable anonymous writings, now not suspected, will be known to the world as mine. Then many things, which fell dead from the press, will be acknowledged to have had some merit. Sometimes my enthusiasm, and sometimes my bitterness, has been cast away as displeasing to the popular taste. I am a Whig, perhaps an Ultra-Whig; but the occasional infusion of aristocratic principles, perhaps the imaginativeness of aristocracy, its ideal splendors, its romantic glories, have made me suspected by the people, and the writers and critics for the people.

I am at no one's mercy for my pleasures or my fame. I am content, if the world frowns on me, to shut myself up in the deepest solitude. I can clothe myself contentedly in linsey-wolsey, and live upon a crust and an egg. The meanest roof of straw, that keeps out

the elements, is sufficient for me. No great man's frown can touch me: not the wealth of Alexander Baring can dazzle me. The little meteors, young enough to be my grandchildren, I laugh at indeed. I assure Sir Robert Peel, his boasted eloquence never made any impression upon me. To pierce me, it must have had more fire and less whine. I may add, less cant, of which no sagacious person can believe in the sincerity. It may be said—

“The smoke without reveals the fire within.”

But then it must not be steam but real fire, such as rolls the jack (not the jenny) round and round before the savoury roast.

I enjoy Croker's wit and Wetherell's fun; but I can fathom them both, and they do not daunt me. As to the very youngsters, I must confess with some shame that I have not the honour of their acquaintance; though for one, I dare say, Lord M. is a great man, and a fine genius—notwithstanding no one can find out the name of his great grandfather!

It may be said, that age does not make talents! No; but it ripens them! The talents of youth may be tart, but they want a rich flavour. Burke improved to the last; so did Dryden. Talents are never stationary; they advance, or retrograde. They *must* advance, if they do not decay.

I am said to be sometimes overbearing beyond endurance; and that I mount like a demon on the fumes of my own pride. Now and then, I admit, that I grow loud and vociferous with indignation; but one word of kindness softens me. Praise makes me mild and humble; detraction rouses a spirit that lifts me to the skies.

I do not know whether my long epic poem, *the D'Enghienade*, will ever see the light. If it do, the haughtiness of my sentiments, and the invincibility of my heart, will be fully displayed there. This *D'Enghienade* has employed me for many years; it has twelve books, of twelve hundred lines each; my only fear is, that the hero is too modern.

At any rate I shall leave a charge to my executor to publish it. If it do not succeed, the loss to the wreck of my fortune will be a trifle. But O that wreck! O those tattered banners, over which the spirit still shrieks out, *Clavering for ever!* to whose care and honour shall I now commit them? At least eight hundred years have seen them waving in the fields of chivalry. Never, never yet were they disgraced. Baldwin of Jerusalem cherished them in his halls; Godfrey himself surrounded them with stars; the Courtenays were proud to blazon their symbols on their haughty shields of gold.

I have printed an immense folio volume of the *History of the Claverings*, at the expense of at least 1200*l.*, with portraits, arms, tombs, fac-similes, original letters, including a full account of the *Lacys*, *Earls of Lincoln*. I have not suffered a copy to go forth, nor shall any go forth till my death. There I have spoken things of many of my living cotemporaries, which it would be indelicate to say at present; and given some secret history, which will hereafter be found not a little amusing. Lord Nugent might have made some use of these anecdotes in his *Hampden*, if I could have ventured to have shown them

to him. I am in possession of some authentic intelligence, which his book leads me to think he does not at present dream of. The most curious part of it came out of the archives of a branch of the Ormond family; and had been left for above a century neglected in one of their old castles. Hampden had more cunning, and astuteness, and *ruse*, than Lord Nugent suspects. These papers explain the whole affair of Lord Charles Powlet's treachery in surrendering up his brother's castle of Basing. The defence of Sir John Eliot's character against D'Israeli, is probably just: he was a much more direct man than Hampden. As to Sir Dudley Digges, he was insane in his latter days. One imagines that one sees this on his pale countenance, even as painted by Cornelius Jansen, in the picture possessed by one of his Kentish descendants. There are lives of Sir Dudley and his father, and grandfather, in the *Biographia Britannica*; but rather too briefly done. I knew at Dublin, many years ago, his last descendant, West Digges, the player, whose mother was a daughter of Lord Delawarre. The Latouches have the baptismal name of Digges. I am not aware whether it is by relationship or adoption.

It is now more than fifty-five years since I became acquainted, at Dublin, with John Courtenay, the wit, the friend of Lord Townshend, the Lord Lieutenant. He was of an Irish branch of the very noble and most ancient family of Courtenay. He was brought to England, and sat many years in Parliament, and lived among the wits and the Whigs; but I have nothing new to say of him beyond what is to be found in Croker's edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. He passed much of his days in a miserable degree of pecuniary distress. He had a son in the army—once in the Guards—who suffered much from want of means to support his station. The father's elegy on his friend Dr. Johnson, is a prosaic performance, unbecoming his vivacity of mind.

I had an opportunity of observing the relics of the feeble administration of Lord North; old Lord Bathurst, Lord Sandwich, Welbore Ellis, Jack Robinson, Sir Grey Cooper,—a miserable set of twaddling old courtiers.

It is an odd thing that so many ex-attorney-generals are now living. Eldon, Shepherd, Garrow, Copley, Tindal, Scarlett, Wetherell. One does not like to come under the fangs of an attorney-general, and therefore I must be careful of what I say. I have known all these men, except Tindal. The first I have spoken of; the second was a most excellent crown officer, though excessively deaf; the fourth I have noticed as ex-chancellor; Scarlett is an honourable man, of high talent, though I wish he had not prosecuted so severely, to his ruin, the unfortunate editor of the "*Morning Journal*," in 1830. The last is a wit and a droll, who makes me crack my sides with laughing. The third got forward by a mere volubility of empty words. His ignorance was incredible. I will not repeat the stale, but true anecdote of *Cro-Jac* and *Cro-Car*. His language was commonly as intemperate, and often as foul, as it was hollow. He was found so indiscreet and otherwise unfit in the House of Commons by government, that, to use Wetherell's simile, he was "pitch-forked," like hay into a loft, upwards, and squatted upon the judge's bench. He is

now retired, to enjoy the mud and shingles of his marine villa at *Pegwell*, near Ramsgate.

Many may yet be living, who remember William Adam, father of Sir Frederic Adam, and latterly Chief Baron (I think) of the Exchequer in Scotland, who fought Charles Fox, at the end of the North administration. He was afterwards Fox's sworn friend, and the jester, and one of the leaders of the party of Fox and the Prince. He was the reverse of a good-looking man; broad-faced and broad-featured, of middle height, rather thick, and neglectful of his person. He was a lively man, of quick talent, and full of humour—and perhaps wit; but the volubility of his slang was almost incredible. I once heard him and Will Fielding, (Tom Jones's son,) contend in this way; and he beat him outright, though he had less wit, but he excelled the other in coarseness.

The late Lord Guilford—Frederic North—memorable as patron of the literature of the Ionian Islands, was an amiable and highly-accomplished man. He had something of his father's ugliness of person. He was indolent to an excess, and loved his own ease at any sacrifice. He was a great book-collector, and had the *mania* very strongly upon him: Dr. Dibdin himself could not be more enthusiastic. His successor is a different man—very important,—but not very agreeable—with a very pretty young wife, General Ward's daughter, on whom he has Argus eyes! His mother, wife to the Bishop of Winchester, a lady of great gaiety in her day in the fashionable world, was known as *Aspasia* in the verses of Thomas, the profligate Lord Lyttleton. A prebendary of Winchester, lately deceased, a Mr. Poulter, who once published a long dull poem, or rather set of dry rhymes, married her sister.

It is strange, that when men are unexpectedly raised to the peerage, they should have the bad taste to choose strange, unknown, tramontane titles! Conceive the title of *Skelmersdale*, with all the hissing and harsh letters of the alphabet. Mr. Wilbraham was of an old provincial—merely provincial—name; but not the head of his family. His grandfather was a lawyer, a conveyancer, I believe; and his father married a rich Miss Bootle, of an entirely *parvenu* family, who bought Lathom, in a strange sort of way, from the Stanleys. Pepper Arden, I have already said, married the eldest Miss Bootle, on whose accouchement the wits of the probationary odes were very merry;

“The little Pepper shall some caudle lack;” &c. &c. &c.

Lord Skelmersdale is vain, pompous, haughty, and weak; a Tory born and bred.

STORY OF AN HEIRESS.

I WOULD I were absolute queen of Britain for the space of one calendar month, (no treason to their gracious majesties, whose loyal subject I am.) The sole and single act of my, or, to speak legally, our queenship, should be to abolish, disperse, and utterly annihilate all fashionable boarding-schools—to send the French governesses home to their millinery—the English ones to asylums to be supported by the voluntary contributions of all British subjects, who desire wives with heads and hearts—the pupils home to their respective mammas. But what mammas? Fashionable fine-lady mammas. Heigho! our right royal scheme is impracticable. Even an absolute queen is like the “cat i’ the adage,” and must be fain to let “I cannot, wait upon I would.”

But wherefore and whence my antipathy to these *soi-disant* mental miseries of Britain’s wives and mothers? Because I was trained in their ways, and governed by their laws, until my eighteenth year; and because they sent me forth frivolous and thoughtless, unskilled to find the path to happiness, although I had from nature, beauty, some talent, and quick strong feelings—from fortune, rank, riches, and fashion—doubtful gifts, which embitter woe as often as they heighten bliss.

The events which rendered me an heiress were fraught with shame and sorrow. When I was but a helpless, wailing baby, my mother fled her home and child, and was divorced. My only brother, then a wild but high-spirited youth, shocked at his mother’s disgrace, and disgusted with the unhappiness of home, absconded, and put to sea in a merchant vessel trading to the Mediterranean. The vessel perished, and the crew was never more heard of. My father, whose sole heiress I now was, loved me little, and placed me, when only five years old, at a boarding school of the highest fashion. Soon after, dying, he directed that I should remain at school until the completion of my eighteenth year, at which early age I was to be emancipated from the controul of guardians and teachers, and to enter on the unrestrained possession of my princely inheritance. Here was a perilous destiny! It might have been a high and happy one, had I received that mental, moral, and religious culture, due to every rational being, but in especial to those, whose wealth and station confer on them extensive social influence. And in what pursuits were spent those precious years that should have moulded my character to stability and dignity? Exclusively in learning to sing, to dance, to play, to talk, and to dress fashionably—I, who was entrusted with the distribution of so large a portion of the nation’s wealth, scarcely knew the names or natures of patriotism, of beneficence, of social duty, or moral responsibility—I, who had nothing to do with life but to enjoy it, was unconsciously an exile from the land of thought, a stranger to the hallowing influence of study: my pleasures were “all of this noisy world,” all drawn from external things. I had no inly springing source of joy—no treasures stored to solace the hidden life. Oh! happy are the children whose infancy reposes on a mother’s bosom, whose childhood laughs around her knees, and gazes upward into her loving eyes! Home is the garden where the young affections are reared and fostered, till they rise gradually and grandly into the stateliest passions of the human soul; but I was even an alien from the domestic hearth; the flow of gentle feeling in me lay motionless and chill, “still as a frozen torrent,” yet destined to leap to rushing and impetuous life under the first dissolving rays of passion. But these are the reflections of an altered character and a

maturer age ; not such were the feelings with which the young and high-born Augusta Howard entered on the career of fashionable life.

I was now eighteen, and I resolved to avail myself abundantly of my legal liberty. I took a splendid residence in town, purchased the companionship of a tonnish widow, and delightedly resigned myself to the intoxication of the triumphs that awaited my entrance on the gay world. I trod the spacious apartments of my mansion with a transported and exultant sense of freedom and independence. I danced along, the mistress of its brilliant revels : song, and light, and odour, floated around my steps, and my free heart bounded gaily to the beat of mirthful music. Life seemed a feast—a gorgeous banquet—I, an exempted creature, whom no sorrow nor vicissitude could reach. The young and brave, the affluent and noble, strove for my favour as for honour and happiness ; every eye offered homage, every lip was eager to utter praise. Ah ! it is something to walk the earth arrayed in beauty, clad in raiment of nature's own glorious form and dye. And what though it be not fadeless ? What though the disrobing hand of death must cast it off to "darkness and the worm ?" is it not something to have been a portion of the "spirit of delight," a dispenser of so many of the "stray joys" that lie scattered about the highways of the world ? Surely loveliness is something more than a mere toy, when but to look on it ennobles the gazer, and raises him nearer to truth and heaven. For me, although in the first giddy years of youth, I knew not how to prize aright any gift of nature : I yet felt that the joy of being beautiful springs from a warmer and purer source than vanity. Still I prized too highly the potency of personal attractions, when I believed them absolute over the affections. I lived to learn that there are hearts which it cannot purchase.

Meantime, the gloss of novelty grew dim ; my keen zest for pleasure began to pall, and the monotony of dissipation grew distasteful to me. The flowery opening of the world's path had been bright and gay ; but it was now no longer new, and I began to inquire whither it would lead. I was hourly assailed by the importunities of my noble suitors ; but I was in no haste to abridge the triumphal reign of vanity. I was a stranger to the only sentiment that could render marriage attractive to one situated as I was, and I consequently regarded it as an event that would diminish my power and independence. I had, too, considerable acuteness ; and I believed that many of my most ardent admirers would have been less impassioned, had my dowry been less munificent. In this class I was secretly disposed to rank Lord E——, the handsomest and most assiduous of the competitors for my heart, hand, and estates. I was quite indifferent to him ; and his pleadings gratified no better feeling than vanity. But my coldness seemed only to heighten his ardour, and he had the art of making the world believe that he ranked high in my regard. By his pertinacity, and the tyranny of etiquette, I found myself his almost constant partner in the dance, and he neglected no opportunity of exhibiting the deportment of a favoured lover. Reports were constantly circulated of our engagement and approaching union, yet I did not dismiss him from my train : I contented myself with denying any positive encouragement to his pretensions, because, though I did not love him, his society pleased me as well as that of any one else ; and I sometimes thought that, should I marry, he deserved reward as much as another. True, there were some young and generous hearts among my suitors—some who might perhaps have loved me disinterestedly, who were captivated by the charms of my gaiety, youth, and fresh enjoyment of life ; but love cannot always excite love even in an unoccupied heart, and mine was alike indifferent to all—so that I was in danger of forming the most important decision of my life from motives that ought not to influence the choice of a companion for an hour. But

fate, or rather providence, had reserved a painful chastening for my perverted nature. Freed as I was from the ties of kindred or affection, I had no friends through whom death might afflict me, and pecuniary distress could not touch one so high in fortune's favour. There was but one entrance through which moral suffering could pass into my soul, and that entrance it soon found. Nothing seemed so unlikely as that I should ever nourish an unhappy affection, or know the misery of "loving, unloved again;" yet even such was the severe discipline destined to exalt and purify my character.

I was in the habit of attending the parish church of the fashionable neighbourhood in which I resided. I went partly from an idea that it was decorous to do so, but chiefly from custom, and the same craving after crowded assemblies, which would have sent me to an auction or a rout. Neither to service or sermon did I ever lend the smallest attention. It was not that I was an unbeliever. No, I neither believed nor doubted, for I never reflected on the matter at all. This infidelity of levity is a thousandfold more demoralizing than the infidelity of misdirected study. Wherever thought is, there is also some goodness, some hope of access for truth; but folly, the cold, the impassive, is well nigh irreclaimable. Our courtly preachers were cautious not to disturb the slumbering consciences of their hearers, and the spirit of decorum, rather than that of piety, seemed to actuate them in the discharge of their functions. But a new preacher was sent to us. He was, indeed, a fervent and a true apostle. When he first entered the pulpit, directly opposite to which my pew was situated, I scarcely looked at him, but my ear was soon caught by the solemn harmony of his voice and diction, and I turned towards him my undivided attention. Ah, Genius! then first I knew thee—knew thee in thy brightest form, labouring in thy holiest ministry, robed in beauty, and serving truth! It seemed as though my soul had started from a deep, dead slumber, and was listening entranced to the language of its native heaven. I experienced what the eastern monarch vainly sought—a new pleasure: for the first time, I trembled and glowed under the magic sway of a great mind—for the first time, heard lofty thought flowing in music from the lips of him who had embodied and conceived it. Never shall I forget that high and holy strain. It was a noble thing to see that youthful being stand before the mighty of the land, their monitor and moral guide—they, old in years and high in station, the rulers and lawgivers of a great nation—he, devoid of worldly honours and unendowed, save by the energy of his virtuous soul and God-given genius. What moral power was his—what a blessed sphere of usefulness! It was his to wile the wanderer back to virtue by the charms of his eloquent devoutness—to startle the thoughtless by the terrors and the glories of the life to come—to disturb with the awful forethought of death the souls of men who were at peace in their possessions, and lift to immortality the low desires of those who had their hearts and treasures here. Nerved by a sublime sense of the sacredness of his mission, he did not spare to smite at sin, lest it should be found sitting in the high places; but his divinely gentle nature taught him that we "have all of us one human heart," and that the unerring way to it lies through the generous and tender feelings. Charity and entire affection for the whole human family, were the very essence of his moral being, and the saintly fervour of his philanthropy shed a corresponding, though far fainter glow into the bosoms of his hearers. It is not too much to say, that none ever listened to him without becoming, for the time at least, a nobler and more rational creature. And to exert weekly so sacred and benign a power as this, was it not to be a good and faithful server of humanity? For me, virtue and intellect were at once unveiled before me, and they did not pass unhomaged. I imbibed delightedly the grand and exalting sentiments of

Christian morality: I had not, indeed, become at once religious, but, thanks to the "natural blessedness" and innocence of morning life, I wished to become so, and this is much, for it is "the desire of wisdom that bringeth to the everlasting kingdom."

I left church, my imagination full of the young divine. I longed much to meet him in society, and find whether his manners and conversation would dissolve the spell which his genius had cast upon me. My wish was soon gratified, for his society was much courted; and never, among the pretenders to exclusive grace and fashion, did I meet a person of such captivating demeanor and endearing modesty, of mental superiority so charmingly veiled, as Stephen Trevor. Long after our first acquaintance, I expressed my hearty admiration of him with the frankness natural to my disposition. I could perceive that my doing so arrayed against him the envious jealousy of my admirers, and in especial of Lord E—. They needed not to fear, so long as I could speak of him so unreservedly. The dignity of Trevor's character inspired me with such profound awe, that I could never summon courage to offer him a single compliment; but my bearing towards him was more courteous and respectful than it had ever been to any other man of his years. He, however, had little in common with the circle of which I formed a part; he was sometimes among, but never of us; his selected friends and companions were of a different stamp, and my acquaintance with him was consequently limited to brief and occasional interchanges of conventional courtesy. He knew little of me, but I had perused and re-perused his lovely character, and learned from the perusal how to solve the sage's debated question of "What is virtue?" The Sabbath was now my day of rest, and peace, and joy. I looked forward to it with the rapture of a child who anticipates a holiday. But it was not the Creator whom I thus joyed to worship; it was before his glorious creature that I bent in almost prostrate idolatry. Yes, the flattered, adored, and haughty heiress—she who had trifled with human hearts as with the baubles of an hour, was now pouring out her first affections an unregarded tribute—was won by him who alone had never wooed her favour—to whom her boasted beauty and her boundless wealth were valueless as dust and ashes, and in whose regard the lowliest and homeliest Christian maiden was of more esteem than she. Yes, imagination, passion, sensibility, long dormant, now awoke—to what a world of suffering! But if suffering, it was also life—life, whose sharpest pangs were worthy and ennobling. Why should I blush to own, and shrink from describing, the heavenliest feeling of my nature? Why not glory that my spirit turned coldly away from the frivolous and base, and bowed in reverent homage at the shrine of worth, and wisdom, and holiness, and genius? Yes, it was through my admiration of these great qualities, that love won its unimpeded way into the far recesses of my soul. Blessed be nature, that gave me strong sympathies, able to struggle up through the trammels of a false and feeble education! Blessed be love—aye, even its very thorns—for by it I was first led into the sweet and quiet world of literature, and felt the infinitely growing joys of knowledge, and learned to gaze delightedly upon the changing and immortal face of nature.

At first I had not thought Trevor beautiful. This I remember distinctly, or I could not now believe it; for, so soon as I had marked the mystic intelligence between the outward aspect and the inward heart, his face became to me even as the face of an angel. His soft dark hair flowed meekly away on either side a forehead where mental power and moral grandeur sat fitly throned; his eyes shone serenely lustrous with the soul's own holy light; and O the warm benevolence of his bright smile! While he preached, the light from a richly stained oriel window streamed upon his figure, at times shrouding him in such a haze of crimson or golden

splendour, that he seemed a heaven-sent seraph circled by a visible glory. There was no sorrowful or paining thought blended with the glad beginnings of my love. Earth and sky seemed brighter than before, human faces wore happier smiles, and all living things were girdled by my widening tenderness. I sought out dear poesy, and learnt her sweet low hymns, and chaunted them softly to my own glad heart. I held high commune with the mighty of old, the men of renown, for what but genius can be the interpreter of passion? The world-weariness had passed away; I descried from afar the transient abode of happiness, and I resigned myself to the current of events, which I hoped would drift me towards it. I knew not of the gulf that yawned between. There was not, perhaps, one of my acquaintance who would not have regarded as a debasement my alliance with a poor curate, such as Trevor, and I was as yet so far tainted with their false notions, as to interpret his slowness in seeking my intimacy into the timidity of a humble adorer. Often, as I caught his eye fixed steadily upon me, I translated its pitying or reproving silentness into the language of admiration, to which I was so much better accustomed. I had not yet attained to true love's perfect humbleness. I knew not that Trevor's unworldliness would reckon a virtue of more account than an estate in a wife's dowry; or that he would never think of finding his life's friend in such a giddy fluttering child of folly as I appeared to be,—as, but for my love of him, I would have been. But I was soon to know the passion's "pain and power," the wasting restlessness of doubt and fear. I soon grew peevish and "impatient-hearted;" as I marked the many occasions of seeking my society, which he let pass unheeded, I grew weary, weary of crowded assemblies, where I in vain watched for his face, and listened for his voice. And when he did come, and when he greeted me with his placid and gracious smile, I felt the sick chill of hopelessness steal over me, as I contrasted his mild indifference with the passionate worship of my own "shut and silent heart." Sometimes I fancied that he was 'rapt too high in heavenly contemplation to dream of earthly love. His enthusiasm too, glowing as it was, was yet so holy, so calm! But is not enthusiasm ever calm, and always holy? And does not true insight into the life of things convince us that the loftiest and purest intellects are ever twin-born with the warmest hearts, that tenderness and genius are seldom or never divorced? When I witnessed Trevor's fervent piety, and heard his touching eloquence, I felt that they both sprang from the pure depths of an affectionate heart; I knew that he would love loftily, holily, and for ever; but I feared, alas, alas! that I could never be the blessed object of his love. I had found the only human being who could call forth the latent energies and affections of my soul, but his eye was averted, I had no space in his thought. I knew the firm and steady character, on which my weak and turbulent nature could have cast itself so fondly for support, but it had no sympathy with mine. I saw the haven in which my heart would fain have "set up its everlasting rest," but it rejected me. Sometimes the thought would arise that, could he know of my devotional attachment, he would not fail to yield a rich return. But could the raising of an eye-lash have gained his love, at the risk of revealing my own, the revelation would not have been made. I would have rejected his regard if it sprang from such a source. This is not pride, nor prejudice, nor education; it is the very soul and centre of a woman's being. I was conscious that my face was but too apt to betray my thoughts, and I was terrified lest any one should detect my preference for Trevor. Lord E—— alone suspected it. His jealous eyes were for ever rivetted upon my countenance, and he alone read aright my wandering, vacant eye and changing cheek. His shrewdness had long been aware of the impassioned temperament that lurked beneath my sportive manners, and

he believed me very capable of lavishing my fortune and affections upon one of Nature's noblemen—a prodigality which he was determined, if possible, to prevent. He did not dare openly to slander the high character of Trevor, but he had recourse to the sneers and “petty brands which calumny do use,” in hopes of depreciating him in my estimation. When he saw with what ineffable scorn I smiled upon such attempts, he artfully insinuated that my partiality was known, and believed to be gently discouraged by Trevor himself, but at the same time professed his own disbelief of any thing so preposterous, and, in every way, so derogatory to me. This was entirely false, and I thought it so, but the bare imagination of such an indignity caused me to treat Trevor with a haughty coldness well calculated to convict me of impertinent caprice. These, however, were only the feelings that predominated when I was in society; they partook of its pettiness and turbulence; but in solitude, and in the house of prayer, I felt my undeservings, and knew how immeasurably high Trevor ranked above me. One Sunday Trevor was absent from church, and his place was filled by a dull and drowsy preacher. My imagination framed a thousand reasons for so unusual an absence. He might be removed to another charge, gone without a word of parting or preparation, or he might be ill and dying. My worst conjecture had scarcely erred. Pestilence had caught him in his merciful visits to the dwellings of disease and want, and he lay in imminent danger of death. O what would I not then have given for a right to tend him! Never, in his proud and happy days, did I so passionately wish to be his sister, his betrothed, his wife, or any thing that could be virtuously his. Had I been empress of the world, I would have bartered my crown and sceptre, for the tearful and unquiet happiness of watching by his sick couch. I envied even the hireling nurses who should smooth his pillow, and read his asking eye, and guard his feverish slumber. Poets have celebrated woman's heroism in braving plague or pestilence for those she loves, but it asks none; to do so is but to use a dear and enviable privilege; heroism and fortitude are for her who loves, yet dares not approach to share or lessen the danger of the loved. Accustomed as I was to conceal my feelings, it was yet a hard task to mask my anguish from eyes quickened by jealousy and suspicion. I dared not absent myself from the haunts of dissipation, lest it should be said, that I cared more for the danger of a good man than the heartless idlers whose ridicule I dreaded. I rose from a pillow deluged with salt tears, and bound my aching temples with red-rose wreaths. I danced, when I would fain have knelt to heaven in frantic supplication for that precious life. I laughed with my lips, when the natural language of my heart would have been moans, sorrowful and many. Every day I, like any other slight acquaintance, sent a servant to make complimentary inquiries concerning Trevor's health. One day, in answer to my message, my servant brought me intelligence that the crisis of the fever had arrived, and that his fate would that night be decided. It was added too that the physicians feared the worst. That evening I found it impossible to continue the struggle between the careless seeming and the breaking heart. I shut myself into my own apartment, and gave free course to sorrow. I fled to prayer, and, with incoherent and passionate beseechings, implored that the just man might live, even though I were never more to see him. I read over the church service; as I read, recalling every intonation of that venerated voice, now spent in the ravings of delirium, perhaps soon to be hushed in death! I searched out the texts of Scripture on which he used to dwell, and, while I pondered on the awful event which the night might bring forth, a sudden impulse of superstition seized me. I resolved to seek from the sacred book an omen of the morrow's issue; and, opening it at hazard, determined to regard the first verse that should present itself as the oracle of destiny. The words that met my

eyes were appallingly appropriate, "He pleased God and was beloved, and living among sinners he was translated. He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time." These awful words smote me like the fiat of doom. A wild sad yearning to look even upon the walls that enclosed him seized me; and, with some difficulty, eluding the observation of my domestics, I walked towards Trevor's house unattended and unsheltered, through darkness and driving rain. Streets, over which I had been often borne in triumph and in joy, I now trod on foot, in tears, and alone, the pilgrim of grief and love. I reached Trevor's house, and stood on the threshold he had so often crossed on his angel errands of good-will to man, and which he might never more pass but as a journeyer to the grave. O for one last look of his living, breathing form! And there had been times and hours, now fled for ever, when I might have touched his hand, and met his eye, and won his kindly smile, and I had swept past him with haughty seeming and hypocritical coldness! True, my haughtiness and coldness were nothing to him, then, or now, but they were much to my remorseful memory. Convulsive throbbings shook my frame, and I had raised the knocker in the purpose of inquiring whether he still lived, when the ever-haunting fear of detection restrained me. I passed to the other side, from which I could see the closely curtained windows of the patient's chamber, and could discern, by the faint light within, the gliding forms of his attendants. Long I paced the dark and silent street, gazing upon the walls that held all that I prized on earth—pouring out my heart like water unto one who, in leaving the world, would cast back no regretful thought on me—one, on whom the ponderous tomb might shortly close, and shut me out into the void and dreary world, with my unregarded love, and my unpitied weeping.

But morning brought unhopèd joy: Trevor lived, would live—my prayer had ascended!

After his recovery he visited all his acquaintance, and me among the rest. I now met him for the first time freed from the prying observation of others, and this, together with the joy of seeing him after so painful an absence, imparted a cordiality to my manner, which seemed to fill him with a pleased surprise. But much as I desired to please him, I found it impossible to make any effort towards doing so; my powers of conversation were utterly paralyzed; and, though he stayed a considerable time, I feared that he must think me a most vapid and unintelligent being. Hitherto I had not seen Trevor pay marked attention to any woman, but one evening he came to a concert, accompanied by a matron and a young lady, both strangers to me, the latter a fair and interesting, but not strikingly beautiful girl. Trevor and she seemed to be on intimate and even affectionate terms. I learned her name. It was not his. She was not his sister. I began to know the tortures of jealousy. Next evening I was at a ball. Trevor was not there. We were dancing the quadrille of *La Pastorelle*, and I was standing alone, (at that part where the lady's own and opposite partners advance to meet her,) when I heard a lady near me say to another, "So, Mr. Trevor and Miss — are to be married immediately." This knell of my happiness rung out amid the sounds of music and laughter. The dancers opposite, struck with the blanched and spectral hue of my complexion, cried out at once, "What is the matter? Miss Howard, you are ill;" but with a strong, proud effort, I replied, that I was perfectly well, danced through my part, and then stood beside Lord E——, who was as usual my partner. The ladies were still engaged in the same conversation. "He goes into Devonshire next week, for change of air after his long illness. He is to remain some time on a visit at her father's house. I understand it is a long engagement."

Lord E—— heard these words, and guessed at once the cause of my sudden pallor. I saw that he did, and resolved to defy his penetration. Never had I been so wildly gay, never excited so much admiration as on that miserable evening. The recklessness of despair bewildered me, and in a sort of mad conspiracy with fate against my own happiness, I gave my irrevocable promise to be the wife of Lord E——. A double bar was thus placed between me and the most perfect of God's creatures. He had selected one (doubtless worthy of him) with whom to tread virtue's "ways of pleasantness, and paths of peace," while I, linked in a dull bond with one whom I nor loved nor hated, must pursue the weary round of an existence without aim, or duty, or affection. I was but nineteen, and happiness was over—hope, the life of life, was dead; and the future, imagination's wide domain, nothing but one dim and desolate expanse.

Lord E—— made the most ostentatious preparations for our approaching union, which he took care should be publicly known, so that I was congratulated upon it by my acquaintance, and among the rest by Trevor himself. But the more I reflected, the more I loathed the thought of marrying Lord E——. He could not be blind to my reluctance; but his avarice and vanity were both interested in the fulfilment of my promise. To a man who had desired my love, my unwillingness to fulfil the contract would have been a sufficient cause for dissolving it; but Lord E—— had wooed my wealth, and I had promised it to him—how then could I retract? Gladly, indeed, would I have given half my fortune in ransom of my rash pledge, but such a barter was impossible, and I saw no means of escaping the toils which my own folly had woven around me.

One day, while I was revolving these bitter thoughts, and awaiting the infliction of a visit from Lord E——, a letter, in a strange hand, was delivered to me. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR AUGUSTA,—Did you ever hear of a wild youth, your brother, who was supposed to have been lost at sea, when you were a baby? I am that brother; I fear I dare no longer say, that youth. I have passed through as many adventures as would rig out ten modern novels, but which would be out of place in this little brotherly epistle. At last, however, I was seized with a strange fit of home sickness, and coming to England to recover, I find my pretty little sister a wit, a beauty, and heiress of my heritage. I understand, and you are doubtless also aware, that my father never gave up all hope of my return, and that by his will I am entitled to all his property, except a paltry portion of ten thousand pounds for you. But I have seen you, my dear little girl, and like you vastly, so that you may be sure that I shall not limit your portion as my father did. I candidly confess that I doubt whether I may be able legally to prove my title, though my old nurse, who lives with you, and with whom I have had an interview, recognized me easily. I shall visit you, however, and I am sure when you compare me with my father's portrait you will acknowledge me to be your loving brother.

"HENRY HOWARD."

I was well aware of the clause in my father's will to which the writer alluded; but it had always seemed to me, and to my guardians, a mere dead letter. Some time before I might have grieved at the prospect of losing my wealth; now it filled me with joy, as affording a hope of release from Lord E——. I flew to nurse, and found her ready to swear to the stranger's identity with the lost Henry Howard. I seized my pen joyfully, and addressed to him a few hasty lines.

"MY DEAR BROTHER—If you be indeed my brother—you shall only

need to prove your title to my own heart. My sense of justice, and not the mandate of the law, shall restore your inheritance to you. As to my portion, I shall accept of nothing but that which is legally mine, until I know whether I shall require it, or whether I can love you well enough to be your debtor."

I had scarcely despatched this billet, when Lord E—— was announced. I received him with unwonted gaiety, for I was charmed to be the first from whom he should hear of my altered circumstances. I longed to take his sordid spirit by surprise, and break triumphantly and at once from his abhorred thralldom. He was delighted with my unusual affability, and was more than ever prodigal of his "Adorable Augustas," &c. —more than ever ardent in his vows of unchangeable love. I maliciously drew him on, asking with a soft Lydia-Languish air, whether he could still love me, should any mischance deprive me of my fortune? O what a question! He could imagine no happier lot than to live with me in a cottage upon dry bread, and love, sighs and roses. I professed my satisfaction, and, congratulating him on such a brilliant opportunity of proving his disinterestedness, related what had occurred. To me it was most amusing to witness, first, his incredulity, then his blank dismay, and lastly, his languid professions of constancy, ludicrously mingled with stammering complaints of his own embarrassed circumstances, which would prevent his obeying the dictates of affection by urging his immediate union. A short postponement would now be necessary, &c. &c. At last, raising his looks to mine, he met my mocking and derisive smile, and saw the joy that danced in my eyes. He thereupon thought proper to discover that I had never loved him, and found it convenient to be mightily indignant thereat. I nodded assent to his sapient conjecture, and, drawing my harp towards me, sang with mock pathos the first line of "For the lack of gold he's left me O!" Though a release from our engagement was now desirable to him, he was deeply mortified at the manner of it; and, making me a sulky bow, he departed, while I trilled forth in merrier measure,

O! ladies beware of a false young knight,
Who loves and who rides away.

So ended Lord E——'s everlasting constancy.

My brother's return, and Lord E——'s consequent desertion, were soon known to the world; and a dangerous illness with which I was at this time seized, was generally ascribed to these causes. But far other were my thoughts. I looked back with thankfulness on my deliverance from the danger of marrying a man so worthless as Lord E—— had proved; and, though the means of beneficence and enjoyment were diminished, I looked forward to a more happy and useful life than I had hitherto led. I had, too, proud resolves of vanquishing my predilection for Trevor; but a passion based upon virtue is so indestructible, and the youthful heart clings with such a fond tenacity even to its defeated hopes, that I could not forego the desire of earning at least his society and friendship. I could not conceal from myself that his passionless esteem would be dearer to me than the undivided homage of a hundred hearts. He had been in Devonshire during my illness, but returned before I had recovered. My supposed misfortunes were a sufficient passport to his kindness; and he who had been reserved and distant in the days of my prosperity, was all assiduity in the season of sickness and reverse of fortune. Every day during my convalescence he made me a long visit, and every day augmented my delight in his society and unrivalled conversation. His visits were those of a Christian pastor, and in that pater-

nal character, he one day expressed his approbation of the cheerful fortitude with which I had sustained such trying misfortunes. I could not bear that he should think I ever loved Lord E——, (for I saw that it was to him he chiefly alluded,) and I impetuously protested that I had ever been indifferent to him, and considered my release a blessing. This avowal seemed to establish a more intimate friendship and confidence between us, in the course of which I learned that it was Trevor's brother, (a Devonshire country gentleman,) and not himself, who was engaged to Miss ——, the lady whom I had seen with him at the concert.

Trevor's visits, which had commenced in compassionate kindness towards me, were now continued for his own gratification; and before one brief and happy month had passed away, I had won the first love of his warm and holy heart, and knew myself his chosen one, his companion through time and through eternity. The long-sought was found—the long-loved was my lover! In describing the origin and progress of his regard, Trevor admitted that his former intentional avoidance of my society was the result of a prepossession which he feared to indulge, partly from a belief in the report of my engagement to Lord E——, but chiefly from an opinion that my education and habits must have rendered my character uncongenial to his. I too had my confidings to make; but though I shed blissful tears upon the bosom of my dear confessor, when owning my past errors and frivolity, I did not acknowledge that my affection had preceded his own, and I was many months his wedded wife before he learnt to guess how long and hopelessly he had been beloved.

How little do we know of each other's joys or sorrows! When, on the first Sunday after my recovery, I sat in my accustomed place in church, there was not perhaps one of my acquaintance who did not consider me an object of compassion. They did not know the bright reversal of my doom; they could not believe that I was the happiest creature who trod the earth, nor imagine the overswelling tenderness with which I listened to the eloquent preacher, and turned from him to look upon my wan and wasted hand, where sparkled the ring of our betrothment, as if to assure my throbbing heart that happiness so perfect was not a dream.

Since then years have passed, many and full of blessings. The inheritance whose timely loss gained me my precious Stephen, has reverted to our duteous children, who know how to use it better than did their mother in her days of thoughtlessness and pride. They exemplify the good parent's blessed power to make his children virtuous as himself; and when I see them, in turn, exerting a similar power, and remember that all that they or I possess of goodness, we owe to the influence of one true Christian, I am filled with a sublime sense of the value and exalted dignity of virtue.

My Stephen's hairs are white, but his heart has known no chill. He loves, fondly as ever, the faded face that now, as in its day of bloom, still turns to him for guidance or approval, and I—eternity could not wear out my love for him!

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SOURCES OF POETRY.¹

IN a former article we endeavoured, in tracing back the stream of poetry to its primitive fount, to divest it of some of those weeds and incumbrances which it had gathered in its onward course. Poetry, like sculpture, the more simply she stands in unadorned elegance—the more true she is to nature, the greater is her power and influence. With this loftiness of naked majesty, all that is more dignified than nature admits—all that is more heroic than the current credence of the world allows in achievement—all that is more spiritual in beauty or in virtue than this gross earth aspires to, she claims as creations peculiarly her own. And for every thing ideal or visionary, she finds a world wherein to display it, and a language and a dress befitting its ethereal being, in her resplendent realms.

Its fairy creations, be they ever so fantastic, if they be only but true to themselves, have there a bower to sport in—Ariel and Puck have there a world of their own—Comus and his crew a region

“ Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth ;”

while Satan with his gloomy curse on the sun, or the wood notes wild of a Burns, have a

“ Local habitation and a name.”

With, then, so wide a scope, so boundless a field wherein to range, it requires no little delicacy of touch, lest “with forced fingers rude,” in striving to define the nature of poetry, we should deny her some of those attributes which are her brightest ornaments, and her legitimate birthright. We have already shown, that in neither rhyme, nor accent, nor metre, consists its ethereal flame; that there is a spirit within it too volatile to be subject to the common trammels of criticism, a vitality too subtile to be tested by material agency. May we not ask then, if all these be only accessories, does poetry consist in essence alone? No; the sea is not solely composed of salt, but salt is its attribute; neither is a whole poem unadulterated essence.

The spirit of poetry may be evinced as clearly in relief, as by bold painting, in repose as in energy. A beautiful example of this pervading genius is to be found in Shakspeare, and has been extracted by Sir J. Reynolds in his discourses. It is from Macbeth, in the dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching Macbeth's castle, and I cannot do better than give it in the author's own words. “Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the martlet's nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding

¹ Continued from p. 288. vol. vi.

scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds."

Here the poet's mind is developed in relief, as the painter shows his skill by giving shade as well as light. But this is, as a whole, evincing the judgment and happy taste that should guide inspiration, rather than the heaven-born gift itself. But we will endeavour to confine ourselves more to the detail; to its sources and principles.

Poetry is the power of creation; its staple is the alchymy of the ideal world: it is the amalgamation and fusion of one substance with another, so as to lose the vitality of neither—the electric chain between the real and ideal—the rendering two neutral substances bright by commixture—the flint and the iron "emitting a hasty spark." But although this is apparent, and is duly acknowledged and appreciated by every true lover of poetry, yet perhaps it may be rendered more clear by example; especially as there is a class of readers, professed lovers of the muses too, who affect to discover in the *Irene* and other poems of Dr. Johnson, all the ingredients of the genuine spirit of poetry. To the beauties of "the *Vanity of Human Wishes*," or of "*London*," we are by no means insensible; they are the productions of a vigorous mind, are replete with sterling sense, and contain considerable boldness of imagery and facility of language; but compared by a poetic mind with the ideal breathings of *Lycidas* or of *Comus*, are as a "*Satyr to Hyperion*." We referred to the works of Johnson as productive of acknowledged merit, but the same stricture will apply to a class by no means scanty in number, who follow in the wake of "*Dyer's Fleece*," and "*Hayley's Triumphs of Temper*." The titles alone are death to poetry! as well coin gold from Cowper's "*stercoraceous heap*." But to return to our promised exemplifications.

"The gay motes that *people* the sunbeams,
The stars, the *poetry* of Heaven."

The legion of angels that

"Soaring on main wing
Tormented all the air."

The grapes that were

"Some as the rubine *laughing* sweetly red."

Eve's gardening tools,

"Which art, yet rude,
Guiltless of fire, had formed."

What images does this single word "*guiltless*," crowd on the mind! The golden age, a Vulcan and his forge, and war and his horrid crew. It is,

"Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies; and makes
A thousand images of one that was,
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks."

Here is opened a new field to the imagination: develops a thousand latent sources of thought, and conjures up images that but for the charm of such an unforeseen but happy allusion, had never burst forth into light.

Perhaps the strongest expression of this nature which creates a beauty, is one made use of by Milton, when he speaks of

“ The thoughts of death
That dyed her cheeks with pale.”

This nearly amounts to catachresis, yet surely it is very forcible; and points out that poetry by its nature is too ethereal to be wholly amenable to the dicta of criticism. And why if she have an empire of her own, should she be restricted by laws, which, from their gross and material nature, are not in accordance with her more spiritual inspirations?

In each of the foregoing examples, a distinct picture is formed by the apt usage of a single word, which in its primitive sense seemed to bear no analogy with the subject, but which, by the art of the poet, has been so blended with the refined and ideal musings of the soul, as to create emotions altogether new and unlooked for.

But the poet is by no means confined to limits so circumscribed; it is but one touch of his magic wand on the chords of the mind. The same effect is often obtained on a scale much more enlarged, by the elevation or passion of a whole sentence. The object may be purely ideal, entirely the child of imagination: its beauty depends not upon its probability, but upon its being true to itself—upon the imagery being in keeping throughout with the ideal model it essays to shadow forth. If this unity be not preserved, however dazzling the description, all its beauty melts away into the baseless fabric of a dream—it dissolves the illusion, and the charm has fled. Thus, when Shakspeare, to use the first illustration that offers, speaks of,

“ Taking up arms against a sea of troubles,”

the incoherence is immediately manifest, and the beauty vanishes.

If used with propriety, this unity effects as a whole what the former realized by a single word. Such is Cowper's apostrophe to Winter.

“ O Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age; thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car.”

This is a magnificent personification: each member of the sentence is a distinct picture, yet all combined, without any confusion of ideas, without the main current of thought being deranged, form a perfect and imposing whole.

We believe we might, under this view, quote some of the earlier poems of Milton almost entire. His whole mind appears to have been so impregnated with the spirit of poetry, that under his magical touch, the meanest subjects teem with her purest breathings. In his Lycidas, or his Comus, for instance, an ideal field, true to itself, and in excellent keeping, is portrayed; and so even and sustained are his flights, that the imagination is hurried on, till we scarcely perceive that our feelings have strayed so far from the “sober certainty of waking bliss,” the mere regions of reality. We are aware of the edict of

Johnson, that Lycidas is not the offspring of passion, "For," he observes, "passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions; where there is leisure for fiction there is little grief." But if our view of poetry be not totally erroneous, this is an additional proof that that wise man bore not the charmed wand himself, nor had a mind so tuned as to fit it for

" Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

There is one other source of poetry which we cannot permit ourselves to pass over; the simple use of the epithet. This is distinct from any that has preceded it. Before, we endeavoured to show where the perversion of a word, or of an epithet from its received sense, fuses and blends two remote ideas: here, we treat only of its apt and just usage. When Timon without the walls of Athens, in his anathema, exclaims,

" Son of sixteen,
Pluck the *lin'd* crutch from thy old limping sire,
And with it beat his brains out,"

who does not picture to himself in that sire, the last stage of irritable infirmity? This touch is to poetry, what the commandments broken, and the cobweb over the aperture of the charity box, were to Hogarth in painting.

What a picture is that of Lear in the storm at night!

" Wherein the *cut-drawn* bear would crouch,
The lion and the *belly-pinched* wolf
Keep their fur dry, *unbonneted* he runs ;"

and how dependent on the use of the epithet! But we may go a step farther, and show that there may be poetry also in the thought, and not in the expression: that a fine image may be conveyed without much elevation of language. We mean not that simplicity so peculiar to the Bible, for simplicity is often a source of the sublime; but when, from an uninteresting detail, a grand and imposing whole is developed. Such is the scene where Ithuriel finds Satan,

" Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
And with his spear, touching him lightly,
As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun some magazine to store
Against a rumoured war, the smutty grain
With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air;
So started up in his own shape the fiend."

It is the total here that is poetical. We feel at the last line, such is our surprise at the conclusion, like the two fair angels, almost inclined to start back amazed. Milton, with his "Despair that tended the sick," tempts us to speak on the power of personification, but we forbear. In truth, it does not come within the limit of that province which we have selected, as our object was only to point out some few marks by which to trace the genuine stream of poetry to her sacred fountain. But her sources cannot be enumerated, unless we first define the powers of imagination and of passion. Under the magical

touch of the muse, the plainest subjects become complete fairy ground: she gives new situations, new colours, new emotions, a new world. If but a worm be spoken of, it must be such as,

“ In their green shops weave the smooth haired silk.”

If a flower; it is such as,

“ Their gay wardrobes wear.”

If nature teems with plenty,

“ She is strangled with waste fertility.”

If it be a night of darkness, it is a

“ Thievish night,”

that does

“ For some felonious end,
In thy dark lanthorn thus close up the stars.”

Stars too,

“ That nature hung in heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil.”

We have here drawn our resources from Milton, whose every breathing is such as,

“ Fancy can beget on youthful thoughts.”

But we need not for this purpose confine ourselves to him alone. If we recur to the infancy of its dawn, what strength and invention do we find in Chaucer! What knowledge of the world, and power of imagination to turn that knowledge into the true source of poetry! Like Shakspeare, he drew his resources from all objects, both of life and nature; and many of his pictures come down to us with the freshness and piquancy of a satirist of the present day: his Prioress, with her affectation and sentimentality: his Franklin, with the groaning table and ponderous hospitality of a much more recent period. Nor are his images less bold and vivid than his descriptions. His Pain, and Sickness, and Melancholy, as counsellors of Old Age: his “smiler, with the knife under the cloke,” so insidiously perverted by Dryden in his translation.

It were no difficult matter, if space would permit, to show that the same mantle in part covered Surrey, and Wyatt, and Sackville; for where do we find a poem so bold and vigorous, yet so replete with beauty, as in the “Induction” of the last-named writer? The picture of Remorse, for instance, as seen in the portals of Hell.

“ Her eyes, unsteadfast rolling here and there,
Whurld on each place, as place that vengeance brought;
So was her mind continually in feare,
Tossed and tormented with such tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought—
With dreadful cheere, and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.”

Those of Dread, and Revenge, and of Old Age, are equally ably portrayed, particularly the last—

“ Fumbling and driveling, as he draws his breath,
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.”

And into how many shapes did Spenser mould his ethereal inspirations! What fairy ground in his house of Pride, with Lucifera and her counsellors Idleness, Gluttony with his "bowzing can," and Lechery, and Avarice, and Wrath, and Envy,

"Chawing with cankered teeth a venomous toad."

His allegory of Contemplation, of Mammon with his hundred forges, and of Despair, so admired of Sir Philip Sidney.

With Ariel, and Puck, and Caliban, and the frolic world of Shakespeare, we dare not trust ourselves; neither shall we stop to encounter Jonson with "learned sock," nor the fanciful inspirations of Beaumont and Fletcher.

We have but imperfectly sketched a few of the symbols of poetry. They are but as individual beads of the necklace; single flowers in the wreath, and such as imagination is chiefly conversant with. But judgment is required as well as imagination. To model a grand whole, so diversified that it shall please by its variety, yet so consistent, so true to itself, that it shall not offend by discordant matter; elevated without being inflated; embodying pictures, clear and vivid, yet not so broadly as to forestal imagination entirely; portraying much to admire, with nothing to detract from the total effect: these are the qualities, rare and difficult, that must impregnate the mind of a poet.

And when we reflect, that if this be requisite as a whole, the tracing the sources of Care, of Sorrow, and of Misanthropy, anatomizing Guilt "with her thousand streams," Hate, and Malice, and Murder, and in branding them also; in moulding the charms and graces of ideal beauty, and illustrating these passions by contrast and by comparison; it cannot fail to convince us, that however necessary metre may be as a vehicle for poetry, and however useful a critical knowledge of it may be to its professors, that, alone, it will no more avail than the bare knowledge of geology will produce vegetation.

We may assume, then, that if poetry be of too subtile a nature to be slavishly subject to the trammels of any particular metre, yet as a whole, in a poem of any length, by the consent of all ages, metre is essential to the graceful development of her powers. In single and detached passages perhaps, she may rouse our feelings and excite our sympathy by such means as by Macduff's simple exclamation of nature, "He has no children," or by Macbeth's avowal, "When they did say God bless us, I could not say 'amen,'" which are totally dependent on mental emotion, and altogether distinct from the power of metre: yet that, as a total, metre must be the form in which those passions and emotions must be portrayed; that no strain of sufficient length to assume the dignity of a poem can be sustained without some limit of measure and recurrence of metre.

But poetry, whatever her nature may be, however incapable of definition, and beyond the power of analysis, her just and proper use is so eloquently illustrated by Bacon, that we cannot refrain from transcribing it for the benefit of our readers. "If the matter be thoroughly considered," he observes, "a strong argument may be drawn from poetry, that a more illustrious magnitude of things, a more perfect

goodness, and a more beautiful variety pleases the soul of man, than what it can any way find in mere nature since the Fall; wherefore seeing the acts and events which are the subjects of true history are not of that magnitude to content the soul of man, poetry is ready at hand to feign acts greater and more heroical. Seeing true history relates the successes of actions, in nowise proportionable to the merits of virtue and vice, poetry corrects it, and exhibits issues and fortunes more agreeable to desert, and more according to the law of Providence. Seeing true history, by representing actions and events more ordinary and less diversified, satiates the mind of man, poetry cheers and refreshes it, chaunting things rare and unexpected, and full of alternate variations: so that poetry serves and contributes not only to delight, but also to magnanimity and morality."

We had here purposed to have ended our strictures, but having treated so largely on poetry in the abstract, we are tempted to offer a word, by the way, on the present state and prospects of the "divine art" in this country. The general spread of learning has already effected a wonderful change in every department of literature, and not less so in poetry than in others. Assuredly the present times, with profit for their symbol, are not formed to produce a work of elaboration. The necessity of remuneration dogs the heels of genius too closely to admit of much scope for meditation. There may be a Milton among us, the retina of whose eye is formed to look into far off ages; but there are but few, I may venture to assert, who could be found in matters of this nature to prefer a post obit to a life interest. Under the existing economy of human affairs, prose and poetry, the *meat* and *drink* of life, as they have been jocosely termed, have become no idle appellation. Numbers of its professors have found it such; and numbers have professed it only that as such it might be found.

At the time to which we have been referring, happily no such temptation was offered; as then reading was no vulgar attainment; as then the alphabet had not, like our first tempter, insinuated itself in disguise; it attracted not under the allurements of a toy, nor had been digested under the specious guise of gingerbread. Universal learning was then, (is it not now?) but engendering in the womb of time. Our common people were not philosophers, accordingly our poets had not to pander to the taste of an extended public. They were imbued with classical learning, and they wrote for such as could relish it. Allusion, quotation, reference, were their handmaids; and as mythology with the ancients was a main ingredient, all the subjects of the earlier writers were tinctured with mythology. All their verse flowed in a known channel; it did not overflow and deluge the land, casting up its slime, its spawn, its crude monsters. The times did not allow of apostrophizing donkeys: our forefathers were too starched and stiff to stoop to cull dandelions, that their odour might breathe forth in an overpowering extempore. They were not natural enough for all this; they invoked Minerva instead of her owl, Calliope in lieu of a Jew's-harp. We admire not at this alteration: causes will produce effects. Where there is a great consumption there must be a large crop; and if there be not a sufficiency of prime grain, there

will be a demand for the refuse. Every one can understand a Claude Lorrain, there is no mythology about it; every one can enjoy a landscape; and what is the consequence? There are more pictures of Claude Lorrain's, more spurious ones we mean, than there are minutes in his life twice told.

It is precisely the same with our present poetry; every one can finish a fragment on "Bow Bells" and his tea together. Accordingly, these elegant little remnants are in great demand, and so large a supply of them is there in the market, that they may be had of any size, and on any subject: they may be bought by the yard or by the inch, perhaps the only kind of measure they adhere to, with the most tempting facility.

It will perhaps be objected, that these lighter productions, these trifles, do not preclude our elder poets from being read, much less those of a loftier cast of the present day from being duly appreciated. We shall be told that our press is teeming with new editions of our brethren of the golden age; that their worth is as promptly acknowledged now as ever. Be it so, we are an erudite people. But how many are "wisely kept for show," and ranged like nuns behind their gratings; their charms are conscious of no hand but the hand of time. Our degenerate sons are not born to grapple with whole libraries; they dread their "linked sweetness long drawn out;" and before they venture on these sober-suited authors of olden time, would feel tempted to exclaim with Russel on the scaffold, "I have done with time now for eternity," and, like him, would consider themselves unwilling martyrs.

We would not be misunderstood: although there may not at this moment be in the literary world any who may be emphatically termed *stars*, yet perhaps the general attainment of the nation never stood higher, and doubtless there are very many bright exceptions to these observations, but this is the carnival of our literature, and in her merry maskings who shall recognize her?

Surely literature was never before so general a resort, so completely relied on as a means of present maintenance. It is true, a Montagu, a Prior, or an Addison, may, through their ability, have found a road to honour and employment; but heretofore daily bread was not the looked-for reward of wooing the Muses. Can we exact the Egyptian tale of bricks without supplying the straw; and do we not do this when we look for a like erudition with those of an older date, and yet allow not a tithe of the time wherein to bring those studies to maturity? Yet to the honour of the age be it said, thus seduced by the public, there are those among us who, with an onward eye, can calmly scorn the allurements of the day. And if we have yet votaries to the severer studies, who can read the impassioned lines of Moore, those for instance, and there are many such, which picture the ever-changing loveliness of "young Nourmahal," beginning—

" There's a beauty for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the long sunny lapse of a summer day's light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour,"

but must acknowledge that there is yet a poet who breathes forth too pure a flame to be stifled by the weeds that the present luxuriant crop of literature encourages. It is not our desire to be invidious in our selection, nor would we wish to have it inferred that we could not add other bright exceptions; but we are speaking of the general spirit of the age, of great demand, and prompt remuneration, having a tendency to weaken our literature in general.

Efforts worthy a noble genius require time, study, research, and a fixed purpose duly to mature. Had the ability of Milton been eked out by quarterly instalments, where had been his monument? Yet he who would now fill a space in the public eye, and feel its requital, must nibble at every science, and furbish forth his acquirements "quick, ere the leviathan can swim a league," with scarce so much time to sun himself as an oyster at neap, between flux and reflux. While we hold out this tempting facility to poets to prostitute their genius to ephemeral purposes, we should bear in mind, that if a guinea may be hammered out to a vast expanse, by the process it becomes merely gold leaf.

I know not that I can better conclude this article than by extracting the observations of old Roger Ascham, who so pithily laments this facility of what a school-boy terms spinning a copy of verses, even in his time, without altogether expecting his grave authority to effect a new era on the "art divine."

"Carmen Hexametrum doth rather trot and hobble than run smoothly in our English tongue, but it will receive Carmen Iambicum as naturally as either Greek or Latin. But for ignorance men cannot like, and for idleness men will not labour, to come at any perfectness at all. For as the worthy poets in Athens and Rome were more careful to satisfy the judgment of one learned, than rash in pleasing the humour of a rude multitude—even so, if men in England had the like reverend regard to learning, skill, and judgment, and durst not presume to write except they came with the same learning, and also did use like diligence in searching out, not only just measure in every metre, as every ignorant person may easily do, but also true quantity in every foot and syllable, as only the learned shall be able to do, surely then rash and ignorant heads, which now can easily reckon up fourteen syllables, and easily stumble on every rhyme, either durst not for lack of such learning, or else would not, in avoiding such labour, be so busy as every where they be, and shops in London should not be so full of lewd and rude rhymes as commonly they be."

C.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF WALTER TORRANCE.

OF Walter Torrance's birth and early life I never had any accurate information ; but about his twentieth year he distinguished himself in the west of Scotland, among tradesmen and the like, as one of the friends of the people, at the memorable era of the French Revolution. At that time he followed the calling of a pedlar ; but his fluent and arousing style of declamation on the common topics of the discontents of the day, gained him more notoriety : for he was chosen as a delegate, and found his profit as well as his reputation, in being sent hither and thither as other popular demagogues were. The strong arm of the government at length, however, scattered the faction : and then he withdrew for a season from the field of his fame, to avoid apprehension and punishment.

The spirit of a young man is not easily quenched, especially after having once tasted the luxury of its own extravagant ardour. Torrance accordingly, about his twenty-third year, entered himself at Glasgow College, and no longer afraid of a state prosecution, devoted himself to a learned profession. In the earlier stages of his academical career—in cultivating an acquaintance with the classics of Greece and Rome, he excited no particular notice. Yet, had it been known through what disadvantages he then made his way—being a respectable scholar—his course would have been marked in a very distinguished manner. But when he advanced to the philosophical classes, he had no equal among all his fellows. They were, in truth, but children compared with manhood, when brought to compete with him, as regarded original talent, as well as acquired knowledge. He had read much, and digested with wonderful success the materials spread before him.

On one occasion he was required, in the ordinary course of the duties in the ethical class, to read his essay : the theme being—The Liberty of the Human Will : and no doubt the professor was eager to hear this metaphysical giant on the knotty point. Torrance, however, was unprovided with a written essay, but entreated that for once he might be permitted to give his views in an extempore and oral discourse. This being granted, he, in a strain of cogent, philosophic, and eloquent reasoning, that neither halted nor failed, made, what the professor declared to be one of the most brilliant efforts he had ever known in support of the Necessarian's creed ; adding, that for the future, it was clearly of small moment to Mr. Torrance whether he was called to lecture or to listen.

But however much Torrance might be admired for his talents, few respected or loved him. In the first place, his outward man was forbidding : his dress being slovenly, and his person disgusting. As to face, so long as he remained mute, it was a mass of heavy folds of flesh : his eyes were small and rheumy, and his lips large. Then the trunk of his frame was most uncouth : his arms, legs, hands, and

fingers unshapely. But no sooner did he essay to speak, than the same lineaments and frame were brought into striking contrast with their former state: and the stranger that before might have been shrinking from him with loathing, would stand as if fixed by sudden power. The deep intonations of his voice, the flow of his manly speech, were capable of entrancing the listener: whilst the majesty of his mind, which cared not to persuade, but to carry captive, set all external things aside as perfect trifles; or rather, made them convenient foils to the might of his genius.

But while a student, his morals were also exceptionable. It was known that he was a hard drinker, and other charges of an impure nature were also preferred against him. One thing at least was notorious, that his favourite associates were the low, the worthless, the broken-down men of the city. Some of those who witnessed his genius, ventured at times to counsel him kindly regarding his life. But he would answer them with a scorn, that proved his principles to be as bad as his practices. "Strong drink," he would say, "befriends men of mind; and as to associates, I despise him who looks to the shell, and considers not the kernel: for I find persons as good and as talented in the lowest grades, as among the high headed. After all, it is to me matter of indifference where I am, if so be that my entire nature have its sway: for whatever I do, I would do it with all my might."

The profession which Torrance chose was that of the holy ministry. And now he made a great parade of religious austerities. When he afterwards became a preacher, he attached himself to a party that dissented from the national church; not from convictions of its greater purity, it may be presumed, but because he was impatient, and doubtful of preferment or employment in any other way. At this same period patronage put forward Mr. Foster, in the parish of ———, to be the minister of the establishment, in opposition to the generality of the people: and though he was a pious and learned man, he was neither showy nor well known: whilst he was still the nominee of an unpopular power. Therefore the outcry against him was great; a class fell off from the flock and built a chapel, giving Torrance a call to be their pastor. He was accordingly, without delay, there settled; which happened to be in the very same district of the country, where some twelve years before he had been a leading democrat.

Behold Walter Torrance's great parts strained for renown as a preacher, and on the acquisition of a large congregation. Nor did he fail of draining the parish church day after day, not merely of pining old maids and wives, but of persons of staid years and tried prudence. And surely, if there be any homage due by man to man, it must be to him who triumphs over the minds of his fellows; who sets hearts on fire, and carries them whither he lists, to regions far above this nether world; giving, as it seems, a foretaste of heaven's enlargement and ecstasies. No wonder, then, that Torrance, who enraptured people's souls as none ever had done in that quarter, should become the most celebrated of his order. His church was uniformly crowded to overflowing. Tardy goers, who could not gain

access by the doors, would eagerly climb to the windows, to gather but the fragments of sentences; believing themselves really bettered by the mere dying sounds of his voice, as they escaped through the various outlets of the building.

Some idea of the thronging of the people after him may be gained from a letter written by himself, which also gives a very powerful picture of a dreadful scene. The letter, addressed to a neighbouring minister, runs thus:—

“ My people, as usual, were assembled; the church was in every part crowded before I ascended the pulpit. But ere a half hour had elapsed, I helped to stretch eighteen dead bodies, of those who had peaceably met, and composedly sat to worship within, on the green graves without. It was as I announced the psalm to be sung, on beginning the afternoon service, that something like the splitting and the crashing of wood startled us. A simultaneous yell arose, and a furious rush was made towards passages, stairs, and doors, by many hundreds. It was soon plain to me, however, that, but for the frenzy of the people, there was no danger. Yet, no wonder that they did madly, after they had once taken alarm. The scene was itself maddening. There was the mortal violence of people labouring for escape from death, and fighting for life; there was a large assembly rushing, and fluctuating, and wailing, like a raging sea. Nay, there was something still more terrific to the mind than all this. It was when during a short pause and silence, as if made by concert, I contemplated all before me. Not only was the pause a recruiting for a more deadly struggle—a more desperate tug; but the moanings that were stifled, the breathings that were inaudible, like the murmur of a thousand new filled graves, which the imagination may dream of, wrought a more direful sublimity, than all the cries of agony, and all the riot of desperation had yet done. It was at this moment that my heart seemed to burst—that I was about to leap among the throng—that methought I saw the roof above me open and close repeatedly, through which the expanse of the blue, lovely sky, seemed at one time plain, then again murky and tumbling, and shooting terrible lightnings.

“ But the pause and the silence were to be broken by a more determined struggle; by the choking and yelling of many whose lives were soon to be trodden out. The smooth tide of the inundation was disturbed by staircases giving way, when volumes of human beings burst forth in horrible disorder, rolling in heaps upon heaps. Infuriated and agile men ran on the tops of the compact masses, and leaped in their delirium as if with barbarous intent. I saw one jump from the gallery upon a throng below, and another into an empty area; but after standing for a second stone still, this last dropped down dead. Many strove and flung themselves from the highest windows, to their own destruction. But I am afraid to think more at present of that woful day's history: it was a terrible day of the Lord. I shall merely add, that though the dead consisted chiefly of aged or tender persons, I yet remarked one robust body which was apparently unhurt. He was a young and healthy looking man; his hands were still warm—the sweat was upon his forehead undried since his last

terrible toil—his muscles were as if ready to start into motion—but his blood had ceased to flow: he was quite dead.”

Walter Torrance, who thus described the dreadful catastrophe, occasioned by a false apprehension on the part of the multitude who thronged after him, rose afterwards into still higher popularity. It served to lend him a more than earthly attraction; and an almost miraculous authority as an ambassador to men. There came to be none but Mr. Torrance: he did as it seemed to him good; nor dared any one whisper an impeachment against him, without encountering, from a host of tongues, the charge of being a heretic. But things began to be said to his prejudice in a corner. The whisper gathered strength. It hardly could be denied that he was a glutton. The defence however set up, was at first more than a match for the charge; viz. that the great man was not to be tried by rules that measured ordinary beings. But he had been seen drunk, and that not once nor twice: nay, on Sabbath nights he had indulged to excess. Next, he was savage to his amiable wife: nor could this be unlikely, for it came out, that when a young man he had beaten severely his aged and frail minded father. Last of all, the cloud gathered greater density that was to burst upon his devoted head: it was openly and strongly asserted that Flora, his servant, a young and beautiful woman, was with child by him.

One evening at a late hour, when my mother (who had, in spite of the great powers of Mr. Torrance, all along pretty justly estimated his character) was reading to me a lesson from his case—for we belonged to the parish in which he figured—the screams as if of some distracted person, suddenly alarmed us: and next moment the wife of the man we had been speaking of stood before us in a desperate plight: her mouth filled with such horrid accusations against him, as smote all who heard her with consternation. Her first words were—“Let me in; death and destruction are nigh us; lamentation and woe is in our land, even in our houses!” “What ails you, my dear Mrs. Torrance?” my mother asked. The answer was—“Flora is dead, killed by drugs to put away her bairn. At one time I could not bide to hear her name, nor to behold her face; but now it is the name and the face of the monster that misled and murdered her, that are hateful to me.” “Who has misled and murdered Flora?” was the next inquiry: and the reply was—“Walter Torrance! Walter Torrance! he did all! all!—he who has been holding up his face to preach the gospel of peace and purity. O! I loathe at myself for the favour he once had with me.”

With a forced and alarming composure she ran over these further particulars. “When we got Highland Flora for our servant, she was the bonniest quean I had ever set my eyes on; and she was as sweet as she was bonny, and wonderfully simple and confiding. By and by she began to gather finer dresses than suited her station; but just like herself, she confessed that she wished to be braw, and to buy new claes; so guileless was the creature. O! but she was ignorant though; she could neither read nor write, and had nothing to guide her but a sort of simple modesty of disposition and sweetness of temper. And her last master was at no pains to make up for this;

even forbidding me to do it, saying, he would look to that matter himself. But the lesson he gave her, was to work on her ignorance and superstitious fears, and like the priests of an impurer church, he profaned the secrets of a confiding, uninformed mind, for his own diabolical purposes."

After many pauses and wailings, Mrs. Torrance again proceeded. "Two hours have not elapsed since I heard Flora speak: in her great sorrow and agony I heard her say to him, when I was in another apartment, (for I durst not go to her,) 'it was cruel, sir, to mislead me, and to break your wife's heart. What for, did ye gie me yon drug that is killing me? Was it to put awa my bairn? O! my wee bairn and the mother maun be buried thegither—it is never to see the light. And what am I to do for anither world? Ye should ken, and should tell me now. Do you no think a pity of Flora? if ye do, why do you keep your good wife from me? I wish to tell her something—I wish to have her pardon afore I lose my reason! Ah! man, ye are a cruel man, though a minister. But ye'll never be happy after this: I leave my death on you. Ye'll never sleep soun' any more—ye'll dream of your killing me. Your folk will hate you—ye'll grow mad, and die mad, and gang to be judged.'"

Mrs. Torrance had again to pause, after repeating these disjointed sayings of the poor dying Flora. When a little recruited, she continued—"I did my best to force my way to the murdered lass, in spite of the monstrous man that watched her; but he flung me back violently, and Flora soon after ceased to speak and to breathe. Alas! she's dead—her work is over. She has gone to her account, and so must her destroyer—and so must we all." But again the distracted woman had to yield to tumultuous emotions, and her further disclosures at that time were unintelligible. She found shelter, however, from a husband loaded with hideous guilt, and from the fearful neighbourhood of unnatural death.

It was a distressing thing to witness poor Flora's funeral. None of her kindred could in due time be apprized of it, and her late guilt-struck master was unable to take any charge of the business. Her body indeed might have lain in neglect, or been cast out as carrion, for him. But Mr. Foster, and some other worthy persons, undertook the necessary steps to have her decently interred. Long before the corpse was removed, however, from where she breathed her last, there were crowds of vagrants surrounding the house, who were neither slack nor silent in bewailing the untimely fate of her whose once comely person was now disfigured, cold, and decaying, and whose soul had been hurried away unprepared before a dread tribunal. These wild mourners blended their wailings with unmeasured curses, execrating the man who wrought the havoc made on fair life.

In the meantime Torrance, deserted, and stupified by strong drink, was staggering from one part of his house to another, under a sort of obtuse agony. But if ever a contrast was strongly drawn between two men, it was between him and the amiable Mr. Foster on that day; especially at the funeral service, when the latter, in praying for a blessing on the refreshments before them, poured out his soul in behalf of one he called his bereft brother. He spoke, if not with

Torrance's powers, yet with a still small voice, of the richest mind being poor and debased when without heaven's grace. And when he referred, with his wonted piety and tenderness, to the lessons taught by the decease of her whose dust was about to mingle with dust—of the frailty of beauty, health, and youthful vivacity—those who listened to his ardent breathings and entreaties, said they thought them so moving, as not to doubt their efficacy.

But Flora's body rests far from her kindred, abused by no gaudy monument, no tawdry device, no lying inscription. The clay and the green turf are her sepulchre; and the passer by pointeth with his finger, and saith, "There is Highland Flora's grave!"

Ere Flora's body was laid into that grave, however, the infatuated Torrance was in the hands of the officers of justice, on a charge of murder; but, after a short time, he was again set at liberty, there being a great deficiency of proof against him; his wife, who might have disclosed much perhaps, declining after the first burst of her distraction to utter a word on the subject. With equal prudence, she also took measures that he should never look upon her more. His flock nearly as speedily drove him from them for ever. He was therefore set adrift, poor and unfriended, under an unalleviated load of guilt, and with ever increasing evil habits. He now repaired to the neighbouring burgh, and commenced bookseller, or rather, a vender of tracts and pamphlets, chiefly of those written by himself at starts; at moments, as it seemed, of great mental suffering, and when he was filled with a sense of guilt.

Sometimes Torrance lavished his vast powers in these effusions with a fearful and minute description of the stings which disturb the drunkard's wakenings from insensibility, or of the phantoms that rise before the murderer's conscience. In one passage are these words:—"I know a man that was bound down with worse than chains of stubborn iron to the service of Satan: one that was brimful of guilt and of woe; that had not a solace in possession or in prospect; not even the transient delusions of infidelity to deaden his conscience withal. O! the way of transgressors is hard. His natural and acquired parts were great; but he was just so much the more mercilessly lashed. At length he came to be bereft of all on earth, of friends, of kinsfolk, and wealth: of conscious enjoyment from ardent labours, of buoyant hopes, of self-esteem. Nor did he ever awake, or look abroad, but to a clear view of irretrievable ruin in time and eternity. Was he not in torment before the time? Did the worm that never dieth not writhe within him already? Yes! and his pains and his remorse passed into fiendish despair:—his unceasing wish is now, that there were no God."

But with all his mastery of self-delineation, he could not master himself: for immediately after expatiating thus, he would hurry to the bottle, and be again steeped in drunkenness, to the exclusion of every gleam of reason. He came to be in general little better than a dull brute. It is not then to be wondered at, that the smallest portion of worldly means failed him, as well as his mental vigour. And now the dreadful forebodings, uttered by Flora at her death, that he should die mad, haunted his disjointed mind. Here was a new

horror. He had so long enjoyed the splendours of a first-rate genius, that any thing like a final obscuration of its light was, to his apprehension, more woful than present excruciating pain. "And is my soul indeed to be imprisoned ere I die, and shorn of its powers? Shall I wander about a spectacle of inanity and idiocy? O! if I may choose of the diseases of the mind, let mine be the lunatic's hallucinations, or the gorgeous dreamings of a raving brain." Such were his words.

The most woful symptom of that disorder which he dreaded, was the fancy of carrying a Bible in his bosom, as a charm against past guilt and coming judgment. But horrible to conceive, he would swallow largely the poison of the cup that was unhinging so effectually his energies, at the very moment that he hugged the sacred volume. He would now, many times a day, imagine that fiends were after him, and then he fought against them with a terrible frenzy; using at the time the most solemn declarations of the Bible as the weapon of defence.

But by this period his career was near a close. Extreme poverty pinched him. For an entire week he was without shelter from the inclemency of the weather, day and night; and destitute of food save the garbage he found where dogs seek for it. He was as unsettled as a prowling wolf. At last, as if under a sort of retributive infatuation, he made his way one evening to the neighbourhood of his former dwelling, when in the height of his greatness, near to which, never since his expulsion, had he dared to approach. This was on a Saturday in the month of November, just before it was quite dark. In spite, however, of the disheartening season and hour, he was seen for a time running through hedges and over the roughest ground: and was heard, as he, after a while, turned his course to make for the summit of the neighbouring hills, exclaiming, "I bid thy spirit stay, Flora! I shall not die mad, Flora! I will overtake thee, Flora, at the Giant-leap!" Alas! no one pursued to save him.

Next day foot-prints were traced in the snow that sprinkled the high grounds, of one, as if in full chace, to the very brink of the lofty promontory, that is ominously designated the Giantleap, and which overhangs the ocean's surge when the tide is full. But Walter Torrance was never more seen: for doubtless he had gone over the dizzying steep, where the rolling angry waters beneath would, in their reflux, sweep him down to their abysses.

G. A.

THE METROPOLITAN.

MAY, 1833.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Wondrous Tale of Alroy. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

When we opened these volumes we anticipated a high treat, from the well known talents of Mr. D'Israeli. Amused as we have been, with the inimitable satire which they contain, we certainly were deceived—we will not say disappointed—with their contents. That Mr. D'Israeli should have condescended, in the work before us, to lash the follies of minor authors, instead of treating us with the splendid scintillations of his own genius, may have been at the time of discovery a slight source of regret ; but when we had finished our perusal, we could not but acknowledge, as we closed the book, that it was impossible for Mr. D'Israeli to make any attempt without it being attended with unrivalled success. “*Nunquam tetigit quod non ornavit.*”

The *Wondrous Tale of Alroy* is a very wondrous tale indeed, through the medium of which Mr. D'Israeli has introduced a galaxy of the most delicate, and at the same time most pungent satire upon the follies and absurdities in which authors have been but too apt to indulge ; and certainly, if the father has well described the Calamities of Authors, the son has equally well succeeded in pointing out their Delinquencies. We have said that the satire is delicate ; it is so much so, that some people might actually read the work through, and imagine that it was really nothing more than what it is entitled, “*A Wondrous Tale* ;” but it should be recollected, that the more polished, the more exquisitely keen the edge of the instrument, the less is the pain inflicted in the operation, although at the same time the diseased parts are more scientifically exposed. The whole system of literature may be said to be anatomized in this work, every page of which may point a moral to the scribbling race. It has been a most Herculean labour for Mr. D'Israeli thus to attack the many-headed Hydra, but the task has been most chivalrously completed, and we have no doubt but that “*The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*” will in future be established as a beacon to those whose fragile barks, launched into the ocean of criticism, would otherwise be inevitably wrecked upon the shallows and quicksands of vanity and pretension.

Such is “*l'embarras des richesses*” in these volumes, that we can hardly decide where we are to commence. Let us, however, first remark, that the printing and “*getting up*” of the work is an admirable, although *mute* satire upon the system which has so long prevailed, of spreading out trash upon three volumes—a sort of “*bread and scrape*” in literature, as offensive to us now that we are adults, as it used to be in our age of bread and butter, and birch discipline. The margin is extensive, the type immoderately large, and you might almost trundle a

wheelbarrow betwixt each line. In works of this description, we are accustomed to have from one hundred and eighty to two hundred words in each page, but in the work before us there are many in which you cannot muster one hundred. Now it is "putting the extreme case," which often effects exposure, and this has been admirably resorted to by Mr. D'Israeli. Encroachments of this description have been continually made, and would probably have increased, until authors would have defrauded us of the major part of our type; but we think that "*The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*" has put a stop to this nefarious system. The public may be cheated to a certain extent, and pass it over; but when it is offered a volume and a half, and desired to pay for three volumes, it then opens its eyes to the impudence of the fraud, and is put upon its guard against any future attempt.

David Alroy, the hero of the *Wondrous Tale*, is introduced as a lad of "*fragile form and girlish face*;" indeed, so very slight and effeminate is the stripling, that his sister Miriam declares, that when she twined his turban round her head, her uncle "called her David." In the very first pages of the book Mr. D'Israeli commences his satire. The system of quoting from the sacred and inspired authors in works of this description, cannot be too much reprobated; and the absurdity of borrowing your ideas from the same quarter, has also been considered highly improper. The first has been ably ridiculed by a chorus of maidens, who constantly interrupt the soliloquy of the hero, and the reader's flow of ideas, by screaming out bits of Isaiah, about half a mile off. The second is thus ridiculed, by the words of the hero—upon a Turk taking liberties with his sister Miriam:

"The Philistine, the foul, *lascivious*, damnable Philistine; and he must touch my sister. O that all his tribe were here—all, all—I'd tie such firebrands to their *fores' tails*."

Those who have amused themselves with the novels and romances of the age, must be aware of the amazing, indeed, supernatural strength with which the hero is invariably gifted. In the earlier romances, where there were giants and dragons to be overcome, there may have been some excuse; the more so, as there were always supernatural agents, as well as supernatural heroes, who *shied* a rock at you as big as a house, or poised a lance, like a weaver's beam, upon the top of their little finger. Still these parties were so far in keeping, that they were represented as men of great size and strength. Mr. D'Israeli, with inimitable humour, has described Alroy as being of "*fragile form and girlish face*." Yet what does Alroy? When the Turk insults his sister, he is without arms, soliloquizing in a forest of pines. It is well known, that if it were required to pull up by the roots a sapling sufficient in thickness, when divested of its roots and branches, to form a good stout walking-stick, that it would be no easy task for the strongest man of the present day; but David Alroy, of "*fragile form and girlish face*," seizes hold of a "*mighty*" pine tree, pulls it up by the roots, flies with it down the hill, and knocks out the Turk's brains. Now when we consider that he not only pulls up a *mighty* pine, but bears it with all its roots and all its *branches*, which must have been no small incumbrance, and with this unwieldy weapon knocks out a man's brains, we must acknowledge, that the absurdity of these superhuman efforts have been most admirably exposed by the pungent satire of Mr. D'Israeli.

It is a great shame that cavalry should be so much at the mercy of authors as it is at present. We would prefer being a post-horse during election time, rather than the finest palfrey in the hands of a novel or romance writer. Whether it be necessary to cross ravines, ascend mountains, plunge into roaring torrents, climb up perpendicular alps, or slide down *ante-perpendicular* pyrenees, horses are obliged to perform

all at the will of the author. Their strength, their powers of endurance, and their *wind*, always last just as long as will suit the author's purpose, and no longer. By the aid of horse-flesh, the most hair-breadth escapes are effected; and to heighten the effect upon the reader, the horse is invariably killed by the author as soon as he has done his duty—a most ungrateful return for all his services. This well-known artifice on the part of authors is admirably *cut up* by Mr. D'Israeli. When Alroy has killed the Turkish prince with the "mighty pine," it is time to be off. A horse is all ready for him, and neighs to tell him so. Alroy jumps on his back, and flies across the desert.

The horse, being an Arab, is capable of great fatigue, we have no doubt; but still there are limits to a horse's powers. He goes off *at score*. He is a clever horse to boot, we presume of the race of Solomon, for he "*tracks the desert's trackless way*." Now, a horse galloping through the deep sand of a desert of "iron soil and brazen sky," cannot keep up the pace of Eclipse for many hours without being *blown*; but this is not the case with Alroy's steed. He starts in the evening, and continues at full speed until dawn of day, when he very naturally "neighs, as if asking for water," but there being none to be obtained in the desert, "he willingly darts forward again" at the request of Alroy. At the *second* sunset Alroy pulls up for water; he finds none fit even for a horse to drink, and is so exhausted himself, that he has not strength to remount. The horse, to prove that he is as fresh as ever, kneels down for Alroy to get on his back, and away they proceed at a "*rapid pace*," in their old direction. The horse carries Alroy to the other side of the desert, where they find water, but then, being no longer wanted, the noble animal "*bowed his head, and died*." A very elegant manner of going out of the world, for either man or beast; and so we are convinced thinks the author, for we find the hero's sister going out in the same manner, in page 81 of the 3rd volume, when Miriam "raised up her arms to Heaven, and *bowed her head, and died*."

Mr. D'Israeli deserves great commendation for the severe satire of this portion of his work, and we trust that after this *exposé*, writers of novels and romances will be more considerate of horse-flesh for the future. The ridiculous system of endowing heroes with majesty of countenance, and producing such marvellous effects by the flashing of their eyes, is well taken off in a *tête-a-tête* between Alroy and a lion, which disturbs him from a swoon by the side of the fountain.

"He returned the lion a glance as imperious, and fierce and *scrutinizing* as his own. For a moment their flashing orbs vied in regal rivalry, but at length the spirit of the mere animal yielded to the genius of the man. The lion *cowed*, slunk away, stalked with *haughty* timidity through the rocks, and then sprang into the forest!!!"

So that Alroy not only made the horse *go*, but he made the lion *go*. *Go it, D'Israeli. Bravo!*

The next impertinence of authors exposed by Mr. D'Israeli is that of filling up a dozen pages with descriptions of pageants and lord mayor's shows, a very convenient plan for swelling a book to an orthodox size. The following description of the marriage procession of Alroy and Schirene is an inimitable satire upon the custom. We will only mention the heads of the components of the procession, which occupies many pages in detail and explanations.

Five hundred maidens, *warranted of course*, &c.
Band of *bright* musicians, *golden robes* and *silver trumpets*.
Five hundred youths, *jackets of white fox skins*, &c.
Band of *bright* musicians, *silver robes* and *golden trumpets*.
Six choice steeds.
Household of Medad, &c.
Standard of Medad.

Medad on a coal black Arab.
 Three hundred officers, on studs of a pure race.
 Slaves bearing Medad's presents, &c.
 Twelve choice steeds.
 Household of Ithamar, &c.
 Standard of Ithamar.
 Ithamar on a snow white charger.
 Six hundred officers, on steeds of a pure race.
 Slaves bearing Ithamar's presents, &c.
 One hundred *niggers*, with their noses bored, &c.
 Standard of city of Bagdad, &c.
 Deputation of Bagdad, &c.
 Two hundred mules, with the princess's linen, &c., attended by
 Two hundred girls, dressed as angels.
 Two hundred men, dressed as devils.
 Standard of Egypt.
 Deputation from Egypt, &c.
 Present from Egypt to princess, &c.
 Standard of Syria.
 Deputation from the Holy Land, &c.
 Standard of Hamadan.
 Deputation of Hamadan, &c.
 Presents from Hamadan, &c.
 Fifty choice steeds.
 Household of Abner and Miriam, &c.
 Standard of Medes and Persians.
 Two white elephants, &c.
 Present of Abner, &c.
 Twelve elephants of state, &c.
 Present of Miriam to Schirene, &c.
 Eunuch guards, &c.
 Band of the Serail, of three hundred dwarfs, &c.
 One hundred steeds of Solomon, &c.
 Household of Alroy and Schirene, &c.
 Lord Honain, riding on a chesnut steed, shod with silver, &c.
 Two hundred pages, &c.
 Two thousand servants, &c.
 Treasurer showering gold.
 Sceptre of Solomon, &c.
 Magnificent and lofty car, *axle-trees turquois and diamonds*, wheels
gold and blue enamel, drawn by twelve snow-white, sacred horses,
 &c. &c. In the car, Alroy and Schirene.
 Five thousand guards, &c. &c. &c.

So much for the making up of books. Mr. D'Israeli then attacks the various follies in the style of authors. The foolish namby-pamby love-making in novels and romances is admirably taken off. What can be more delightfully absurd than the following "billing and cooing" between Alroy and Schirene?

"Sweet bird! is it now a caliph?"
 "My plaintive nightingale, shall we hunt to-day?"
 "Methinks I see thee even yet, *shy* bird."
 "Dost know, I was so foolish when it quitted me? Dost know I cried?"
 "Ah no, thou didst not cry."
 "Indeed, I think I did."
 "Tell me again, my own Schirene—indeed didst cry?"
 "Indeed I did, my soul."

"Little robin redbreast sat upon a pole,
 Wiggle waggle went his tail,
 And —————."

The effect of love upon Schirene before her marriage is also very well portrayed. It is a very delicate hit upon the naïve observations

introduced by young ladies in novels. Alroy says, that love makes him serious, but Schirene replies—

“Nay, sweet—it makes me *wild* and *fanciful*, now I could do *such* things, but what I *know* not.”

It is well known that authors who are deficient in wit, are too apt to substitute flippancy and pertness. Some admirable specimens of this style of writing are humorously introduced by Mr. D'Israeli in several parts of the work, as for instance—

“And thy portion is——”

“Truth.”

“That is, light.”

“Yes, so dazzling that it sometimes seems dark.”

“Like thy meaning.”

“You are young.”

“Is youth a defect?”

“No, the reverse; but we cannot eat the fruit while the tree is in blossom.”

“What fruit?”

“Knowledge.”

“I have studied.”

“What?”

“All sacred things.”

“How do you know they are sacred?”

“They come from God.”

Again—

“Abidan, how fares it?”

“Very well.”

“Indeed!”

“As it may turn out.”

“You are brief.”

“Bitter.”

We must not omit the following remarkable conversation between two demons of the tomb:

“What shall we see, Heaven or Earth?”

“Hell for me, 'tis more amusing.”

“As for me, I'm sick of Hades.”

“Let us visit Solomon.”

“In his unknown metropolis?”

“That will be rare!”

“But where? O where?”

“Even a spirit cannot tell; but they say, but they say—I dare not whisper what they say.”

“Who told you?”

“No one; I overheard an Afrite whispering to a female ghoul he wanted to seduce.”

“Hah! hah! hah! hah! choice pair—choice pair.”

“He was a deserter without leave from Solomon's body guard; the trull wriggled the secret out.”

The above admittance of the reader into the boudoir of demons, is evidently a hit at those authors who describe the fashionable coteries in which they were never admitted.

Neither has the acumen of the author permitted him to pass unnoticed the attempts at effect, by finishing a chapter or a catastrophe with a single word or brief sentence, such as—“he darted out of the room!!—he plunged and disappeared!!—a shriek and all was over!!” Now, that much effect may be produced by this style of writing is evident, but then it requires great judgment. An author has to steer between the Scylla of being too prolix, and the Charybdis of being too succinct. In the one case he may swell an idea into a volume, in the other he may compress a

volume into a page. By the following specimen Mr. D'Israeli has proved that the whole of his Wondrous Tale might have been compressed into three pages, and sold for three halfpence.

The attack upon the chorus of maidens singing Isaiah, their fright, the seizing of Miriam, and the consternation which ensued, &c. &c. is thus described:—

“ A scream ! a shriek ! a long wild shriek ! confusion—flight—despair ! ”

We believe that we have done ample justice to this admirable composition ; and before we proceed to remark upon the new style invented by Mr. D'Israeli, we must take the liberty of remarking, that in one observation of his we do not agree with him. He says—

“ A vast population influenced by a high degree of excitement, is the most sublime of spectacles.”

If such is Mr. D'Israeli's opinion, we recommend him, the next time he attempts to get into parliament, to stand for the *Tower Hamlets*.

In his preface, Mr. D'Israeli has announced that he has taken up and invented a new style. That he has done this with the view of ridiculing the attempts of Satan Montgomery and others, we have not the least doubt ; but at the same time he appears so really serious in his preface, that at first we believed that he was in earnest. The absurdity of it, however, soon convinced us that he was *quizzing*. This new style is what may be called *prose poetry*, or *poetical prose*. An illicit connexion has taken place between the two, and produced the following hybrid offspring. We will now select portions of his *prose*, and write them down in the form of verse.

“ Sunny and sweet,
And bright and clear,
Its airy notes float through the sky,
And trill with innocent revelry.”

“ It is the tender twilight hour
When maidens in their lonely bower
Sigh softer than the Eve ;
The languid rose her head upraises
And listens to the nightingale,
While his wild and thrilling praises
From his trembling bosom gush,
The languid rose her head upraises,
And listens with a blush.”

“ In the clear and rosy air
Sparkling with a single star,
The sharp and spiry cypress tree
Rises like a gloomy thought,
Amid the flow of revelry ;
A singing bird,
A single star,
A solemn tree,
An odorous flower,
Are dangerous in the tender hour
When maidens in their twilight bower,
Sigh softer than the Eve.”

“ Ah ! bright Gazelle ! ah ! bright Gazelle !
The princess cried, the princess cried ;
Thy lips are softer than the swan,
Thy lips are softer than the swan,
But *his* breathed passion
When they pressed,
My bright Gazelle ! my bright Gazelle ! ”

" She seized her lute, she wildly threw
Her fingers on the thrilling chords,
And gazing on the rosy sky,
To borrow all its poetry,
Thus, thus she sang—thus, thus she sang."

We might multiply these specimens until we filled half a sheet of the magazine. All the above is written down as prose, although without altering a word we have formed it into a kind of metre. We recollect that *somebody* once said to *somebody*—"Do you read or sing? if you sing, you sing very ill." If it were not that we knew Mr. D'Israeli to be joking, we should now say—Is it meant for prose or poetry? if it is poetry, it is confounded bad; and we might continue, that if it is prose, it is even more burlesque. It certainly is very clever, and Mr. D'Israeli has, we trust, given the death-blow to all "new styles."

But our limits are already unusually extended, and we must close our remarks. These volumes will be productive of much good. The author has condescended to employ his genius and his splendid talents in cleansing the Augean stable of modern literature. With the crowd who attended at the marriage of our hero and Schirene, we exclaim—

"Long live Alroy!"

Extracts from the Information received by his Majesty's Commissioners as to the Administration and Operation of the Poor Laws. Published by Authority. B. Fellows, Ludgate Street.

This is the most important, the most authentic, and by far, the most intelligent publication we have yet seen, on this, to England, vital subject. Here we have no visionary schemes, no absurd theories, but facts stubborn and appalling, and evidence that all must shudder at, and none can doubt. Dark and menacing, indeed, is the prospect that lies before us, and we fear the monstrous evil that overshadows it with its ominous wings is indomitable. The landed property of the country seems to be placed between two engulfing difficulties, the Scylla and Charybdis of our social compact—the mortgage of the national debt on the one hand, and the agrarian pretensions of an insolent, an idle, and a pauper population on the other. Narrowly watched as government is at present, the former evil is not likely to be increased, but the latter is increasing in a frightful ratio; and to stop this increase to any purpose seems to involve such a horrible sacrifice of the first principles of humanity, that he must be either more or less than man that would dare to adopt them effectually. But it appears that one thing should immediately be done—make the retreat of the pauper any thing but a place of indulgence, for it is ascertained by evidence the most incontrovertible that the inhabitant of the workhouse is more commodiously lodged, better clothed, and more fully nourished, not only than the out-door labourer, but also than the humbler class of rate-payers, who, from the sweat of their brows and the pain of their toils, help to contribute to the support of the well-fed parochial pensioner. So fully and so justly are the luxuries of the workhouse appreciated, that we have it upon evidence that a pauper mechanic, coming by bequest into the possession of 100*l.* a year, refused to depart from his snuggerly; and the overseers, were compelled to do justice, by appropriating as much of the dividend as would reimburse themselves, with which arrangement our gentleman of an independent income was perfectly satisfied. Who, then, would not make himself altogether a pauper, that finds himself upon the brink of poverty? That this pernicious system, which is openly destroying the prosperity of the country, is the result of our poor laws, none, after reading this work, will pretend

to deny. Even in America, that land of high wages, equality, and super-abundant produce, this destructive system has commenced its ravages, for we find by state documents that in New York one person in 220 is a pauper; in Massachusetts, one in 68; in Connecticut, one in 150; in New Hampshire, one in 100; and in Delaware, one in 227. Of all persons in the community, the labouring classes should be the most impressed with the necessity of forethought, and a dread of improvidence; yet is the operation of our various laws on the poor of a tendency the directly opposite. However, we must retrace our steps before it be too late, gradually yet firmly, or with the poor themselves we shall destroy our institutions, our monarchy, and ourselves. We presume to say, that any senator who wilfully omits to read the volume that has elicited these remarks, is guilty of a dereliction of duty, and we recommend the perusal the more strongly, as no exclusive system is attempted to be established: facts are laid down, and every thinking man will judge for himself.

An Introductory Lecture on Political Economy, delivered at King's College, London. By the Rev. R. Jones, M.A., Professor of Political Economy at King's College. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This is another proof of the value of this institution, and of the ability by which its reputation is so well supported. The lecture before us, being only preliminary, we can but do justice to the soundness of its general principles, and to the lucidity and energy, sometimes approaching to elegance, in which they are promulgated. Mr. Jones makes it fully apparent that political economy in its widest, and that is, in its most legitimate sense, is closely and inseparably mixed up with every thing that belongs to the moral character of a people; and that it is almost, nay, quite as essential, to improve that character by the precepts of religion, and the operation of moral laws, as to make mercantile regulations, or treatises of foreign commerce, in order to attain any thing like perfection in developing the productive resources of a country. And well, and sensibly, and patriotically, does he bid us look AT HOME for our best market; but we wish Mr. Jones, on this point, to use his own language.

"On these results, however, I cannot dwell at any length. The great lesson is the importance, in all stages, of the bulk of the nation, of what are called the inferior classes. We may take for examples Russia and England. It is not too much to say, that (without adverting to the progress of the higher and intermediate classes) if the labouring classes of the Russian empire could be put on a level with the average body of English labourers; if their consumption could be made as great and similar, then the financial resources, the annual public revenue of Russia, and her political strength and influence, would be increased much more than they would be by the conquest of another empire as large and populous as her own, and in the same condition, though such an empire would form a considerable portion of the world.

"We have a case nearer home, not very pleasant to contemplate. Let us turn to Ireland, and, while we pronounce the gunpowder name, dismiss for a moment, if we can, political feelings from our minds. There are economical points of view, in which all parties may surely contemplate the state of Ireland with profit. It may be shown, that could her peasant population be placed in such a position, that their consumption equalled that of an equal number of English labourers, the direct addition to our public revenue would be greater than the whole sum, which that revenue receives from all our colonies and foreign possessions put together; though these almost girdle the globe, and contain more than one hundred millions of inhabitants. There is no country in Europe to which an analysis of the condition of its population would not show like results; we may hope that one day such calculations will be familiar to all nations. They will be the most eloquent of monitors to peace and good government."

Before this our present number shall have made its appearance in company with the floral May, Mr. Jones will have given his lecture upon the

"Component Parts of Labour Fund;" and we anticipate, from what we have already seen, that we shall have a flood of light thrown upon the subject.

We look upon political economy as the noblest science of which human nature is capable, and we are pleased to see men of talents step forward its voluntary apostles. It is a science, the reputation of which has been much and unjustly injured by false prophets and pretenders.

Sunday in London. Illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, and a Few Words by a Friend of His. With a Copy of Sir Andrew Agnew's Bill. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

Well done, Effingham Wilson! well done, Cruikshank! and well done, that astute friend of his! This is a piquant satire upon all parties; we have all motes in our eyes, and Cruikshank, and that friend of his, take the beams out of their own, wherewith to knock us all down. Here's the inimitable Cruikshank, with a few off-hand scratches, scratching off epigrams and satires upon every degree of folly, and that quizzical friend of his, using George's cuts, as a text, from which to shoot forth in all manner of severity, cutting right and left. But to speak seriously, truth generally lies equally remote from two extremes; and we think in this question of the sabbath, it does eminently so. There is a golden mean that our legislature should endeavour to hit, between the extreme of licentiousness and the extreme of puritanism: we think this work, bantering as it is, goes a great way towards pointing out that mean. But to the detail; in the plate of "Marching to Divine Service," there is a little oversight. The soldiers are carrying their arms with their bayonets fixed. They always march to church unarmed, as they ought to do. There is a world of sweet and bitter things in the plate that has for motto, "Thou shalt do no manner of work, thou, nor thy cattle." We think that we recognize the figure in black—it is a hard hit. The pew full of fat, comfortable, fashionably dressed, *miserable* sinners, is exquisite: we wish we could transfer the cut to our page, but as we cannot, we must content ourselves with some letter-press, which is a sort of epitome of the whole book.

"SUMMARY OF SUNDAY RECREATIONS.

"HIGHER ORDERS.

"Lying in bed. Riding about. Nodding and winking. Cutting and cultivating. Showing off. Showing up. Letting down. D. I. O., away we go. Talking at Tattersall's. Lounging at club. Sunday papers—sporting and *double entendre*. Home to dress. *Grand* dinner. Eating too much—devilish fine! *Playing* too little—*pigeons* so shy on a Sunday. *Soirée musicale*; d—d bore. *Conversations*—almost *ditto*. Cursed head ache. Soda and hock. And so to bed; rather queerish.

"MIDDLE ORDERS.

"Jolly good breakfast. Uncommon clean shave. Posting the books. Totting up;—profit?—pretty well thank you, Mr. *Myself*. Sunday paper;—full of fun, and coming it strong. Jolly good dinner. Jaunt to somewhere—*shay* or omnibus. Pity poor horses;—poor devils! Blow a cloud. Three or four grogs—*hot* with, or *cold* without. Rattle home again. Pity poor devils of horses;—quite blow'd and dead beat. *Cheap* riding though. Jolly good supper. A couple of grogs. Another cloud. And so to bed;—pretty comfortable.

"LOWER ORDERS.

"Up and out. A knock over the liver. *Shy* for another;—*lost*. D—n the luck! Go to the barber's. Wife to market. Barber's shop full. Wait for turn—an hour and a half. Another *knock*. *Shy* for another;—win;—strike me lucky! Growling wife. Give her a whack. Take a snooze. Squalling kids;—'more dinner, daddy!' Dinner be d—d; and the swipes too. Toddle out of it in quick time. Another knock at the *ginnegan*. Ditto repeated. Copenhagen Fields. Capital cat

bunt. Slap-up dog-fight. Bit of a mill. Toss for a tater and kidney. Tom and Jerry shop. Two pots of heavy above board. Four qvort'ns of max *on the sly*. Sportin papers—my eyes!—Lots of pipes. A *reglar* wrangle. Mizzle home. Wife sings out. Give her a *settler*. And so turn in ;—rather muzzy. To-morrow St. Monday !”

Eastern and Egyptian Scenery, Ruins, &c., illustrative of a Journey from India to Europe, intended to show the advantage and practicability of Steam Navigation from England to India. By Captain C. F. HEAD. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

This is a splendid work, even from its frontispiece. The title intimates the contents, and well do the contents justify the title. A steam establishment to India, through the Red Sea, becomes daily of more importance. If England be not upon the alert, her declining influence in the quarters of which this book treats will be shortly annihilated. Already has France formed her incipient colony, and is endeavouring still farther to extend her influence in Egypt, and what she has done by conquest we should endeavour to do by commercial and transmarine establishments.

It is really a pleasant journey for the reader, who is also largely a spectator, to travel with the gallant captain from the harbour of Bombay, with its splendid and vast scenery, through all the intermediate wonders, along the Red Sea and over the ruin-decorated land, to the Mediterranean. The view of the village and bay of Tamarara is romantic and beautiful, particularly well drawn, and clearly engraved. We next arrive at Mocha, which has, to the European eye, a most singular appearance, yet an appearance not devoid of beauty. The mosque at Loheia, with its multiplied egg-like domes and one lofty minaret, from which a priest is calling to prayers, will not fail to rivet the attention. The view of Ziddah conveys the impression of a large, handsome, and well fortified city.

The approach to the remains of Carnac is a sublimity in ruins. To judge the doers by the deeds, in the days that saw those edifices erected, there must have been giants. The contemplation of the ruins in the north-west end forms of itself a study for hours. The ruins of the Memnonium are as elegant as they are vast and elaborate ; but it would be impossible to specify the long line of architectural grandeur that follows—the book itself must be consulted to form any the least adequate idea of the magnificence of those bye-gone ages, in which man, in his social relations, appears to have been so little, and his works evince such greatness. That a conveyance for passengers and merchandise across the Isthmus of Suez, and thence by means of the Red Sea to India, is easily attainable, but a very short consultation of the work before us will make evident. There are but two obstacles to be feared—the certainty of the great expense, and the great uncertainty of protection ; but to an undertaking of importance so vast, and whose results would be to England so beneficial, we will not raise futile objections. It appears by a survey, that in former times a canal had been excavated, and conducted more than half over the isthmus, but finding the level to be so much above that of the Mediterranean, forty feet, and the use of locks being then unknown, the projectors prudently desisted. It would be curious to hear the opinions of scientific surveyors upon the consequences of a direct and unchecked opening being made between the two seas. Would the Red Sea be drained, or the coasts of the Mediterranean flooded? However, we must trespass no further upon the short limits we assign ourselves in our notices, excepting to assure Captain Head of our pride in calling so enterprising an explorer our countryman, and giving our ready and unscrupulous tes-

timony to the merits of the book, its manner of narration, and its superb style of embellishment; and we hope that it will be found in the library of every gentleman who takes pride in the enterprize of our countrymen, and in the literature of our country.

The Testimony of Nature and Revelation to the Being, Perfection, and Government of God. By the Rev. HENRY FEIGNS. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

It is not among the ignorant that sceptics are generally found, nor among the pure-minded and highly enlightened; the former believe through natural instinct, which is a God-implanted feeling, and though not often wisely, yet generally well; the latter ground their faith, not only upon the love of the Almighty, but also upon the convictions of their highly-cultivated reason. The atheist and the sceptic will generally be found between these two classes, and may be designated either as the ignorant, dazzled, not enlightened, by an imperfect education; or as the well-educated, who have quenched their acquired or natural lights in the stream of passion, or who have smothered them in the lap of sensuality. To these misguided classes this book ought to be highly acceptable. Facts are heaped upon facts, and reasonings that none but the wilful can fail to take home to their understandings, are here gathered in a most pleasing manner, to enlighten those who walk in the obscurity of doubt, to confirm the wavering, and to rejoice the heart of the firm. We assure the author that we have read his work attentively, and with much advantage. His comparative anatomy has furnished us with many new and interesting facts, and caused our memory to recover still more. Where he has kept on the face of nature, and to those objects which the mind of man can embrace easily, and assent to readily, his work is really delightful; but yet, we cannot help thinking that in some parts his work is too recondite. The reason of the existence of natural and moral evil we shall never comprehend until evil shall be no more, and the human understanding resolved into an universal omniscience, for revelation tells us that in heaven we shall know all things. To conclude, this is an elegant and enlightened work of a pious and highly-gifted man; and we shall do all that we can to forward its circulation, and promote the cause it advocates.

Journal of an Excursion to Antwerp, during the Siege of the Citadel. By Captain the Hon. C. S. W. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This is a succinct and naturally written account of a siege, that has obtained celebrity more on account of the "piping times of peace" in which it was performed, than on account of any thing singular in the performance. This journal is pleasingly, because unaffectedly written, with just so much of technicality as is becoming to a military spectator, and yet lucid enough to be understood by any well-informed civilian. The plans and plates greatly tend to make every thing so clear, that stupidity alone could misunderstand the operations. We think that the author is too hard upon *les braves Belges*—who, if they did run, they did it so simultaneously, and were countenanced by such numbers, and altogether so effectually—for we never heard of any of the fugitives being cut down—that we must look upon the flight only as a combined and rapid movement *en arrière*, and eulogize it accordingly. For our parts, we admire the glories of war, yet we still more venerate the triumphs of humanity; we cannot, therefore, help thinking that Le Chasse did too much for the former, and too little for the latter. It was, however, a soldierly fault, and we pardon him. We recommend this work, as well for its style and spirit as for its information, and we have no doubt that its circulation will be commensurate with its merits.

The Book of Reform ; being Reflections, Suggestions, and Plans, of what are about to be decided in the New Parliament. By WENTWORTH HOLWORTHY. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

We have read this work with attention, and we premise that all those who read it, must do it in the manner that we have done, or it had better not be done at all—"Drink deep, or taste not the Holworthian Spring." The author takes, in his opinion, a middle course, between the uprooting and destructive dogmas of the Radical, and the antiquated abuse-preserving doctrines of the Tory. This path, we think, will be found to be the road to good government ; and, that in it, Mr. Holworthy is marching steadily and triumphantly forward, no one that observes his progress with a proper spirit, can reasonably doubt. Yet we think that he expatiates too much, embraces too many objects, and, by his universality of theoretic amendment, seems to us to make practical amelioration the more difficult and remote. Were all his plans adopted, and all his suggestions listened to, society would become completely new modelled—better it might be, worse it probably would be. A number of isolated truths and principles, in themselves inappreciable and incontrovertible, when brought together in one mass, do not always produce a beneficial, or even a satisfactory whole. Society is steadily and gradually working out its own reformation—abuse after abuse will totter and fall, like the mouldering and useless turrets of a gothic edifice, and, as fast as they are removed, renovated structure will assuredly rise, more adapted to our wants, and to the spirit of the age. Let us not precipitate. To speak a little as to the detail of this work, we think that the author has been rather too hard upon the bishops. They must be appointed either by patronage or election—and while human nature remains what it is, both must be conciliated ; and of the two, subserviency to a multitude is more abasing than pliability to one patron. As a whole, we think extremely well of this treatise. The style is adapted to the subject, the language is clear, and the reflections something more than ripples on the surface. We find here and there excellent specimens of a caustic humour, which we think he has more endeavoured to repress than exhibit. We recommend the work generally to all readers, and we are sure that where the author does not convince, he will not fail to open sources of thinking, and please by his manner, though his matter be repudiated.

The Family Library. No. XXXVII. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This entertaining number, containing the lives of "Scottish Worthies," is compiled by Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq., and finishes the clever abstract of the history of James I., who appears in a light more amiable than we have been accustomed to view him. We have next a too brief account of Robert Henryson. William Dunbar, and Sir David Lindsay follow ; and the volume is made still more interesting, by quotations from poems but little known to the English reader. We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of giving one little extract from Sir David Lindsay, as it is so indicative of the extreme modesty of the Scottish ladies of that time, and of the well founded annoyance of the poet.

" Another fault, sir, may be seen,
They hide their face all but their een.
When gentlemen bid them gude day,
Without reverence they slide away.
Unless their naked face I see,
They get no more good days from me."

Library of Romance. Edited by LEITCH RITCHIE. *Vol. IV.; containing the Stolen Child.* By JOHN GALT, Esq. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

None more sincerely welcomed Mr. Ritchie in his novel undertaking than ourselves, or more cheerfully hitherto paid a tribute to the excellence of the manner in which it was conducted. Hitherto our perusals have been pleasures, our notices praises. We must now pause. In our opinion, the tale before us has not a single requisite that entitles it to a place in this series. The interest endeavoured to be excited is of the poorest description; the work has no feeling, no passion, no sentiment. There is scarcely any delineation of character, and that which is attempted is not well sustained. The writer, in his preface, says that these characters are actual portraits: if they be so, they are either very badly portrayed, or are not worthy portraying. He has, at the very outset of the tale, destroyed all that eagerness of expectancy that so fascinatingly binds the reader to the book till he attains the conclusion; he knows what the catastrophe will be, if he should have the courage to wade through the wearying perplexities of the tale to it; and, to make the matter the more annoying, these perplexities are told in a gossiping, twaddling style, that we supposed no author of note would have dared to offer to the public. We respect the abilities of Mr. Galt, but on that account we must not affect to be blind to his blemishes as a writer. To Mr. Ritchie we must say, "Give us not a name but a work, and let not the title-page be the most impressive page in the book." We doubt not but that in these remarks we shall be fully borne out by the evidence of the respectable and impartial press, though it is a sorrowful truth that no work, however ill-conceived or badly executed, does not at the present day, find its hireling advocate.

Fables, Original and Selected. By the late JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A. *Illustrated by 280 Engravings on Wood.* John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This entertaining and singular work is prefaced by a short yet graphic biographical sketch of the life of Mr. Northcote, from which it appears that he bequeathed a sum of money in furtherance of the publication, and well has his design been fulfilled. How much more cheerful, instructive, and amiable, is such a monument, than the erection of the proud and cold marble that stands almost unvisited, and soon forgotten, in the silent church or the damp cemetery! He has, indeed, turned posthumous vanity to a noble purpose. The work itself is most elegantly produced to the public, and the wood cuts certainly the clearest and best that we have ever seen. Each illuminated letter that begins every fable is in itself a study, now conveying an incident, now pointing an epigram. The vignettes that adorn the conclusion of each fable are, many of them, really beautiful in design, and masterly in the execution. As to the fables themselves, they are, we think, as good as any modern writer can make them, taken as a whole. The subjects available to this species of writing have been long exhausted, and we, of the present day, have only got to ring changes upon what Æsop so long ago delivered. The book is essentially a drawing-room work, fitted to be looked at by the effulgence of wax-lights on a sofa, and surrounded by elegance. Then the tales and allusions expressed in the vignettes and ornamented letters may be guessed at and decyphered, the fables read, and the morals applied; and in this manner we know not how an hour could be more gratefully or more intellectually employed.

Historical and Descriptive Account of the Coast of Sussex, Brighton, &c. By G. D. PARRY, M.A. Wright and Son, Brighton. Longman and Co., London.

This work is got up in a very superior style, and may justly lay claim to merits superior to those that belong to a mere compilation. Of course, Brighton and its environs form one of the principal features of the work, as the town has itself become, since so long dignified by the residence of royalty, one of the most fashionable resorts of the country. The plates present correct views, and are very clearly engraved. Every information that a traveller through, or a sojourner in these parts may require, we feel confident that he will attain by the perusal of this work, that almost deserves the name of splendid. To relieve the dry detail of mere topographical matter, there is interspersed throughout many amusing anecdotes, for the most part new to us. Take the following. It appears in the time of the late Duke of Norfolk, that Lord Thurlow had acquired the *sobriquet* of the owl. What next will the vulgar profanate? Well, to make a fair balance, and not to wrong either party, one of his grace's owls was called Lord Thurlow. Lord Thurlow was at this time dangerously ill, and much political anticipation was thereby occasioned. Early in the morning, one of the attendants advanced hastily, and out of breath to the duke. "Please your grace, Lord Thurlow—"—"Well—what's the news? Is he better, or worse?"—"Please your grace," answered the man, "my lord has *just laid an egg*." The duke did not expect the hatching of such a reply.

History and Adventures of Don Quixote. Illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. 3 vols. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

This is the third and last volume of this excellent edition. As a frontispiece we have the portrait of Dulcinea, and we assure the able delineator that it will be impressed upon our memorial bump when many a smoother face shall have been obliterated. It is just the thing—not too extravagant, and therefore the more humorous. Of a work so well known, and so generally, though we think not duly, appreciated, we have but little to say, excepting that we are convinced that the more it is read, the author's views will become the better understood. We recommend this edition for every quality that makes a work valuable, and we are sorry, for our own parts, that there is not enough to extend it to four volumes. We call the attention of the lovers of true comedy to the representation of Sancho at dinner. The astonished look of the governor, his capacious mouth as much opened by hunger as amazement, and the self-sufficient look of the all-denying doctor. In Sancho's countenance there are at the same time voracity, ire, and expostulation, and his attitude is in admirable keeping with the whole scene. The waggery and mirth of the attendants are rather too broadly expressed; had they been portrayed more demure and sly, the comedy, we humbly think, would have been more rich.

Practical Gardening, for the Use of all Classes. By MARTIN DOYLE. William Curry, Jun., Dublin; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

A short and practical little work, compiled with good sense, and unincumbered by the affectation of learning, or the pretensions of the theorist, and evidently the result of the author's own experience. We recommend it to general use.

The Wizard of the North, the Vampire Bride, and other Poems. By the Hon. HENRY LIDDEL. William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, London.

"The evil that men do, lives after them." So said Shakspeare; but in these poems, we think that there will be found an exception to the rule. There are no signs of immortality about them.

"And, to remotest ages, unforgot,
Shall live the names of WELLINGTON and SCOTT."

Thus sings the poet. It is really just probable, that if these names live, they will not be forgotten, though we are sure that the song that says so, will—nay, we are almost persuaded, that in the space of a little year, the author will wish it himself. If anything could reconcile us to the loss of such a genius as Scott, it is, that he does not live to see himself thus commemorated. The "Vampire Bride" is better, though it is written in a hobbling metre, and the verses are strangely unpolished. It seems wonderful, too, that Albert, immediately after his marriage, should go to play tennis; and still more wonderful, that he should find a marble statue in the court. Such a petrified intruder would egregiously puzzle Mr. Cox. To the last piece, the "Ode to an Eagle," we give our meed of approbation; it is somewhat Pindaric, and approaches to poetry. But in a piece so short, the author should not have twice given us the same rhymes, "pinions," "dominions." It evinces a poverty of resource.

The Emigrant's Directory, and Guide to obtain Lands, and to effect a Settlement in the Canadas. FRANCIS EVANS, Esq. William Curry, Jun. Dublin; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

We sympathize in the regret that the publishers express, in the demise of Mr. Evans, who, it appears, whilst preparing a larger work upon the same subject, fell a victim to the cholera, at Quebec. This book contains just such advice as we should expect from the mouth of an enlightened friend, told in an easy, confiding, conversational manner. Any person who intends to expatriate himself, and fails to read this work, knowing of its existence, will be guilty of great folly. Independent of its utility to the adventurer, it is by no means an indifferent topographical history of this incipient empire, and as amusing to the general reader as it is instructive to the emigrant. We hope that it will have the wide circulation that it deserves, as we feel assured, that if justly appreciated, and wisely used, it will be the saving of tears, health, and property, to many of our countrymen.

Anderson's Poetical Aspirations, with additional Poems. Second Edition. Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

We before bestowed a deserved commendatory notice on this work, when it made its first essay for the public approbation. We have now perused the additional poems, and find that they do not disgrace the company of their elder brothers. To those who have not seen our remarks on the first edition, we have to say, that the tone of the whole work is quiet, gentle, and unaffected, avoiding absurdity by not straining for originality; and though it fails to surprise, yet it will most assuredly please the taste, even of the most fastidious reader.

Petit Tableau Littéraire de la France, contenant un Essai sur la Littérature Française, et des Nombreux Extraits des Meilleurs Auteurs. By F. MERLET. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

We have looked through this compilation, and find it to contain approved specimens of the productions of French genius. There is great merit in the selection, and as that is all the excellence to which Monsieur Merlet aspired, he has certainly attained it. The introductory essay on the language and literature is written with a praiseworthy though partial feeling for the superiority of the genius of his native country. As a school-book, we think it rather too bulky, as one for the library, hardly voluminous enough. But this may be thought a mere cavil: we shall therefore dismiss it to the success that it deserves, and that we have no doubt that it will find. We think that a similar book was wanted, and what is much wanted, is generally fully appreciated.

The Life and Travels of the Apostle Paul. ANON. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We have here, in polished language, the life and sufferings of the converted Saul, reduced into a pleasing narrative. As might be expected, there is, throughout, much learning displayed, and, by the perusal of the work, at once the mind is absorbed in interest, knowledge is acquired, and piety strengthened. As Paul was, in worldly wisdom, the most enlightened of the apostles, so are his adventures more varied; and we do not doubt that many will blush to have consumed so much time over the creations of the vain romance, and the flippancies of the modern novel, when they contemplate adventures so surprising, a character so grand, and a martyrdom so glorious. He lived as a Christian, and died as a Roman. The only benefit he derived from temporal distinction was, that he perished by the edge of the sword, being the melancholy right of Roman citizenship. If we enter not more into detail, it is for want of the due space, for we would gladly point out many beauties of style worthy the subject, were but our limits more extended.

A Letter on Shakspeare's Authorship of the "Two Noble Kinsmen," a Drama commonly ascribed to John Fletcher. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh; Longman, Rees, and Co., London.

This is an ingenious attempt to add another leaf to the eternal laurel that shades the brow of our national poet. It is not endeavoured to be proved that the whole of this play is Shakspeare's, hardly the major part; but as far as the extracts and the reasonings upon them go, we think that the author has made out a strong, though not an unanswerable case. We are certainly convinced that parts of this drama are not Fletcher's, and that other parts are much in Shakspeare's style; but this essay will bring more fame to the writer, than to the bard whose rights he so ably vindicates. The "Two Noble Kinsmen" is not necessary to the glory of Shakspeare; and though what the author says is true, that worse plays have been attributed to the great dramatist, yet his immortality rests upon pieces infinitely better. The work before us is most valuable for its able critical disquisitions, and the general insight that it gives of the manners and powers of the dramatic writers that flourished in the Elizabethan age. He has taught the world some wholesome reverence for those noble spirits, whose works are too little regarded by the readers, and too little emulated by the writers, of the present day. At some future opportunity, we shall re-peruse a work with which we have been so much pleased, and with the disputed play before us; and, if we then find that our prepossessions are strengthened into conviction, we shall take some opportunity of making our opinion known, that justice may be done both to Shakspeare and his able commentator.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- The Puritan's Grave, by the Author of the "Usurer's Daughter." Sunday in London, with Illustrations, by George Cruikshank, and a few words by a Friend of his. 5s.
- The Port Admiral; a Tale of War, by the Author of "Cavendish." 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
- The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion, with Notes and Illustrations by the Editor of Captain Rock's Memoirs. 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. 18s.
- A Treatise on Happiness, consisting of Observations on Health, Property, the Mind, and the Passions, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.
- The Seats and Causes of Diseases, investigated by Anatomy, by J. B. Morgagni; arranged and elucidated with copious Notes, by W. Cooke. 2 vols. 8vo. 16s.
- Index Entomologicus; or, a complete illustrated Catalogue of the Lepidopterous Insects of Great Britain, by W. Wood, No. I., with 108 Figures, containing all the British Butterflies. 8vo. 3s. 6d. plain, 9s. coloured, 13s. 6d. royal 8vo.
- Adelaide; a Story of Modern Life. 3 vols. fcp. 8vo. 18s. 6d.
- Bristol and its Environs, a Descriptive Poem, in two Books. 8vo. 6s.
- Essays on Field Fortification, intended for the Junior and Non-commissioned Officers of the British Infantry, by Lieut. H. Fenwick. 18mo. 6s.
- Vitruvius Britannicus, Part II., History of Hatfield House; illustrated by Plans, Elevations, and Internal Views of the Apartments, by P. F. Robinson. Folio, 3l. 3s.
- Criminal Law; being a Commentary on Bentham on Death-Punishment, by H. B. Andrews. 8vo. 7s.
- Quintana's Lives of celebrated Spaniards. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Life and Travels of the Apostle Paul, fcp. 8vo. 6s.
- Bramwell on the Proceedings on Bills in the House of Commons. 4to. 25s.
- A Memoir of Spurzheim, by Carmichael, royal 12mo. 4s. 6d.
- Duhring's Remarks on the United States of America with regard to the actual state of Europe, royal 12mo. 7s.
- Fergus on the Testimony of Nature and Revelation to the Being and Government of God. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Doyle's Practical Gardening. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
- Strong's (Rev. W.) Discourses. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Ware's Sunday Library, Vol. I. Life of the Saviour. 18mo. 5s.
- American Book of Common Prayer. 18mo. 5s.
- Record Commission, a General Introduction to Doomsday Book, with three Indexes, by Sir Wm. Ellis. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.
- History of the French Revolution, by A. Alison. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.
- History of Dissenters, by Bogue and Bennet, 2nd edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

New editions of Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women*, and Mr. Slade's interesting *Travels in Turkey*, are on the eve of publication.

The new novel announced for immediate publication, under the title of "Lucien Greville," is understood to be from the pen of a Mr. Pettigrew, an Officer in the East India Company's service, and a son of D. Pettigrew, Esq.

Mr. Urquhart, a gentleman who has recently returned from an extensive tour in Turkey, has ready for publication an octavo volume on the actual condition of Turkey. His remarks bear more particularly on the resources and municipal institutions of the country.

Sketches of the United States and British Provinces of North America are just ready for publication; they will appear under the title of, "A Subaltern's Furlough." The Author, Lieut. Coke, was there during the summer and autumn of 1832.

Evidences of Christianity, by C. P. McIlvaine, D.D., Bishop of Ohio: a Volume of the Select Library.

The National Portrait Gallery; the First Part of a new Volume.

Dr. Adam Clarke's Folio Family Bible, Part I.

School and Family Manual: a series of Conversations between a Father and his Children, explaining the most important subjects of early instruction.

May, 1833.—VOL. VII.—NO. XXV.

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Woman, the Angel of Life; a Poem, in three Cantos, by Robert Montgomery, Author of the Messiah.

It is proposed to publish, by subscription, a Work on Portugal, political, statistical, and characteristic, by Mr. Robert Scott, Jurisconsult in Lisbon during the years 1827-8-9.

Gil Blas de Santillane; forming Vol. XVI. of Roscoe's Novelist's Library, with Illustrations by George Cruikshank.

Memoirs of the late Rev. Robert Hall, by Mr. Morris.

By subscription, a Practical German Grammar, by Mr. J. F. Reymann, under the title of The Essentials of German Grammar. The work will be accompanied by Tables of German Handwriting, containing the German Characters, and upwards of eighty copies.

School and Family Manual, Vol. I. Geometry, and Vol. II. Arithmetic, (in two Parts.) To be continued occasionally.

Principles of Astronomy, by William Brett, M.A., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Part II., containing Physical Astronomy.

The Young Cricketer's Tutor, by John Nyren, a player in the celebrated old Hambledon Club. To which is added, The Cricketers of My Time, by the same; the whole edited by Charles Cowden Clarke.

The Field Book, or Sports and Pastimes of the United Kingdom alphabetically arranged, and illustrated with 150 appropriate Embellishments, by the Author of "Wild Sports of the West."

History of the Middle and Working Classes, with an Exposition of the Causes which have influenced the past and present condition of the industrious orders.

The Fourth and Fifth Parts of the Anecdotes of Hogarth, written by himself; with Catalogues of his Prints, Paintings, and Drawings, edited by J. B. Nichols, F.S.A.

The First Part of Collectanea Topographica and Genealogica. It contains part of a Catalogue of the Bishops' Lands sold between 1647 and 1651; a Catalogue of English Cartularies, and Abstracts from several; Dugdale's MS. additions to his Baronetage; and a variety of articles contributed by the editors, Sir Thomas Phillipps, Dr. Bandinel, and Mr. Madden; by the Historians of Surrey, Northumberland, South Yorkshire, and Hengrave; and by Sir Harris Nicolas.

NEW MUSIC.

Old King Time.

This is a very pleasing and simple ballad in A. It is what all ballads ought to be, easy of execution and calculated to please the general ear; and not, as is too frequently the case, ostentatiously to exhibit the powers of the composer. It possesses that beauty which all can appreciate—the beauty of simplicity and elegance; and is not encumbered with what may be termed the beauties of abstruseness and difficulty, which can only be admired by the connoisseur, and are therefore out of place in whatever is addressed to society in general.

The Buccaneer's Song.

This air is a very chaste and elegant composition in G, and equally merits all that we have said of Old King Time. They both, we think, eminently possess all the qualities peculiar to their style of composition; and whether they obtain an extensive circulation or not, of this we are certain, that they well deserve it.

FINE ARTS.

Mr. Melling's Exhibition of Works in Sculpture, containing Groups of Sir John Falstaff, Mistress Doll, and Bardolph, Hercules slaying the Nemean Lion, Paris and Venus, and the Grecian Warriors.

We decline, for the present, giving a decided opinion upon this bold attempt of representing a comic group. It is an appeal made directly to the eye, and the eye will at once decide whether the work before it have succeeded or not; nor will elaborate criticisms, or the most specious reasonings, prevail against the instantaneous judgment that it will cause the mind to form. We have always felt that a certain pleasing awe was one of the great charms that made a good statue to us so beau-

tiful. Mr. Melling has made a bold attempt to alter our convictions. We would request all who have the time and the opportunity, to make use of this occasion, and judge for themselves as to the practicability of success in his new line of art. As an experiment, worthy of an enterprising mind, and executed with much talent, it certainly deserves notice, and even patronage. We will venture to say one thing, that the artist has done well in giving Falstaff's countenance a nobler contour, than the sottish, overreaching, debased visage, with which painters have, in general, represented him. As to the youthfulness of the countenance, in opposition to the eloquent and shrewd pleadings of Mr. Melling's pamphlet, we will only quote the words of honest Jack himself. "Some fifty years, or by'r lady! inclining to three-score," and he was not the man who would overate his age. We recommend the exhibition to all the lovers of art, and shall, most probably, recur to it again with a notice that will enter more into detail, and develope our opinions more fully.

John Martin's Illustrations of the Bible. Parts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

We write John Martin with that simplicity that tells of grandeur, as we would John Milton; and really they are kindred souls, and treat of kindred subjects. We shall first speak of the *Creation*, which represents the sublime scene, where chaos is resolving itself into the elements, and the orbs of Heaven are bursting forth for the first time, into the arrangements of order, at the word of the Omnipotent. The engraving is altogether sublime, and not too diversified. There is a singleness about the whole that seizes the attention, and creates a reverential feeling truly religious. The defect, and we think it no small one, is the shadowy outline of the Creator. The whole should appear to form itself without effort; visible agency should not be seen. It was a thing willed, and done. There is something of effort and theatrical action even in the very dim figure that the artist has introduced. We speak all this with much deference, but we prefer running the risk of being wrong, rather than incur in our minds the doubt of being sufficiently candid. The *Fall of Man* has in it all the picturesque beauty and lovely wildness of Paradise. The light and shadow are admirably managed, and the figures of our first parents in good attitude, and well delineated. We cannot, however, help wishing, that there was more of the covert shade of foliage in the scene—more of what we conceive to be a cultivated garden. *Adam and Eve hearing the judgment of the Almighty*: this piece has all the twilight grandeur of an almost total eclipse, that makes the representation truly awful. This is the successful effort of a great mind. The *Expulsion* is sublime in the scenery, but we think that the attitudes of the expelled are rather made up too much for effect. The *Death of Abel* is a masterly production; and there is much of the classic force and simplicity so remarkable in ancient sculpture, in the melancholy group in the foreground. It would exhaust too much of our space to give full justice to all the vast and sublime horrors that are portrayed in the *Deluge*. We do not think that that dreadful visitation of vengeance was ever more terrifically conceived; and the expression of the sentiment is but little short of the conception. *The Covenant* fully conveys the impression of the subsiding of an Almighty wrath, where every thing yet looks troubled, but full of hope. The *Destruction of the accursed Cities* is grand and fearful—though we think that the retreating figures are faulty. *The daughter of Pharaoh finding the infant Moses*: in this plate the tranquil yet magnificent beauty of the scenery, forms a pleasing relief to the harrowing horrors that the above representations have so vividly delineated. The architecture and scenery are characteristic, and though we think the tone of the whole somewhat too dark, yet it is a delightful picture. *Moses and the Burning Bush*: solemn and effective; here the depth of tone gives a full impression to the mind of quiet awe. We have now gone through this series of powerful engravings, as amply as our limits will permit; and we say confidently, that had Martin achieved nothing else, his name would have gone down to posterity, as one of the ornaments of the graphic art, and a master-spirit that England produces at intervals, to rescue the times in which they flourish from the imputation that genius was then dormant. Martin has not yet had justice done to him; but his is the mind that can afford to wait, and his the productions that can safely appeal to posterity.

The Gallery of the Graces, a Series of Portrait Illustrations of the most distinguished Poets and Prose Writers of Great Britain. Engraved under the superintendence of E. and W. FINDEN. Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

Plate XI.—The Young Olympia, by T. Parris, and engraved by Ryall, is a sweet face, delicately engraved, with an air beautiful, but rather too much impassioned

with a feeling decided and earnest, to answer to the description of Miss Landon, which would designate her at once as every thing gay, sad, pettish, and sublime; but when a person says as many fine things as they can upon a given subject, something must be forgiven that is said. We like the portrait better than the poetry—or rather, the portrait is the better poetry. The Widow, in plate marked 2, has a sweet sorrow-stricken face; the expression of her grief is not too violent, and her attitude is graceful. The words by Professor Wilson are equal to the engraving—and together they make sweet unison. The May Queen is well engraved; but the hilarity of the countenance is too girlish; there is no soul in the smile, and not regality enough, rustic though it may be, about the whole portrait, even for a May Queen. In the poem attendant upon the engraving, Mr. Tennyson has carried simplicity to its utmost verge of endurance. We trust that our stricture may not be deemed ill-natured, but should we be thought too severe, it is the fault of the previous productions of the same class that have been submitted to us, which, by their excellence have given us very exalted notions of what we ought to see.

The Byron Portraits, being a Series of the Principal Characters described in the Life and Poetical Works of Lord Byron. From Drawings, by DANIEL LYNCH. William Spencer, 259, Regent Street; W. F. Wakeman, Dublin.

This series begins with the portrait of Zuleika. It is well drawn, but the engraving has a heavy appearance—there is a great weight about the eyes. Plate 2, Gulnare,—certainly an improvement upon the first, but hardly bears out the quotation, which represents her as a seraph; she is a beauty, of honest flesh and blood, and with plenty, at least, of the former. There is something of the Sidonian cast of countenance in the Madona, and the attitude is good, but we must say that we think the engravings have throughout a very opaque appearance.

Portraits of the Principal Female Characters in the Waverley Novels. Part V. Chapman and Hall, Strand.

This number contains Brenda, Margaret Ramsay, Phœbe Mayflower, and Minna, all good, and striking in their different styles of beauty—Minna being, perhaps, the best. In this last the accessories are well managed, which may perhaps be the reason of its apparent superiority. There is a desolation and abandonment about the figure, that are quite touching.

Views on the Lakes in the North of England, from Paintings by the most Eminent Artists, with Descriptive Illustrations. By JOHN ROBINS, D.D. Part I. Charles Tilt, Fleet Street; Longman and Co., Paternoster Row; and Whitaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

The softened, beautiful, and truly English scenery about the Lake of Ulswater, is the first of these series, and well does it begin it. The central light upon the lake is arranged with a magical effect, the hills recede gracefully into the distance, whilst the foreground is vigorously, yet delicately touched. It is a good transfer of the picture. Derwentwater, the next plate, is deserving high encomiums, yet we are of opinion that the distant hills are too strongly marked in it, whilst there is an appearance of a due want of finish of detail in the left-hand corner, looking towards the picture. Derwentwater, from the foot of Barrow, the third engraving, is a superior performance in every sense of the word. With an effect vigorous and striking, it will bear the closest inspection. In some parts, light and shadow are as beautifully contrasted, as they are blended in others. This plate has our unqualified admiration. The historical illustrations are so well written, that we were almost tempted to quote from them largely—they tend to enhance the value of the work to which we wish, and predict success.

Illustrations of a Voyage from Calcutta to Van Diemen's Land. Smith and Elder, Cornhill.

We have looked upon these lithographic views to disadvantage, after dwelling upon the highly finished engravings noticed in our foregoing paragraph. We have no doubt that these sketches are faithful delineations of views taken on the spot, but we cannot afford them high praise as works of art.

Landscape Illustrations of the Prose and Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott.
Part XVI. Chapman and Hall, Strand; Fraser, Regent Street; and Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

This number has, besides the portraits, which we have noticed above, a good view of St. Magnus, in the Orkneys, a still better of old St. Cuthbert's Church, which is romantically sublime; and a view of Whitehall as it appeared in 1697. We have but to repeat our often reiterated commendations of this undertaking, and to hope that all who have good editions of Scott's works, will purchase these engravings, that, by binding them up with them, they may make them complete.

A New British Atlas, to Comprise a Series of Fifty-four Quarto Maps.
By SIDNEY HALL. *With a Concise, Historical, and Topographical Description of each Map; marking the Alterations and Improvements effected by the Reform Bill.* No. I. Chapman and Hall, Strand; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and W. F. Wakeman, Dublin.

It appears to be the design of Mr. Hall to go through the counties alphabetically. We have in this Number the maps of Bedfordshire and Berkshire, both very neatly and clearly engraved, and, as far as we can ascertain, very correctly given. The letter press is succinct, to the purpose, and full of the most useful information. We hope that nothing will prevent the completion of this work, for it seems fairly deserving of the best success.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

LINNEAN SOCIETY, March 19.—A. B. Lambert, Esq. in the chair. A communication was read from Captain King, which stated that his nephew, Mr. James Macarthur, of Parramatta, had an *Ornithorhynchus*, from the mammae of which he had squeezed a large quantity of milk. The mammary glands in this specimen occupied the whole length of the belly on each side; but there were no nipples, and the milk exuded through pores. The young, it was stated, are produced in October and November, and hopes were entertained that other specimens would be procured at that time. Captain King's letter was dated in August last. The secretary read a paper on the habits and structure of the Sloth, (*Bradypus tridactylus*, Linn.) by the Rev. W. Buckland, Professor of Geology at Oxford. Buffon described this animal with a view only to what he regarded as its defects, and later authors have also fallen into the error of considering its extraordinary structure rather in comparison with that of other mammalia, than in relation to its own peculiar mode of life. The sloth, formed for climbing, is destined by nature to live among the branches of trees, and feed on their buds and young leaves, seldom venturing upon the ground, except to pass from one tree to another. Dr. Buckland's paper detailed the form and structure of the limbs, described them as exhibiting perfect mechanism, and admirably adapted to the animal, thus fitted for its particular station. The two additional cervical vertebrae were noticed, as affording great flexibility to the motions of the neck. When sleeping, the sloth is suspended under the branch, its long fore-legs allowing the body to maintain a horizontal position, while its long and hooked claws secure its hold. The head is passed between the fore-legs, and reclines on the breast.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, March 21.—Mr. Cartmael gave an account of some modern improvements in the manufacture of salt. The manufacture of salt consists in evaporating the natural brine, or artificial brine formed from rock salt, till the salt crystallizes; and the higher the temperature at which this is carried on, the finer is the salt. In the old process, rectangular flat iron pans, of a moderate size, were used as boilers, but of late very large pans have been introduced; and there is at present a salt manufactory, in which the extent of panning is three miles long by eight feet wide. The chief improvements in the manufacture of salt consist in avoiding the evil effects of the "pan-scratch," a technical term given to the earthy matter which used to incrust the bottom of the flat boilers, and cause the rapid destruction of the iron by the fire: also in economizing the heat. To gain these ends the boilers or pans are made very long, and the fire is only applied to a part. Above the part which is over the fire a cover is fixed, which dips a little way into the boiling fluid, so that the steam which is driven off is passed through a pipe at the

top of the cover, and employed in warming other pans producing salt of inferior quality. The bottoms of the boilers exposed to the fire are concave; and the fire being applied only to the middle, the collection of earthy matter on the heated parts of the boiler is avoided. The hot water formed by the condensation of the steam is applied to warm fresh brine, to be admitted to the pans; and the heat of the flues from the fire is employed in a stoving-house to dry the manufactured salt.

March 29.—*Mr. Faraday on Mr. Brunel's new mode of building Bridges.*—The advantages of the proposed plan are, to enable the engineer to dispense with the customary centering to the arch, to use brick instead of stone, and leave the water-way without obstruction. Mr. Brunel builds his arch out from the abutment, and makes the work, even while in progress, support its own weight—the masonry is linked together by pieces of iron or wood; and Parker's cement, which sets in a few hours, is used as mortar; indeed, on this quality of the cement depends the whole success of the work. An experimental structure has been erected near the Tunnel at Rotherhithe, and probably seen by many of our readers.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—A paper by Mr. Knight was read, on the culture of the potato, and a second, by Mr. T. Blake, on the preservation of green peas for winter use. Flowers of *Dendrobium speciosum* from the Rev. Mr. Huntley, collections of *Camellias* and *Epacris*, *Crinum amabile*, *Dracæna stricta*, *Francisea Hopeana* and *Azaleas*, were among the most prominent of the articles exhibited. Grafts of esteemed pears and apples were distributed. A summary of the meteorological observations made in the garden of the Society during the year 1832, was communicated to the members. The average temperature of the last season was stated to have been nearly a degree above the usual mean of the climate of London, with the exception of the months of April and May, in which vegetation received a check too forcible for the succeeding warmth completely to counteract. In August, the mean temperature was higher than usual, by nearly 3°. The exhibition included specimens of the *Acacia dealbata*, grown in the open air by the Rev. Mr. Garnier, of Winchester; *Camellias*, *Epacris*, and other flowers, from Messrs. Chandlers; four extremely fine cucumbers from R. H. Cox, Esq. grown according to the method published by his gardener; seedling rhododendrons, some very beautiful azaleas, and an improved garden engine, from J. H. Palmer, Esq.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, April 9.—J. C. Cox, Esq. in the chair. The secretary read a letter from Dr. Andrew Smith, a corresponding member of the Society, dated Algoa Bay, containing various zoological remarks and references, and describing valuable additions made to his own extensive collection, during a lengthened journey in the interior. A new antelope from Mr. Stedman's collection was exhibited, in reference to which Mr. Ogilby made some remarks; and the same gentleman afterwards pointed out the generic peculiarities of another new animal, allied to the civets and *paradoxuri*. Colonel Sykes read some observations on the causes of colour in the cuticle, and its productions; illustrating the subject by references to the feathers of birds, and also to a preserved fœtal leopard, which displayed in miniature all the characteristic and beautiful markings peculiar to the species. Mr. Bennett exhibited a new species of mammalia, and also a beautiful drawing of it, executed by Mr. Lear.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—Professor Cuming in the chair. A paper, entitled *Experimental Researches in Magneto-Electricity*, by the Rev. William Ritchie, F.R.S., was read. The learned author in this communication details a variety of experiments made with his delicate torsion galvanometer, and satisfactorily shows that the conclusions of M. Poulett and others on this interesting branch of philosophy are erroneous. An electro-magnet had been constructed by the author, at considerable pains, and some curious results are stated. He finds that the worst English iron is best adapted for magneto-electric purposes, and *vice versa*; the most brilliant spark is obtained from the worst iron! After some remarks on the change of places by the poles, he concludes by expressing his opinion, that magneto-electricity will never, like the compound voltaic battery, produce decomposition. A paper, containing additional particulars in reference to the volcanic island which appeared some time ago on the coast of Sicily, by Dr. Davy, was also read. Specimens of the air in the locality of the volcano were obtained by Captain Swinburne, R.N., who states that it rose a silver thread from the bottom of the deep; it contained nine or ten parts of oxygen, and seventy-nine of azote. Ten per cent. of oxygen is a proof that the source of the air was not very deep.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—Mr. Hamilton read a communication, addressed to him by Sir W. Gell, respecting the discovery of an ancient garden in the Tufa Cliffs, on the coast ten or twelve miles east of Naples. The surface of the garden is thirty-four feet from the level of the superincumbent town, and nearly an equal height above the sea. A portion of the trunk of a cypress-tree, seven feet in circumference, is still standing, the interior of which is in a perfectly sound state. It is supposed that this spot was entombed by the eruption of Vesuvius which destroyed Herculaneum. An extract of a letter from the Chevalier Brönsted was likewise read, accompanying a copy of an interesting Greek inscription on a papyrus lately found in Egypt, containing a minute description of two runaway slaves, Herman surnamed Nilos, slave to Aristogenes, and Bion, slave to Callistrates; and offering rewards for their apprehension. The inscription was accompanied by a French translation by M. Letronne, which was lately read before the French Institute. A further portion of the analysis of the Rajah Kalee Krishna's translations from the Sanscrit was read. The rajah's second volume formed the subject of this reading. It consists chiefly of moral sentences called slokas, or enlightened moonies, selected from seven highly esteemed works in that ancient language. The selections are well calculated for diffusing a knowledge of the doctrines contained in the Sanscrit books, and likewise to do good by impressing valuable moral maxims on the mind of the reader—the twofold object proposed by the translator.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

| 1833. | Range of Ther. | Range of Barom. | Prevailing Winds. | Rain in Inches | Prevailing Weather. |
|-------|----------------|-----------------|-------------------|----------------|---|
| March | | | | | |
| 23 | 21-39 | 29.74-29.80 | N.E. | .05 | Cloudy, a little sleet at times. |
| 24 | 27-40 | 29.78-29.72 | N.E. | | Except the morning, cloudy, rain at times. |
| 25 | 29-43 | 29.79-29.74 | N.E. | .025 | Cloudy, with frequent rain. |
| 26 | 27-40 | 29.76-29.84 | S.W. | | General cloud; snow in the night covering the ground to the depth of 1.25 inches. |
| 27 | 29-42 | 29.86-29.96 | S.W. | .325 | General cloud. |
| 28 | 26-42 | 29.98-29.95 | S.W. | | General cloud, a few stars visible in the evening. |
| 29 | 28-42 | 29.93-29.99 | S.W. | | Generally cloudy, sunshine frequent. |
| 30 | 29-41 | 29.95-29.81 | S.W. | | Clear, except the morning. |
| 31 | 26-52 | 29.73-29.61 | S. | | Clear. |
| April | | | | | |
| 1 | 40-52 | 29.25-29.06 | E. | .125 | General cloud, raining frequently. |
| 2 | 42-54 | 29.08-29.20 | S.W. | .25 | General cloud, raining frequently. |
| 3 | 44-56 | 29.40-29.53 | W. | .075 | Generally cloudy, sunshine at times. |
| 4 | 49-53 | 29.55-29.63 | S.W. | | General cloud, showers frequent. |
| 5 | 39-51 | 29.79-29.91 | W. | .025 | General cloud, showers frequent. |
| 6 | 40-57 | 29.93-29.80 | S.W. | .025 | Generally clear. |
| 7 | 31-57 | 29.83-29.87 | N. b. E. | | Generally clear. |
| 8 | 33-51 | 29.89-29.98 | N.E. | | Generally clear. |
| 9 | 29-52 | 30.02-29.94 | S.W. | | Cloudy, with frequent rain. |
| 10 | 38-55 | 29.77-29.52 | S.W. | .05 | Afternoon cloudy, with rain at times. |
| 11 | 36-46 | 29.41-29.30 | S.W. | | Cloudy, with frequent heavy showers. (See below.) |
| 12 | 37-47 | 29.32-29.41 | W. b. N. | .05 | Cloudy, with frequent heavy showers. |
| 13 | 33-51 | 29.60-29.59 | W. b. N. | .075 | Generally clear, except the evening. |
| 14 | 36-49 | 29.55-29.47 | S.W. | .1 | Generally cloudy, with frequent rain and hail. |
| 15 | 27-50 | 29.43-29.30 | S.W. & N. | .25 | Cloudy, with rain and snow at times. |
| 16 | 29-45 | 29.31-29.42 | N.E. | .425 | Cloudy, with frequent showers. |
| 17 | 29-50 | 29.52-29.53 | N.W. | .025 | Generally clear, showers at times. |
| 18 | 27-48 | 29.62-29.70 | S.W. | .075 | Generally clear. |
| 19 | 26-51 | 29.86-29.96 | S.W. | .025 | Generally clear, a shower in the afternoon. |
| 20 | 29-54 | 29.98-30.07 | S.W. | .025 | Except the morning, generally clear. |
| 21 | 31-59 | 30.08-30.11 | N.W. & E. | .025 | Generally clear. |
| 22 | 32-60 | 30.13 Stat. | S.W. | | Generally clear. |

11th. Several peals of thunder this afternoon, one of which was accompanied by a heavy fall of hail.

15th. Snow fell from half-past three to four in the afternoon, the flakes remarkably large.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

H. W. Nunn, of the Parish of Whippingham, in the Isle of Wight, Bobbin Net Lace Manufacturer, G. Mowbray, of the same place, and R. Alabone, of the Town of Newport, in the said Isle of Wight, Foreman to the said H. W. Nunn, for certain improvements in the machinery used in the manufacture of bobbin net lace for producing certain kinds of embroidered or ornamented lace. Feb. 27th, 6 months.

J. Thompson, of the London Iron and Steel Works, and No. 2, Parade, Thames Bank, near Chelsea, Middlesex, Esq., for certain improvements in the steam engine. Feb. 28th, 6 months.

C. Jones, of Birmingham, Middlesex, Gun Maker, for certain improvements upon percussion locks applicable to fire arms. March 7th, 6 months.

J. Springall, of Oulton, Suffolk, Iron Founder, for an improved corn-stack stand. March 7th, 2 months.

T. Don, of Lower James Street, Golden Square, in the City of Westminster, Millwright and Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for the preparation of farinaceous substances, and on the processes of making bread, partly communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 8th, 6 months.

W. Henson, of the City of Worcester, Lace Manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery for manufacturing lace, commonly called bobbin net lace. March 14th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of 66, Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Mechanical Draftsman, for an improvement or improvements in the making or constructing of gas meters, communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 19th, 6 months.

W. Herbert, of Nottingham Park, in the County of Nottingham, Lace Manufacturer, for certain improvements applicable to that class of machinery commonly called wark machinery, employed for the manufacture of lace and other fabrics. March 21st, 6 months.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY MARKET REPORT.

The buoyancy that has been recently apparent in manufacturing industry, has in some degree subsided, as the spring orders are for the most part executed, and those for the later season have not come in so freely as was at one time expected. However, good business is still doing in the cotton, woollen, and silk manufactures. The iron trade continues steady, more from the withdrawal of manufacturers from it, than from any positive strength or improvement in it, and the imposition of an import duty of 3*l.* per ton by the Hanoverian authorities on British iron entering the German dominions of the king of England, whilst foreign iron is admitted at 1*l.* per ton, has a most depressing effect upon this branch of British industry. The Board of Trade has been remonstrated with upon this question, but hitherto without effect, for the heads of that department have not even replied to the remonstrance, or taken the slightest notice of it. The uncertainty that prevails as to the alterations ministers propose to make in the maritime and commercial codes which stand for consideration on the 17th of May, together with the East and West India questions being still in abeyance, have materially interfered with transactions in the commercial markets, and we seldom recollect them presenting at this season of the year less of interest or novelty. Oils, owing to the immense importations from South Wales, have in all instances materially declined in value, to an extent that has created considerable loss to importers. The indigo sale at the India House has passed off with considerable animation, and the price of tea is well sustained, owing to the late declaration by the Company being smaller than was anticipated by the trade. The above are the principal features in the commercial markets since our last.

There has been an indisposition to do business in public securities, both foreign and English, for some time. Previous to the settlement in English securities on the 12th of April, a considerable quantity of money stock was thrown upon the market, which rendered it heavy, and it has since been fluctuating languidly, with very little business doing. In foreign stocks the transactions have been still more limited. Several efforts have been made to advance Spanish bonds, but they have not succeeded. Bank stock has advanced 6 per cent since the opening.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Friday, 26th of April.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 196 half, 7 half.—India Do., 223 half, 4.—Reduced, 86 half, five-eighths.—Consols, 87 three-fourths, seven-eighths.—Do. for Account, 87 seven-eighths, 8.—Three and a Half Per Cents, 93 five-eighths, three-quarters.—New Three and a Half Do., 95 one-eighth.—Four Per Cents, 101 half, five-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 49, 50.—India Bonds, 26, 8.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Belgian Bonds, 88 half.—Brazil, 59 one-quarter, 6 one-quarter.—Chilian, 21 half, 2 half.—

Columbian, 16 half, 17 half.—Danish, 72 half, 3.—Dutch, 45 three-quarters, 6.—Greek, 36, 8.—Mexican, 36 half, three-quarters.—Portuguese, 50, 1.—Russian, 102 half, three-quarters.—Spanish, 19 one-quarter.

SHARES.

Alliance, 10 half, ex div.—Guardian, 27 one-quarter, half.—Brazil Mine, 60 half, 1 half.—British Iron, 20 half, three-quarters.—Canada, 49, 50.—General Steam Navigation, 11 half, 12.—Irish Provincial Bank, 30 half.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM MARCH 26, TO APRIL 19, 1833, INCLUSIVE.

March 26.—W. Perachon, Whitechapel Road, baker.—J. Leech, Norton Falgate, tea dealer.—J. V. Tucker, Sun Street, Bishopsgate Street, edge tool maker.—G. Long, jun., Croydon, malster.—T. Stroud, Crown Street, Soho, goldsmith.—T. Hancock, sen., Willoughby, Warwickshire, butcher.—T. Moore and A. Gordon, Rainhill, Lancashire, glass bottle manufacturers.—G. Johnson, Nottingham, lace manufacturer.—R. Thunder, Bath, grocer.—J. Distin, Bridgewater, Somersetshire, ironmonger.—J. Firth, Halifax, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.

March 29.—J. Robson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship owner.—M. Nathan, Skinner Place, Size Lane, stationer.—F. Preston, St. George's Place, Hanover Square, confectioner.—A. M. Greig, Great St. Helens, wine merchant.—E. M. Bouchier and S. Bonsor, Oxford Street, tallow chandlers.—B. Breeds, Hastings, Sussex, lime burner.—D. Fraser, Pulteney Terrace, Pentonville, ship owner.—J. Mardon, Euston Place, Euston Square, saddler.—W. Smith, Lynton, Southampton, surgeon.—J. D. Stainbank, Honiton, Devonshire, grocer.—J. Towers, Strand, insurance broker.—W. Tipler, Banbury, Oxfordshire, carrier.—W. York, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, ironmonger.—J. Fairbairn, Castleford, Yorkshire, grocer.—J. Astbury and S. Davison, Ecclestone and Stone, Staffordshire, brewers.—J. White, Newark-upon-Trent, victualler.—R. Nell, Grantham, Lincolnshire, bookseller.—J. Morris, Cheltenham, baker.

April 2.—C. Metcalf, Leeds, common brewer.—J. Meek, Strand, wine merchant.—J. Attree, Brighton, grocer.—J. and W. Slater, Strand, wax-chandlers.—J. Charlesworth, Copley Gate, Yorkshire, merchant.—S. Stevens, Bryerley Hill, Staffordshire, builder.—J. and R. J. Matchett, Derby, grocers.—G. Barehead, New Malton, Yorkshire, corn merchant.—R. Curtis, Warrington, Lancashire, tanner.—T. Watkinson, Liverpool, tobaccoist.

April 5.—W. Rattenbury, East Lane, Bermondsey, shipwright.—C. Bollin, Barossa Place, Queen's Elms, Chelsea, plumber.—R. Ferguson, Old Broad Street, dealer.—J. Blackburn, Minories, builder.—T. Tyrrell, Little Trinity Lane, victualler.—J. Ellis, Princes Street, Hanover Square, tailor.—W. Garbutt, Kirby

Mooreside, Yorkshire, brick manufacturer.—J., W., and T. Field Bowgin, Bristol, plumbers.—G. and R. Hilton, Chorley, Lancashire, cotton spinners.—C. Keet, Ryde, Isle of Wight, grocer.—R. Fishwick, Bury, Lancashire, woolen manufacturer.—J. Stead, Leeds, saddler.—F. Balkwill, Plymouth, corn factor.

April 9.—J. Grimble, sen. and J. Grimble, jun. Elm Street, Gray's Inn Lane, coach spring makers.—T. Woodhouse, jun., Milk Street, Cheap-side, hosier.—W. Armitage, Sowerby Bridge, Yorkshire, victualler.—T. Davies, Liverpool, carrier.—D. Watson, J. Maginnis, and S. Perrin, Beswick, Lancashire, glass manufacturers.—J. Boot, Wednesbury, Staffordshire, victualler.—T. T. Isomonger, Little Hampton, Sussex, merchant.—J. Evans, of the Tything of Whistones, Worcestershire, horse dealer.—D. Thackeray, J. Thackeray, and J. Baldwin, Walton, Lancashire, brewers.—H. A. Bacon, Sheffield, printer.

April 12.—J. Hawkins, Old Quebec Street, Oxford Street, victualler.—G. F. Senior, Goswell Street, engineer.—T. Morlidge, Manchester, builder.—J. Edleston, Manchester, spinner.—A. Mellor, Blackmoor, Aldermanbury, clothier.—J. Blake, Blandford Forum, Dorsetshire, victualler.

April 16.—R. Harris, Cannon Street, St. George's East, biscuit baker.—R. Whiteside, Pilling, Lancashire, miller.—R. Brown, Mattishall, Norfolk, general shopkeeper.—J. Lowe, Leamington Priors, Warwick, victualler.—W. Titts the younger, Stutton, Suffolk, miller.—W. Johnson, Leamington, Priors, Warwick, builder.—H. Davenport, Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer.—T. Turner, Liverpool, ironmonger.—J. E. Chapman, Little Harrowden, Northamptonshire, farmer.

April 19.—J. D. Metcalf, Regent Street, jeweller.—J. Baker, Rotherhithe, ship owner.—H. French, Whitechapel, glass-cutter.—A. Henderson, Wallingford, Berkshire, linen draper.—T. Rice, Old Brompton, mason.—S. Bennett, Horsley, Gloucestershire, stock merchant.—T. P. Medwin, Hartlebury, Worcestershire, dealer.—J. Hollingworth, Kingston-upon-Hull, ship broker.—H. Briggs, Leeds, glue manufacturer.—J. Sutherland, Liverpool, coppersmith.—C. Buckle, Barnard Castle, Durham, grocer.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—MAY 1, 1833.

HOUSE OF LORDS, March 18.—Lord Teynham moved that an humble address be presented to his Majesty, praying for an investigation into the facts which had induced the lords justices to place the barony of Gallen under the Peace Preservation Act.—Lord Plunket defended the Marquis of Sligo's conduct.—The motion was withdrawn.

May, 1833.—VOL. VII.—NO. XXV.

March 19.—The Marquis of Westminster presented a petition signed by 15,000 persons, praying for the removal of the civil disabilities of the Jews.—Earl Roden presented petitions against the new system of education in Ireland.—The Archbishop of Dublin vindicated the course pursued by the Irish board of education, and stated the various difficulties they had had to contend against.—The Bishops of Exeter and Bristol, and the Earl of Wicklow supported the petitions.—Lord Plunkett vindicated the conduct of the commissioners, and defended the plan of education for Ireland.—The Marquis of Lansdowne bore testimony to the success of the new system, so far as it had been tried.

March 20.—Petitions were presented for the better observance of the Sabbath, and for the abolition of negro slavery.

March 21.—Lord Plunkett introduced a bill for assimilating the law of Ireland relating to petty and special juries as nearly as possible to the law of England. The bill was read a first time.

March 22.—Numerous petitions were presented for the better observance of the Sabbath: on one of these Lord Ellenborough expressed surprise that no bill was brought in. The Bishop of London said that nothing could be more simple: but he should not recommend any enactment that would go beyond enforcing the observance of decencies of the Sabbath: all the rest must be left to the moral and religious feeling of the parties themselves.

March 23.—Their lordships were occupied in receiving petitions for the better observance of the Sabbath, and against church patronage in Scotland.

March 26.—On the motion of the Lord Chancellor, the House resolved itself into a committee on the Law Amendment Bill. The House divided—For Lord Wynford's amendment, 9—Against it, 12—Majority, 3. The other clauses of the bill were agreed to, and the House resumed.

March 27.—Petitions were presented against the desecration of the Sabbath, and against the Beer Act.

March 28.—The House was occupied with receiving petitions, till the Lord Chancellor introduced his bill for establishing in certain portions of the kingdom, courts of local jurisdiction, and stated to the House the leading provisions of the measure. It was intended, in the first instance, that the bill should be experimental—that it should be tried in certain counties and districts with a view of being afterwards extended to the whole kingdom. The courts should be presided over by a serjeant at law, or by a barrister of at least ten years' standing—men of such character and weight as would give confidence to suitors. The amount of debt for which actions might be brought, in consequence of repeated discussions with the law commissioners, was lowered from 100*l.* to 20*l.*; but actions for damages for slander, seduction, assault, and the like, might be maintained for 50*l.* To show the extent of business, to be taken cognizance of, within these limits, his lordship observed, that of 93,000 affidavits of debt, in the courts of Westminster, in 1826, the last year for which there were any returns, no fewer than 30,000 were for debts under 20*l.*, and 64,000 for debts under 50*l.*, while the remaining 15,000 only were for large sums. In 1829, 890 suits were tried in London and Middlesex, 313, or one-third of which (including actions for damages as well as debt) were for matters under 20*l.*—The bill was read a first time.

March 29.—Nothing of importance took place, excepting an angry discussion upon a petition presented by Lord King, reflecting on the Welsh clergy.

April 1.—The Earl of Eldon declared that he would rather perish than consent to the Irish Church Reform Bill.—Lord Grey moved that they should take into consideration the amendments made in the Commons, in the Irish Coercion Bill, and after a rather angry debate, the House divided on the amendment—Not content, present 46, proxies 39—85; Content, present 40, proxies 5—45; Majority, 40.—The clause as amended by the Commons was then agreed to.—The remainder of the Commons' amendments were then agreed to, and the House adjourned.

April 2.—Nothing important.

April 3.—The Lord Chancellor brought in a bill for the amendment of proceedings in the Court of Chancery.—The bill was read a first time.

April 4.—A number of petitions on various subjects were presented; the amendments on Soane's Museum Bill were agreed to; and their Lordships adjourned till Tuesday the 16th instant.

April 16.—Lord Wynford moved the second reading of his bill for diminishing the expenses of common law suits.—The bill was rejected.

April 18.—The second reading of the Local Courts Jurisdiction Bill was post-

poned till Monday.—The Irish Juries Bill was also postponed.—The Privy Council Appellate Jurisdiction Bill went through a Committee.

April 19.—Lord Lyndhurst complained of the enforcement of secondary punishments in all cases.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, March 18.—30,500*l.* was granted for the payment of the revising barristers under the Reform Bill.—Lord Althorp moved that the House should resolve into a committee on the Irish Coercion Bill.—The House went into committee, and the chairman read forth the clause.—Mr. Lambert moved an amendment, that the bill should not be used to enforce the payment of tithes.—The amendment was withdrawn, as were also several other proposed amendments, which elicited considerable discussion.—The clause was adopted.

March 19.—The committee on the Irish Church Bill having reported that it was a tax bill, and ought to be introduced in a committee of the whole House, the order of the day for its second reading was discharged, and Lord Althorp gave notice that he should move for the House to go into committee on the bill on Monday next.

March 20.—The House went into committee on the Irish Coercion Bill, and the 12th clause was read.—Mr. O'Connell moved an amendment, to allow the government to select a judge advocate to the courts-martial, "any barrister of not less than five years' standing;" the choice was before limited to king's counsel. This amendment was agreed to.—The 13th, 14th, and 15th clauses were agreed to with very little discussion.—On the motion of Mr. Stanley, the 16th clause was so amended as to render it necessary that warrants against persons refusing to attend to give evidence should be issued by the *whole court*.—The 20th clause (relating to the discovery of arms in disturbed districts) was agreed to with some slight amendment.—The 21st clause was struck out of the bill without any discussion.—The 22nd and 23rd clauses were agreed to, and the House resumed.

March 21.—On the question for going into committee on the Irish Coercion Bill, Mr. T. Attwood moved as an amendment, "That a select committee be appointed to inquire into the causes of the general distress existing among the industrious classes of the United Kingdom, and into the most effectual means of its relief."—Mr. Gillon seconded the motion.—Lord Althorp opposed the motion.—Mr. Cobbett said, that if a committee were proposed to alter the currency, he would vote against it, but he would not refuse inquiry into the distress of the country.—Mr. E. L. Bulwer opposed the motion.—Mr. Maxwell and Mr. G. F. Young spoke in favour of the committee.—Sir J. Wrottesley and Mr. Clay opposed it.—Mr. O'Connell spoke in favour of inquiry.—Mr. D. W. Harvey opposed the motion, because it would shift the responsibility from the government to a committee of that House.—Mr. Robinson and Mr. Tooke supported the motion. The House divided—For Mr. Attwood's motion, 158; Against it, 192; Majority, 34.—Adjourned.

March 22.—Mr. Cobbett gave notice, that on the 28th of April he should move for an Address to his Majesty, to remove Sir R. Peel, Bart. from his place among the members of the Privy Council, on account of the proceedings of that Right Hon. Gent. relative to the Currency Acts of 1819 and 1826.—The Irish Disturbances Bill was proceeded with in Committee. The 24th clause was agreed to, with some Amendments. The 25th clause was agreed to without any discussion. Several amendments were moved to the 26th clause, granting indemnity to persons acting under the bill against any action being brought against them. The Committee divided—Ayes, 141; Noes, 67; majority for the clause, 74. The 27th clause was agreed to. Clause 28 was struck out. Clause 29 was agreed to. All the remaining clauses, up to 41, were agreed to, after some discussion.—Mr. Romilly brought in a bill to make freehold and copyhold property assets for the payment of simple contract debts.

March 25.—After some business of minor importance, and many petitions had been disposed of, Sir James Graham moved that there be employed for the service of the year commencing on the 1st of April, 1833, 27,000 men, including 9,000 royal marines. In 1827, the whole expenditure of the country was 55,744,000*l.*, of which the permanent charges were of such a nature that 35,952,000*l.* could not be reduced. This sum was composed of various items, such as 28,940,000*l.* for the national debt, 1,057,000*l.* for the civil list, 400,000*l.* for pensions not charged on the civil list, and the half-pay of the navy and army. From 1827 to the present time, there had been a constant endeavour to reduce the expenditure. In 1828 the expenditure was 53,516,455*l.*; 1829, 54,223,415*l.*; 1830, 52,018,617*l.*; 1831, 51,711,465*l.*; and in 1832, 50,908,321*l.* The expenditure of 1832 fell short of that of 1827 by

5,000,000*l.* The money over which the government had no control, amounted, in 1832, to about 35,000,000*l.* If the reduction of 5,000,000*l.* were compared with the whole sum which was under the control of government, it would be seen that a reduction of no less than 25 per cent. had taken place. These statements would show how narrow the ground was upon which ministers had it in their power to operate. In 1827 it extended to about 20,000,000*l.*, but in 1832 it only extended to 16,000,000*l.* Out of the 5,000,000*l.* of reductions, 3,000,000*l.* had been made in the expenditure of the army and navy; and in the department over which he presided the portion of that reduction had amounted to about 1,000,000*l.* In the year 1830, the navy estimates had amounted to 5,594,000*l.*; in 1831, to 5,870,000*l.*; in 1832, to 4,878,634*l.*; and the estimates which he had now to propose were 4,658,134*l.*; falling short of the estimates of 1830 by about 940,000*l.*; of those of 1831, by about 1,220,000*l.*; and of those of last year by 220,000*l.* With regard to the half-pay of naval officers, he stated that ministers had in the course of the two last years reduced that portion of the expenditure by 41,643*l.*; that was to say, at the rate of about 20,000*l.* a year. He would now mention the number of ships actually in service belonging to the several maritime powers. France had 34 sail of the line and 37 frigates; Russia, 36 sail of the line and 17 frigates; the United States of America 8 sail of the line and 16 frigates. He would not mention the precise amount of our force, but would merely state that we had more at sea and fewer building than any other naval power.—On the motion for granting 955,220*l.* for the wages, clothing, &c. of the 27,000 men, Mr. Hume moved an amendment, to reduce the vote by the sum of 6,910*l.* His amendment was solely directed against the marines' sinecures, whose salaries amounted to 6,910*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*—Mr. O'Connell and Mr. O'Dwyer supported the amendment. The committee then divided. For the amendment, 83; against it, 223; majority, 140. The original vote was then agreed to.—438,004*l.* was then voted for victuals for seamen and marines.

March 26.—Mr. Robinson submitted his motion—That a select committee be appointed to consider and revise our existing taxation, with the view to a repeal of those burdens which press most heavily on productive industry, and the substitution of an equitable tax on property in lieu thereof.—Mr. Warburton seconded the motion.—Mr. Cobbett would vote for the motion, as would also Mr. Hume and Col. Torrens.—Mr. O'Connell supported the motion.—Mr. P. Thomson opposed it, and complained that none of its advocates had described precisely what they meant by the vague terms of income or property tax.—Mr. D. W. Harvey, Mr. Halcombe, and Mr. Pease supported the motion; after which Mr. Robinson very briefly replied, and the committee divided—For the motion, 155; against it, 221; majority, 66.

March 27.—After some clauses in the Irish Coercion Bill having been agreed to, the bill was ordered to be read a third time on Friday, and the House resolved into a committee of supply.—Sir J. Hobhouse moved a vote of 89,419 men for the army of 1833. He stated that the decrease of expenditure on the last year amounted to 206,712*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.* The present estimate was the smallest since 1820. Since that year an annual decrease of expenditure to the amount of 276,000*l.* had taken place, and therefore it could not be expected that there should be any large decrease of expenditure for the current year. The forces of the present year were 78,503 at home and abroad, exclusive of India. In Great Britain there were 21,783, in Ireland 23,135; and abroad, exclusive of India, 33,585.—Mr. Hume moved an amendment, that the land forces be reduced to 81,164 men, being the establishment maintained by the Duke of Wellington.—The amendment was negatived on the suggestion of Mr. Warburton, that the division should be taken on the next resolution for the pay of the army.—The vote of 89,419 men was then agreed to.

March 28.—Mr. Ewart obtained leave to bring in a bill for giving prisoners a full defence by counsel in criminal cases.—The Solicitor-General admitted the injustice of the present practice, but thought it would be better to take counsel from the prosecutor than to allow it to the prisoner.—Sir F. Vincent obtained leave to bring in a bill to alter and amend the law of libel.—Mr. Wilks moved for a select committee to consider the general state of parochial registries, and the laws relating to those registries, and the registration of births, baptisms, deaths, and burials, in England and Wales. The motion was agreed to.—Mr. Patten gave notice of his intention to bring in a bill to legalize Roman Catholic marriages.

March 29.—Sir A. Agnew presented a number of petitions for the better observance of the Sabbath.—Mr. Beaumont accused the petitioners of cant and hypocrisy, and said that if the bill ever went into a committee, he should move that it be called "A bill for the encouragement of cant." Several members reprobated in

strong terms the proposed bill, as a most disorganizing and bad one.—The order of the day was then read for the third reading of the Irish Coercion Bill; when, after a debate, the House divided—For the third reading, 345; for Mr. Cobbett's amendment, 86; majority, 259. The bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Stafford Bribery Bill was read a third time.

April 1.—Previous to the proceedings on the Irish Church Reform Bill, Mr. Andrew Johnstone moved that the oath contained in the Catholic Relief Bill be read, in order to show that Catholic members were precluded by it from voting on questions concerning the interests of the Church of England or Ireland. The oath was read; but Mr. O'Connell, Lord Althorp, and others, resisted this interpretation of it.—The House then went into committee on the bill.—Lord Althorp moved the following resolution, as the first of three, on which the bill was to be founded:—"That it is the opinion of this committee that it is expedient that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland should be authorised to appoint ecclesiastical commissioners, for the purpose of carrying into effect any act that may be passed in the present Session of Parliament to alter and amend the laws relating to the temporalities of the Church in Ireland; and that the said Lord Lieutenant be empowered to order and appoint such salary or other emoluments as he shall deem fit to be paid to such commissioners, not being bishops."—Mr. Lefroy opposed the whole measure as a spoliation of church property; and after many members had spoken, the debate was adjourned.

April 2.—Lord Althorp brought up a selection from the evidence collected by the poor law commissioners. It was ordered to lie on the table.—Mr. O'Connell stated that he had read the extracts, and he was convinced by them that it would be impossible for him to acquiesce in any system of poor laws for Ireland.—The House went into committee on the Church of Ireland Reform Bill.—Lord Althorp moved the second resolution, (imposing an annual assessment on the beneficed clergy and dignitaries in lieu of first fruits.) Adverting to the opposition made by Sir R. Peel, he stated that if any other mode of relieving the people of Ireland from the vestry cess could be discovered, he should admit that it might be proper to listen to the right honourable baronet's suggestion, and not to tax the clergy. The resolution did not impose the tax upon the present incumbents; and if the government, on consideration, could find any means of providing for the cess without, they would not tax incumbents at all. If no other means could be found, he hoped the committee would adopt the proposition of the government.—After some conversation, the resolution was agreed to.—On the report upon the Mutiny Bill, Mr. Hume moved the clause of which he had given notice—That it shall not be lawful to inflict corporal punishment by flogging on any private soldier, corporal, or non-commissioned officer, in the army or militia within the United Kingdom, any thing herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding.—Sir R. Ferguson opposed the clause.—Sir F. Burdett proposed an alteration in the amendment, to limit flogging to offences of open mutiny, thieving, and drunkenness on guard.—Mr. Hume acquiesced in the alteration, because to accomplish so much would be the commencement of a good change.—The House divided. The numbers for the proposed clause were 140; against it, 151; being a majority of 11 only against the clause.

April 3.—Mr. Patten moved an address to his majesty to appoint a Commission of proper and disinterested persons to collect information as to the state of the cotton manufactories, with a view to ascertain the condition of the people employed in them as compared with other parts of the labouring population.—Lord Molineux seconded the motion.—Lord Ashley opposed it.—The House divided on Mr. Patten's amended motion—Ayes, 74; Noes, 73; Majority, 1.—Lord Ashley said, that he considered his bill as lost for this session.—The Mutiny Bill was read a third time and passed.

April 4.—Mr. Ewart brought in a bill to enable prisoners on trial for felony to be heard by counsel or attorneys in their defence. The bill was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on the 8th of May.—Sir O. Moseley reported from the committee on the Coventry election petition, that Mr. Edward Ellice and Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer were duly elected.—Mr. Spring Rice moved that a new writ be issued for Coventry in the room of the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, who has accepted the situation of Secretary of War—Ordered.—On the motion of Mr. S. Rice, in the absence of Lord Althorp, who was indisposed, the House adjourned till the 15th of April.

April 15.—The House met at 12 o'clock.—Sir R. Inglis, in the absence of Lord Ashley, said, that it was not that noble lord's intention to move the second reading of the Factory Bill to-morrow (Tuesday); he would therefore move that the order

for the second reading be discharged, and fixed for the 22nd of April.—Sir J. Graham, in moving that 104,070*l.* be granted for the expenses of the Admiralty Office, stated that notwithstanding the reductions made last year, amounting to 7,000*l.*, in his department, there had been a further reduction effected amounting to 17,000*l.* besides 5,000*l.* which had been heretofore charged in the shape of fees, making altogether a saving of 29,000*l.*—Mr. Hume admitted that great reductions had been made, but observed that still greater reductions were expected by the country.—The resolution was agreed to.—Several other votes were agreed to without opposition.—On the question that 871,858*l.* be granted for the half-pay, Mr. Hume complained that persons enjoying half-pay were not employed when additional officers were required.—The vote was agreed to, as were several others, after which the chairman reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again on Wednesday.—The House resumed.

April 16.—Sir E. Wilmot moved for leave to bring in a Bill to alter and amend so much of the Act of 7 and 8 Geo. IV. c. 28, as relates to the proceedings on indictments against offenders who had been previously convicted of felony. Also, to alter and amend so much of the Act of 7 and 8 Geo. IV. c. 29, as relates to proceedings by indictment against persons under the age of 17, charged with simple larceny.

April 17.—Mr. R. Grant moved that the House do resolve itself into Committee to consider the disabilities affecting his Majesty's Jewish subjects.—Sir R. Inglis objected, but the House went into Committee—Mr. Warburton in the chair.—Mr. R. Grant then moved the following resolution:—"That it is expedient to remove all civil disabilities at present existing with respect to his Majesty's subjects professing the Jewish religion, with similar exceptions, to those provided with respect to his Majesty's subjects professing the Roman Catholic religion." He contended that no man ought to be excluded from any civil office, by reason of his religious sentiments, unless they were such as tended to the disorganization of civilized society.—Sir R. Inglis opposed the motion. He might be told that Jews were already admitted to sit as jurymen upon trials; but the inconsistency was not so great in that case. It was not quite so monstrous as the case would be, if a person who held a certain doctrine should sit on the bench, while another, for holding the same doctrine, should be placed at the bar.—Mr. Macaulay, in an eloquent speech, supported the motion.—Mr. Halcombe opposed the resolution. That could not justly be called persecution which merely prevented men from obtaining advantages, the conditions of obtaining which they were not willing to fulfil.—Mr. Poulter and Mr. Hume supported the resolution.—Sir R. Inglis stated that he should not divide the House in the absence of ministers.—Mr. O'Connell warmly supported the motion, which was put and agreed to with loud cheers.—Mr. O'Connell moved for the proclamation, and other papers connected with the proclaiming of the city as well as the county of Kilkenny. After an extended discussion the House divided on the latter part of the motion—For, 28—Against, 115—Majority, 87.—Mr. Lennard moved the second reading of his Bill for amending the Game Laws.—Mr. H. Ross moved an amendment, that it be read a second time this day six months. The amendment was carried by a majority of 14, the numbers being 43 to 29.

April 18.—Lord Althorp moved for leave to bring in a Bill for the general Commutation of Tithes. He prefaced his motion by declaring that the income of the Church had been much exaggerated. It had been asserted that it amounted to 9,000,000*l.* Now the incomes of all the bishops (including the Bishop of Sodor and Man) was only 158,527*l.*; that of deans and chapters 236,358*l.*; and that of the parochial clergy he estimated at 3,000,000*l.* So that instead of 9,000,000*l.*, the incomes of the whole of the clergy did not exceed 3,500,000*l.* If that sum were equally divided, the average yearly income of each clergyman would be about 300*l.*, which could not be deemed excessive, though he admitted that for such income every parish ought to have a resident clergyman. In conclusion, he remarked that he thought the church ought not to object to the present plan; and he did not think it would.—Sir R. Peel would not oppose the Bill, at least not till its details were more fully before the House. He thought it would require considerable modification.—Dr. Lushington supported the plan.—Mr. Baring stated several objections to the plan.—Mr. Halcomb inquired whether it had the sanction of the heads of the church.—Lord Althorp said it had been submitted to them; but the bishops could not give any distinct opinion on a measure which was to affect the parochial clergy. Leave was given to bring in the bill.—Mr. Hume, pursuant to notice, moved the two following resolutions: "That in all future vacancies of sinecure offices, civil, military, naval, or colonial, no new appointment shall be made, with any salary, fee, or emolument thereto attached." And, "That no person shall receive any

salary, fee, or other emolument, from any office to which he may be hereafter appointed, the duties of which may or shall be performed by deputy.—Lord Althorp had no objection to the substance of the motion. Some of the enumerated offices, he said, had been abolished, and others would be at the death of the present holders. He suggested that the hon. member should omit naval and military offices from his first resolution, as a Committee, to inquire into them, would be moved for by Lord Ebrington, which would not be opposed by government.—Mr. Hume adopted this suggestion, and struck out the words “Naval, Military,” from his first resolution. After some discussion the resolutions, thus amended, were carried.—The resolution of the Committee respecting the civil disabilities of the Jews was reported, and a bill, in pursuance of the said resolution, ordered to be brought in.

Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain, in the Quarters ending on the 5th of April, 1832, and the 5th of April, 1833.

| | Quarters ending April 5, | | Increase. | Decrease. |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------|------------|-----------|-----------|
| | 1832. | 1833. | | |
| Customs | £3,460,878 | £3,417,250 | — | £43,628 |
| Excise | 2,634,220 | 2,600,575 | — | 33,645 |
| Stamps | 1,666,114 | 1,581,038 | — | 82,076 |
| Taxes | 449,593 | 509,563 | 55,970 | — |
| Post Office . . . | 348,000 | 346,000 | — | 2,000 |
| Miscellaneous . . | 84,883 | 93,842 | 8,959 | — |
| | 8,643,628 | 8,551,268 | 68,929 | 161,349 |
| Deduct Increase | | | | 68,929 |
| Decrease on the Quarter | | | | 92,420 |

It will be seen, by the above abstract of the year's revenue, that we are by no means in a situation that should cause us despond. We want but firmness and intelligence in the government, and industry and a social feeling among the governed, with perhaps a revision of our monetary system, to commence the first steps of an advance towards absolute national prosperity. Upon the whole, Ireland is just now more tranquil, though not less wretched. The Coercion Bill will prove, we think, a benefit, if it be not, in after times, cited as a precedent. Abroad, France is amusing herself as usual, with bringing into contact the most violent of her angry factions; but the country seems improving, if we take the increase of her revenue as a criterion of advancement in prosperity. Belgium remains still in her ambiguous position, which may be designated not as an armed neutrality, but as a neutralized warfare. The King of Holland is making fresh bends and convolutions in the diplomatic knot, as fast as the statesmen who are employed on the subject are unravelling them. We fear that Alexander's instrument of undoing intricacies must at length be had recourse to—the sword. Trade suffers miserably by these puerile proceedings. Spain is, we conceive, preparing herself for new institutions. Every thing portends some great convulsion, or some memorable change. In Portugal, the hateful and unnatural struggle continues. The contemplation of this continued atrocious and inglorious butchery is horrible to humanity. We never had a more convincing proof of the cowardly apathy and degradation of the Portuguese as a nation, than the sufferance of this ruinous and debasing civil slaughter—war is a name too noble to designate it. Should Don Pedro be obliged to evacuate Oporto, what a nest of hornets will be broken up to annoy the countries to which they will return, made reckless by beggary, and ferocious by their previous habits! The Pasha of Egypt seems to have no ear for any counsel but his own ambition. The Sultan trembles in Constantinople, and England and France have hitherto mediated in vain. This state of affairs is pleasing to Russia, who seeks but for a pretence to assist her late enemy; and, no doubt, in giving such assistance she will find it necessary to “occupy”—an important word in the Russian vocabulary; for Europe, for occupy, may read, “hold in perpetuity.” In Germany, there have been made some very awkward displays of the popular feelings. The Germans are regenerating—it will be well for all parties if their governments will take the office into their own hands. The Germans certainly, respecting constitutions, have not been well used. Italy sleeps a restless slumber under the domination of the Austrian and Papal governments, but we think her population too enervated to enable her, for generations to

come, to emulate her by-gone glories. The differences in America have neither come to a hostile crisis, nor to an amicable conclusion. We trust that the latter will be the event. It appears in South America that they can neither settle down into peace, nor submit to government. It is almost useless to say, "such things are," when the next arrivals from that quarter of the globe may bring the intelligence that "such things were." We think that they will, like the northern division of that vast continent, ultimately confederate. We have now cast a rapid glance over the present state of affairs in most of the countries in whose proceedings we are interested, and we shall take our leave by expressing our heartfelt wish that the pre-eminence that our native country still enjoys may ever remain to her, and that she may still prove herself to other nations the proud mother of millions of free, brave, and independent sons, who will at once rescue her from faction at home, and repel aggression from abroad.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

REV. ROWLAND HILL.

We regret that we have to announce the death of that venerable Christian pastor, the Rev. Rowland Hill, which took place on the evening of the 11th of April, at his house in Blackfriars Road. We understand that the reverend gentleman was seized with alarming symptoms about the 4th of April, from which he was destined never to recover. He was in the 89th year of his age. His physical powers had been long in a declining state, but his intellectual energies remained almost unimpaired to the last moment of his existence. He at length sunk under a gradual decay of nature, and died without a groan. On Monday morning, April 8th, he preached for the last time to an immense audience, composed principally of the boys belonging to the Sunday School Union, whom he had been in the habit of addressing on every successive Easter Monday for some years past. On Tuesday morning, he expressed some desire to address the girls connected with the same schools, which was also his accustomed practice; but being very unwell, he was dissuaded from it by his friends, and his assistant, the Rev. Mr. Waite, officiated in his room. During the morning of that day, he found it necessary to lie down on his bed, from which he never rose more. His friends, who attended him during his last moments, state that although articulation failed him, they have no doubt but he was perfectly conscious of every thing transpiring around him until he breathed his last. Thus has died, at a good old age, this somewhat eccentric, but much respected and venerable Christian.

ADMIRAL LORD GAMBIER.

At his house at Iver, near Uxbridge, Admiral Lord Gambier, in the 77th year of his age. His lordship was one of the few remaining officers who had a command in the glorious battle of the 1st of June. On that occasion, he commanded the Defence of 74 guns, which was the first ship that broke the line. The Defence was dismasted in the action, and had to contend with two French ships of the line, one on each side, both of which struck to him. At Copenhagen, Lord Gambier was the commander-in-chief of the naval forces, and for that service was rewarded with a pension of 2,000*l.* a year, which latter he generously declined. His lordship again commanded the naval force against the French fleet in Basque roads.

Married.—At St. Mary's Church, Marylebone, the Hon. T. R. Keppel, to Frances Barrett Lennard, daughter of Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard, of Belhus, Essex.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Henry Stalman, of the Inner Temple, Esq., to Letitia, second daughter of Charles Dumergue, Esq. of Albemarle Street.

At St. Martin's Church, W. K. Riddell, Esq. to Mary Charlotte Manwaring, relict of the late Commodore William Manwaring, of the E. I. Company's Bombay establishment.

At St. Mary's, Lambeth, Alfred Griffin, of the Middle Temple, Esq., to Elizabeth Sarah, only surviving daughter of the late William Sandy, Esq. R.N.

At Lady Julia Petre's, Grosvenor Square, Sir S. John Brooke Pechell, Bart., to the Hon. Julia Maria, only surviving daughter of Lord Petre.

At Chichester, Adam Urquhart, Esq., to Miss Mary Lydia Maltby, daughter of the Bishop of Chichester.

Died.—At Plymouth, Dowager Lady Lopez, relict of the late Sir Massah Lopez, Bart.

At Hyde Park Terrace, Lady Shepherd, wife of the Right Hon. Sir Samuel Shepherd.

In Parliament Street, suddenly, Mr. Kinloch, of Kinloch, M.P. for Dundee.

At St. Omer's, J. T. Fane, Esq., late M.P. for Lyme Regis.

At Dunmow, Alice Eleanor, daughter of the late T. Beaumont, Esq. of Surrey.

At Helstone, Cornwall, aged 68 years, Samuel Drew, M.A., author of several metaphysical works, and editor of the Imperial Magazine.

At Cork, in his 112th year, Mr. Robert Pyne, in full possession of all his faculties.

In Grosvenor Square, the Dowager Julia Lady Petre, relict of Robert Edward, 9th Lord Petre.

At Anderlecht, near Brussels, the Lady Henrietta Berney, relict of Sir John Berney, Bart.

At his house in Langham Place, Sir James Langham, Bart.

At Grange, Sarah Millege, aged 100.